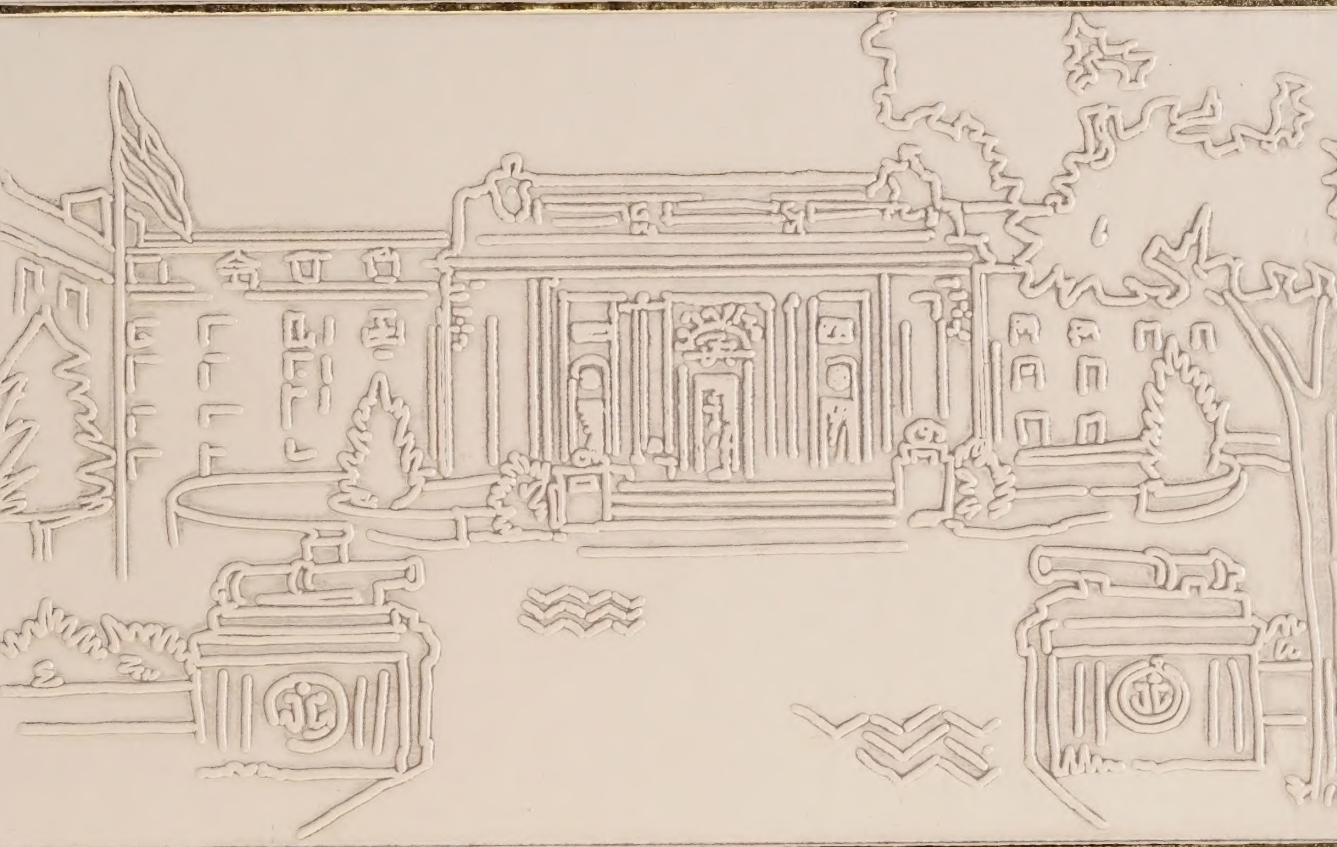
Perspective
U.S. Naval Academy



1988 LUCKY BAG

Archive; U.S. Nav. Academy

Perspective: Parts of the Whole

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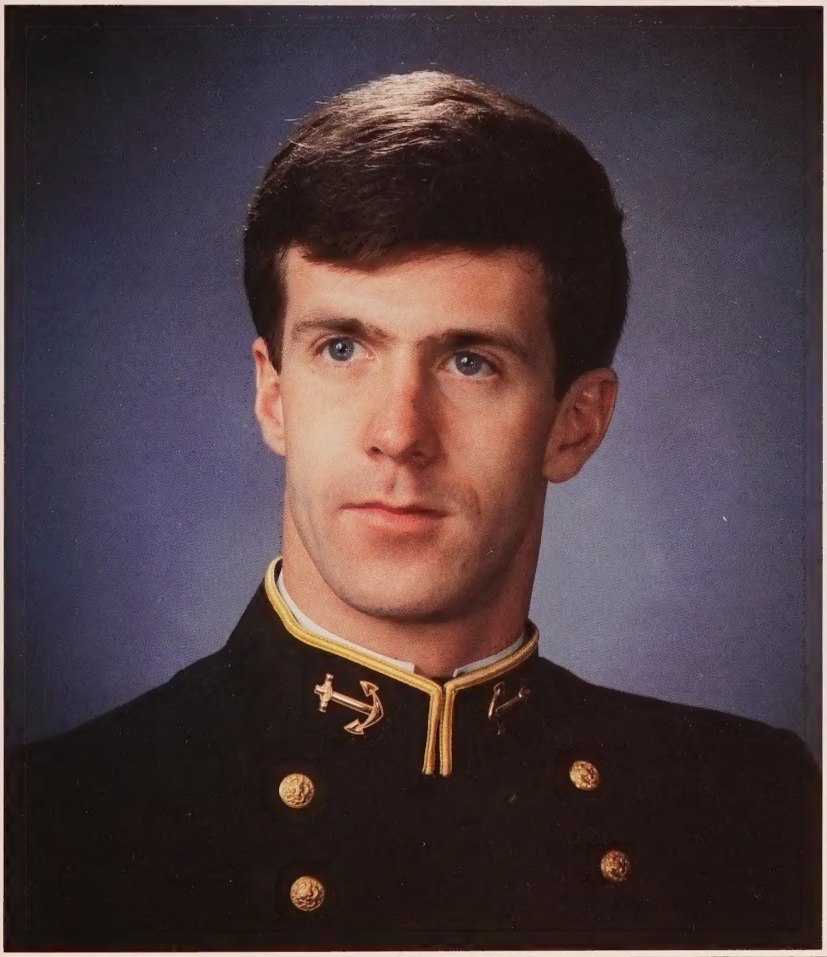


The 1988 Lucky Bag
proudly presents
The Class of 1988

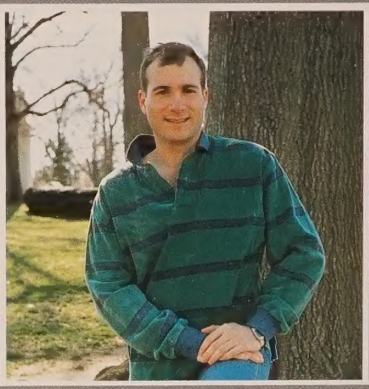
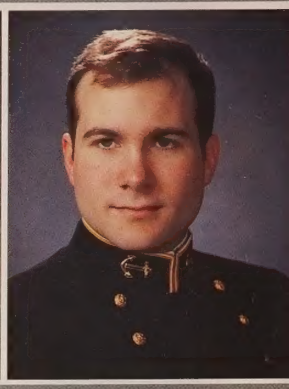
In Memoriam

Robert G. Collins
15 August 1987

This section is dedicated to the memory of Robert G. Collins. Though he did not live to see first class year, his life still affected those of us who remained. We thought it fitting, then, that Robert's time at the Academy be remembered here with his classmates of Thirty-Sixth Company. Robert Collins will always be one of us . . . in our hearts, he is still a member of the United States Naval Academy, Class of 1988.

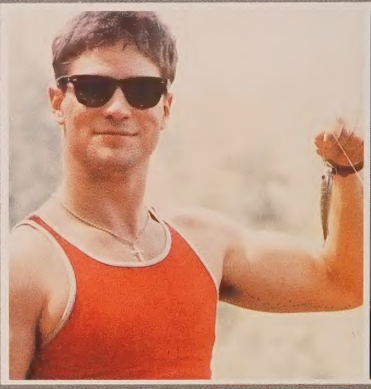
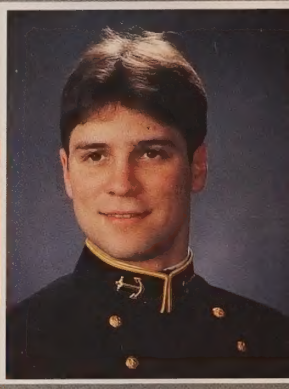
CLASS OF 1988

1ST COMPANY

Bryant David Allam
Millersville, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Bry has become known to us as the most easily wupped guy in First Company. First he was wupped by a girl, then by his kidney, and finally by his rack (oops, sorry Bry, bed). He has tried to keep up with the boys by first buying a convertible and then a motorcycle. Now he has taken one step further by selecting Navy Air. If these are all the bad things that can be said about Bry, he must be doing okay. See you in Pensacola. FLY NAVY. **TEW**

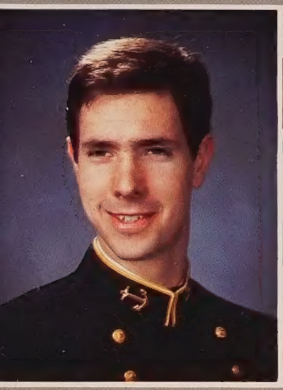
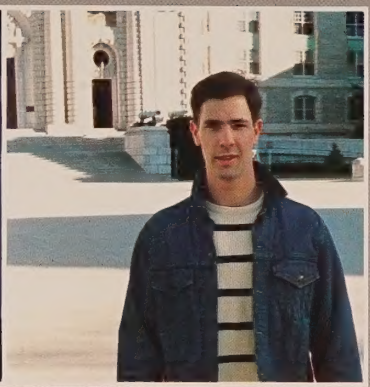



Brian Stephen Bartholf
Jennersville, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

One of the most remarkable things about Brian is the way his eyes glaze over whenever he hears Hank Junior sing "Country Boy Can Survive." This is rather indicative of the nature of the beast we call Bart. His day to remember is the 16th of November 1985 which could be the date of one of several reoccurring knee operations (GO NAVY FOOTBALL!) or the date of his first triumph over his "better half" — only his stuffed pet muskrat "Freddy" knows! Bart's favorite time consumers are the Marine Corps and his quest to drive various species of rodent into extinction via hunting. In the short term he wants to get an air billet after TBS. In the long term his "big picture" includes many hours spent in a Canadian cabin enjoying his favorite pastimes with his true love. Until that day, however, we will probably find Bart at Homecoming football games enjoying his newest interest in that sport — tailgaters. SEMPER FI, BART! **AED**

Cabell Webster Baynes
Williamsville, New York
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Young Middy Baynes, a Southern aristocrat from Buffalo, NY, shuffled off to the Stand-in-Line Company as a Fraternal Brother of a prestigious prep school in RI. Leaving his vagrant days behind, Cab came to Fun One and roomed with T&T. Not exactly Mr. Academia, EE cut his crew, and almost Navy, career short. "Don't let me miss the one o'clock bus." Who could forget Army '86, and tabs at Riordans. Surprisingly he bought the Whomper (a real rebel) which was great for pretailgaters, Nags Head ... Cab was known for bloodies on the beach, anchor clam, the quail, and an unnerving time in P-cola. "Willy, how many girls are there?" "No more long distance relationships." We will always remember him as a witty and fun-loving "duuuude" (except exam weeks). Danks for everything Cab, and good luck out west. **SPS, PJM, VLB, TJD, FAW**

Vander Leonard Boudreau
Wakefield, Massachusetts
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

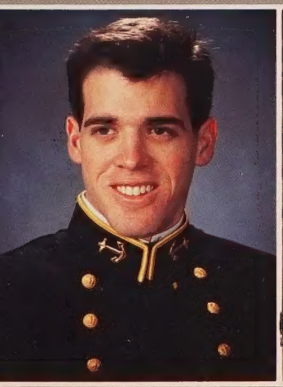
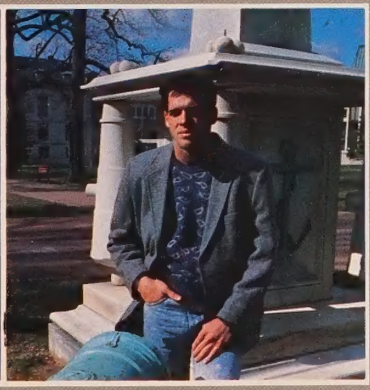
"Bouda" left the Fishe Club and came to USNA from "Bakefield" with three goals — to play hockey, get a 'vette, and fly. When he pulled in a flight billet a month after Service Selection it was all complete. As a plebe with the boys in thirty tool, he made the hockey team and later became the captain. Youngster year brought him and Polio to Fun One for a little relaxation. Second class year he was unable to ride the Rocket and went general sooner than later. That year lifelong friend and teammate Goody showed up in the fun company as the "Sir, call Debi ASAP" messages kept coming in. Who could forget the barn, Va Beach, and Nags Head trips. No stranger to the sauce, Bouda made all the road trips, anchor clam games, and treks to Riordan's. We will always remember him as Humphrey and as a great friend, and we know he'll do well in P-cola. Good luck, Bouds. **TJD, CWB, PJM, FAW, SPS**

Dean Edward Craft
Bradenton, Florida
History
U.S. Marine Corps

It would be easy just to recap Dean's exploits at the Boat School. We'd speak of his talent for drill: "I didn't know . . . " and "Inspecting Officer's comments are (CENSORED)," or his love for bathroom floors. But to know Deano, one must know his passion, his hobby, and the thing that gets him in trouble . . . WOMEN. With those fish lips and fivehead, it was a mystery how you inflamed so many women of such varying . . . types. And they all wanted to put the nose ring on you. But you kept your bachelorhood and had a good time doing it. We're glad you survived and we hope you meet your dreamgirl; just don't introduce her to us, or she'll drop you like a bad habit. Seriously, you've been a model roommate . . . just kidding. We've been through hell, mostly self-inflicted, but the good times were the best. Take care of yourself, or we'll have to do it for you. SEMPER FI. **PJR & JAJ**

Phillip Elwood Dawson
Robertsdale, Alabama
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Being from the Gulf Coast, Phil did not wish to stray far from water. His fondness for the sea inspired him to volunteer for a sailing cruise third class summer to hone his nautical skills. To say he jumped into sailing would not suffice; was blown overboard would be more accurate. Majoring in Mech E, Phil spent many late nights and weekends studying. While trying to survive the wrath of the Engineering Dept, he still found time to enjoy squash and singing. First class summer, Phil volunteered for a second sailing cruise; however, the Navy required a Greyship cruise. Determined to complete a cruise without falling overboard, he gave up leave to take both cruises. Returning to the rigors of academic life, he found relief at tailgaters. Phil will be remembered by his classmates as friendly and dependable. Good Luck, and remember,"What you can do is limited only by what you can dream." **NRJ**

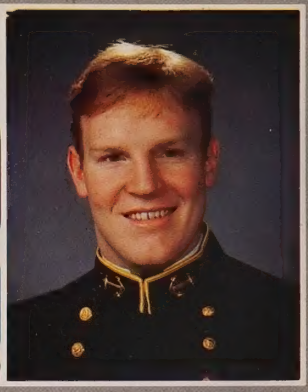



Albert Edward Dempsey
Miami, Florida
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Look at what the Florida Air Academy and NAPS has produced this time. It is not hard to describe Ted. He is the type of guy with only one thing on his mind — partying, probably due to his life in Florida. Soon after graduation he will be heading back to his turf to master the art of flying. Hopefully, it won't be like his driving. While at the Academy Ted participated in that very physical sport of Debate, and he has aquired a couple of permanent injuries — paper cuts — to prove it. This sport had its advantages, though; it helped Ted BS many members of the opposite sex. All that supposedly came to an end on 4 Oct 86, which is when Ted met the girl of his dreams — a penny pitcher. We all wish those two good luck in the future. If Ted's taste in women is as good as his taste in beer — Corona — he won't need any luck. When Ted decides to quit this fine service, he plans on attending law school, which he says is debate for adults. **BSB**

Timothy James Devlin
Newark, New Jersey
Mathematics
Marine Aviation

Young Middy Devlin, a city kid from the Vailsburg section of Newark, New Jersey, came to the Academy as one of Seton Hall Prep's best. Big-stix 26 made for some good times and memories with Bubba, Ball, and Luke. Youngster year brought Dog to the Fun Company where he was the Ac stud among us, even though he studied the least. Tim's wrestling experience helped him contribute to Navy Judo and deal with the Philly locals at Army. A major part of Tim's success, both academically and in getting a marine air slot, is attributable to a girl we all came to know and love. Dog was no stranger to the sauce, and as far as we know, the only blood-spilling shotgun casualty (Red in VPIE). Through it all, Crotch came in as Tim tub, and left a Devil Dog (to be). We know he'll do well and wish him luck in the Corps. Swing with the wing. **CWB, VCB, PJM, SPS, FAW**



Anthony Thomas Diaz
Tucson, Arizona
Mathematics
Marine Aviation

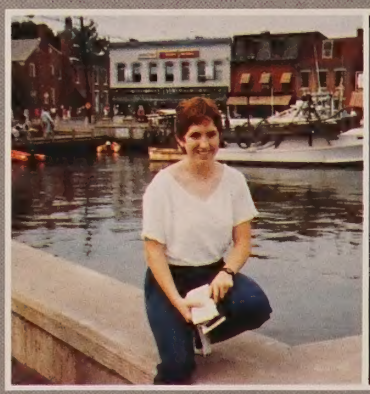
Tony came to USNA via NAPS. He came from Tucson, Arizona and ended up in the 23rd company for his fourth class year. He became well known, along with his plebe year roommate, Vinny Reyes, for his outlandish adventures and his knack for never being around when the hammer came down. Tony went to first company and his adventures continued. Tony broke hearts across the nation when he became engaged. He now takes life way too seriously. Satisfied! "Starrider." **TDR**

Leanne Kay Fielding
Atwater, California
Systems Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

Leanne came to USNA from sunny CA armed with her swim goggles, a tan, and lots of enthusiasm. A successful plebe year followed by a "cruise" to Bermuda, led to three years of Fun One. Always working, Leanne succeeded at everything she did, whether it was earning four letters and national honors in swimming, getting the highest QPR in Fun One, or managing to appropriate her sports car before the loan came out. As a firstie, Leanne was sent away on 'isolated tour' as REGCOM1. It wasn't a total loss — she had a lot of fun not making any policy and getting 3 striper libs for not doing it! She also received free voice lessons from Capt Shupp — an honor which made her the envy of all. A sudden loss in rank 2nd semester was welcomed. Leanne cruised into service selection and chose one of those obscure CEC billets. Now she'll cruise back to sunny CA for CEC school. Keep cruisin', Leanne — it's all downhill from here. **JMFHKRTR**

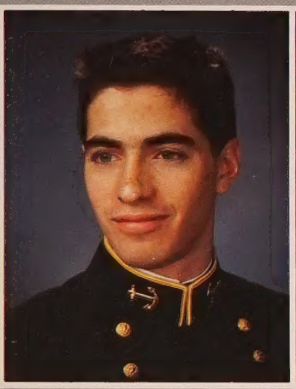
Pamela Sue Finley
Fort Washington, Maryland
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Pam hit the USNA deck-plates running, setting her goal of a 4.0 GPA. Although academics proved tough, Pammy was a true trooper, studying until the wee-hours in steerage, to the dismay of the OOW. Plebe year Pam was lured to the boat-house where masochism reigns. She also busied herself as the Ping-Pong Club president. Unfortunately, neither team-tables, nor away meets in California were arranged. A bubbly personality and wackiness won her the appropriate nickname, "Finhead." Throughout her Boat-School years, Finhead was the swinger, bopping to such artists as the Beach Boys, the Mama's and Papa's, and the Kingston Trio. Her night life was star-lit, literally, as she hung out on top of Michelson scoping out celestial bods. Not until 2/c summer did Spam become "one of those" when she scoped the bod of her jet-jock beau. Despite Waldo's persistent advice, Spinley chose the true-blue profession. Best of Luck, SWO-Mama! **MWA**



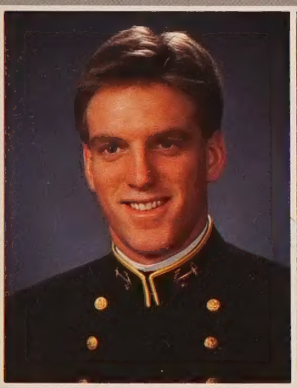
Judith Marie Fortier
Concord, New Hampshire
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Jude decided to join the rest of us via the scenic route. With four years prior and a year at NAPS, "Mom's" perspective of the zoo was slightly different. Those of us fortunate enough to get to know Judy well learned that those previous years helped create the honest, forthright, funny, and crazy individual with whom we spent a close four years. Memories of the crazy times — squirting people with water, blasting Def Leppard and the Scorpions, to mention a few — will stick for a while. So will memories of the normal times — mugs cluttering the sink (for all those gallons of coffee!), lamps on, lights off, alarm clocks, open windows, and back-rubs (from who?). Whatever the memories — bad ones with that ol' knee (watch for those potholes next time) and all the good ones — they will all be remembered fondly as are all that are shared between the closest of friends. Best of luck to you, Jude — you're a nut!! **LKF**



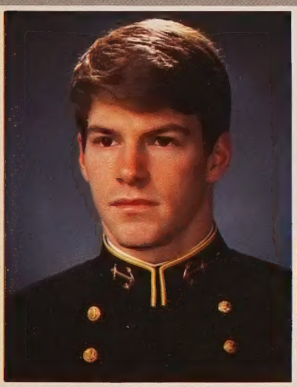
Ruben Martias Garcia
Aurora, Colorado
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Ruben came to the Academy from Salt Lake City and found military life easy to adapt to after 18 years with the Sgt. Major. He found the academic challenge a little tougher, but after plebe year he met that too. After P-cola during 2/C Summer, Ruben fixed his professional sights on the elusive wings of gold. On Service Selection night, Ruben went to Smoke Hall with doubt, but he left with the last NFO billet. That wasn't the only surprise, either: an inadvertant, but deserved, company commander position. Despite the ups and downs, our four years together have been a truly great experience. With your sense of humor and dedication, we're sure you'll be the best B/N in the fleet, but we'll wish you good luck anyway. See you in P-cola. **TCH & PLM**



Andrew Leonard Hicks
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

Andy hails from a ?beautiful? part of New Jersey. Being a natural athlete he had to become involved with sports. He tried his hand at baseball, then tennis. Leaving the Academy sports scene he dove headfirst into triathlons and skiing. Somewhere in this quagmire of sports and recreation was a budding chemistry major aching to be set free. I'm sure if it were not for weekends, girls, cars, rules, and regulations, Andy would have made a fine geek (he does have the glasses and a computer). However, there are such things in life, and Andy was no stranger to any of them. I think they even had to make a new section in the reg-book to cover his exploits. Andy always looked at things a little differently than everyone else. Maybe that's why he took so many midnight runs at dizzying speeds to places unknown! Actually, the fact that he graduated with us is a lasting tribute to his drive and dedication. See you on the high seas! **JLT**

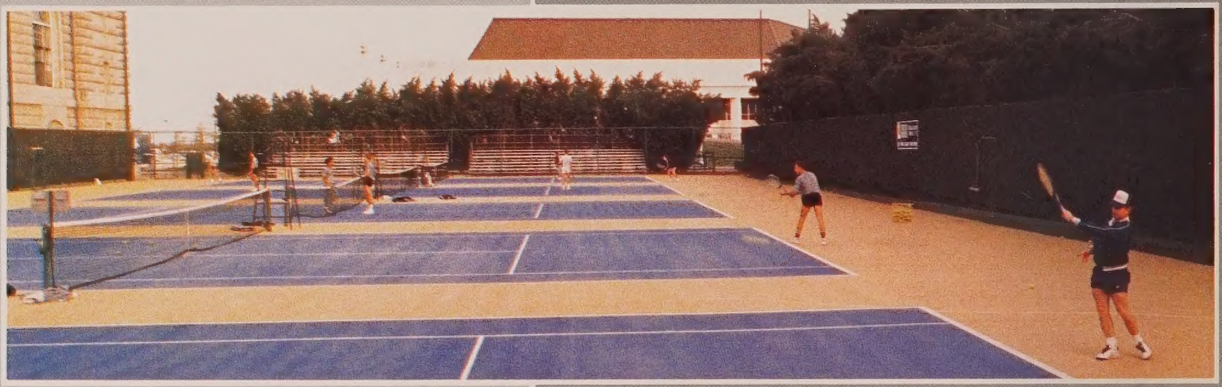


Donald Scott Hughes
Alexandria, Virginia
Physical Science
Supply Corps

Don Hughes — man, myth, or legend? Mostly legend! Don came to USNA from Alexandria with a year-long respite in Newport. Or was it two years? Anyway, his presence was quickly felt, especially on the football field. This three-year letterman electrified Navy-Marine Corps on more than one occasion, not to mention the grabs he had against Army. That's the public side of Don. When you get to know him, this Virginian has a couple other interests. First and foremost is . . . well, you can't blame him for chasing this lovely lady. Second is his family, which made football tailgaters an institution. Last but not least is his friends who are many, and thankful people for knowing someone like Don. As his roommate I'm not sure where I fit in, but if I ever could find him awake I think I would tell him — it's been an honor! **MJV**

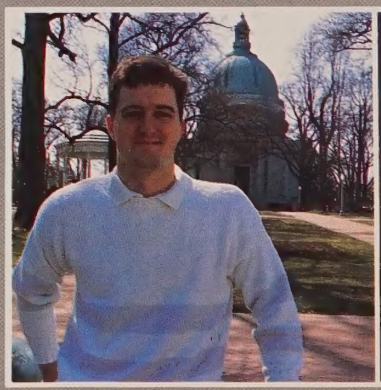
Trevor Clay Hunley
Waverly, Tennessee
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Trevor came to the booming metropolis of Annapolis from Waverly, TN. His "Dirty" plebe year went well, sweating hard for good grades even though NATS gave him four youngsters. Although he literally "labelled" himself as a "light" kinda guy on the ship's brow in Athens, youngster year was more smooth sailing. Second class year started with a victory by TKO in G-Town; he was soon knocking out plebes as the Sandman of the Junior Gestapo of Once Fun. Second class year ended "Gingerly," as he went on one last SWO cruise to the Med. He returned to lead First Platoon during the Summer, and returned in the fall ready to put his nose to the grindstone. Unfortunately, he put his nose to the pavement, so there was the "short" visit to Bethesda. The next stop in the journey is Pensacola. Good luck down there. **PLM & RMG.**



Neil Richard Jurkovic
Westwood, New Jersey
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Squeal returned from Coast Guard a new man. There wasn't a party he didn't make. From bean dances and accents to long-winded jokes, the girls of Annapolis didn't stand a chance. That laugh was his trademark. Sporting stars, Neil was ready for plebe detail as a 2/c squad leader. His interesting choice of friends led many to believe he was hard-up. Real friends knew it wasn't so. He bought a shiny red corvette and his future as a bubblehead began to fade as Wings of Gold caught his eyes. First class summer was spent at USNA, this time as Platoon Cdr. He was well-known around the weight rooms as the "pump boy"; however, at tailgaters, he conserved effort by using both hands. All his hard work for Fun One demanded some relaxation: nine hour lunch breaks, trips to Texas, and weekend ski trips. Squeal had a memory like a pencil sharpener. Neil heads south to P'cola to become a back seater, and our hopes soar with him. **SPS & PED**



Hope Katcharian
Fairfax, Virginia
Electrical Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

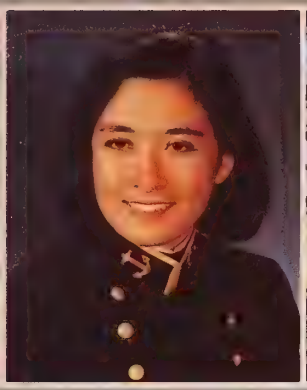
Hope came to the Naval Academy from a military family. Despite her father being a graduate of the Coast Guard Academy, the Navy was still her first choice. Her sisters were apparently influenced as they both have aspired to attend USNA; one is in the class of '90 and the other is a soon-to-be member of '92. Hope excelled in many areas here at the Academy. Desiring a challenge, she chose to be a EE major. She survived the horrors of Electronics, Comms, Microwaves, and all those other courses most people only have nightmares about; she also obtained a minor in Spanish while doing it. A lot of her time was devoted to promoting Navy spirit, both across the country and around the world. As a Navy cheerleader she traveled extensively, including two trips to Japan, to support Navy sports. Hope succeeded here and is sure to do well in the CEC after graduation. We wish her luck with her future. **DJS**

Perry Lewis McDowell
San Francisco, California
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Surface

Perry took the Naval Academy by storm four years ago, arriving from San Francisco intent on being a SWO GOD. He came to FUN ONE from ROARING TWENTY with an intensity that found little outlet as a youngster. This natural warrior literally lost control during 2nd Class Summer, both on sea and land. As a 2/C flamer, Perry instilled great professionalism, as well as the fear of God, in his plebes. Plebe detail was a memorable performance, too. Can you ever forget Ling? No, its still echoing around 4-4. Along with his devotion to duty, he had a pronounced hedonistic tendency, revealed in many trips to Hood, Schaefer's, and cruises with "the Captain." Like the middle-aged pirate in Jimmy Buffet's song, Perry often felt passed by, but there's still plenty to plunder, and the guns still thunder. With sword in hand, we're sure you'll take the fleet by storm, too. Good Luck. **TCH & RMG**

Patrick Joseph Murray
Hingham, Massachussetts
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Young Middy Murray came to us from deepest, darkest Hingham (Hackam, Hookam) and made thirty-tool his new home. Leaving the low profile back in 32, Polio was newborn in the Fun Company. Pat was known for his organization and his special alpha code (but if the JL's want it they have to catch him). One of Navy Hockey's finest, he was no stranger to the saucei, queal, clam, and he never missed a stagger-over. Bop Polio bop! "Wanna go ballistic? Have another one." Who can forget Nags Head 86-88, summers at the Cod, Riordans, roadtrips in the Blue Lude, and looking over the menus in the PI? We'll always remember Pat as an easy going guy who would do anything for a friend. Thanks Pat, the Gator Navy is getting one of the best. **CWB, SPS, VLB, TJD, FAW**



Marilou Potenza
El Paso, Texas
English
Supply Corps

It seemed I was a mite of sediment/ That waited for the bottom to ferment/ So I could catch a bubble in ascent./ I rode up on one till the bubble burst,/ And when that left me to sink back reversed/ I was no worse off than I was at first./ I'd catch another bubble if I waited./ The thing was to get now and then elated.

We make ourselves a world apart/ Behind light words that tease and flout,/ But oh the agitated heart/ Till someone really finds us out./ 'Tis pity if the case require/ (Or so we say) that in the end/ We speak the literal to inspire/ The understanding of a friend./ But so with all, from babes that play/ at hide-and-seek to God afar,/ So all who hide too well away/ Must speak and tell us where we are. **PNN**

Paul Joseph Rock
Woodbridge, Virginia
Political Science
Marine Aviation

Paul came to us Youngster year as the most sheltered human being the world has ever known. It always amazed us how anyone could live so alone in a room with two other people. Under our careful guidance, however, he soon learned the ways of the world (Schaeffer's in Baltimore over 2nd class summer) and that getting in trouble on occasion keeps you honest. For someone so intelligent in class (a big BZ for that), he never ceased to astound us with his ability to be otherwise: morningbrain; has the bell rung yet; "I got creamed on that test!" (said after every exam he ever took until the pink belly "of justice"); and our personal favorite, his own version of "Famous Naval Sayings" for every occasion. Slowed down by his "Irish Bucket," he never was fleet of foot, earning him the dubious title, Wheels. However, despite your many failings (regardless of what your mom may say), we'd never trade you for another. SEMPER FI. **DEC & JAJ**

Richard Thompson Romo
Lancaster, California
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Rich, a California boy, arrived at the Academy via a small eastern prep school. He was sportin' his Cracker Jack blues and raring to go. Rich — some called him Dickie, others knew him as Caveman. We in Mike Company were more familiar with the #?!@ who could answer correctly once his classmates failed. He was a real star Plebe year. Youngster year brought him to Fun One and academics. Despite his extensive fencing experience, his battle with Stats and Dynes was bloody. I think that Rich, at one time or another, selected every major the Academy has to offer. He survived by listening to his monk music and finally settling on political science. Second class year brought a challenge and a search for roommates. A lack of fulfillment drove him to the Ram's Head. I'm sure Rich will have more social life than he can handle in P-cola. Good luck and enjoy. **SPS**

Denise Marie Rupp
Hicksville, New York
Economics
Supply Corps

After an eventful third class cruise, Denise became reknowned throughout First Company, thanks to the Log. She kept up the partying tradition throughout youngster year . . . remember the Christmas schnapps party, the blender party with pina colada sherbet, the tailgater after the Maryland lax game? Who sponsored that sorority party, anyway? Remember to thank Paul Tuzzolo for the ride home. Thank you also to Nick Cipriano after the dining in. Never forget the birthday party at "Rudy's" with the garbage pizza and Robert and Bob and Bob and Bob. Did Cousin Bob really trip you in the parking lot or was that just our imagination? First Class year found a repeat performance in the Log and a memorable St. Patrick's Day at "Riordan's." Denise, I'm so glad you decided to stay. It wouldn't have been as great without you. Seven PCR's later . . . no one deserves to graduate more than you! See you in Athens. Love you always. **MP**

Daniel John Schebler
Davenport, Iowa
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Dan left Davenport and the banks of the Mississippi to visit Annapolis and experience his first airplane flight. Annapolis being slightly more exciting than Iowa, Dan decided to stay. His earnest efforts to be a good midshipman landed him on the heavyweight crew team (he took the name Canoe U. seriously and thought he had better learn to drive one; it took him nearly three years to figure it out.) Dan's youngster cruise to Spain and Italy took him out of the country for the first time. He must have been impressed with the "miracle of flight" after all of his journeys because he became an aero major with an initiation into Tau Beta Pi to top. First class year brought an aviation (!!!) cruise, Dan's vanishing act (regimental admin — who's that?), and an NFO billet. He is sure to succeed in all endeavors. Good luck in Pensacola! **HK**

Stephen Phillip Sobieski
Vienna, Virginia
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Bull, where to start? That he drives a bicentennial edition Ford Grananda — that he took the system to the brink and then gave in and came back to school — No! Start with an offbeat dance step and a sense of humor that won't quit. DSH, MJV. Steve arrived in 35th CO from ET school and made himself familiar with the conduct system. Pubes came to 1st company and kept a low profile, remaining inconspicuous so he could break more regs (until the fridge). Second Class year saw Steve in front of the Supe (thanks to EE). He involutarily reenlisted for a week, but luckily, he made it back and entered the double major program as a GE. With new found dedication, he became one of the Pump Boys (unfortunately for thugs in Philly). If only he had spent as much time studying as he did with . . . he'd be a Rhodes Scholar. Never forget Nags Head and the Vet Day Storm '87. **TJD, PJM, VLB, CWB, FAW**

James Lawerence Thien
Bellevue, Washington
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

Once upon a time, from a strange, far-off land (Bellevue, Washington), arrived an innocent, "Gung-Ho" boy to the awaiting arms of Bancroft Hall. After a year of ripening in NINE, fate dealt Jim into FUN ONE. FUN ONE greeted Jim with a semester filled with an overdose of Country music, not so golden oldies, and room wars. The outcome was a three-year sentence with the likes of AH and BA. A 1 Bravo type attitude soon developed, only to be perfected by graduation. Concentration and effort was equally split between the rack and all those GEAR courses. Jim gave true love a shot for two years, only to realize that his heart and soul belonged to a white 1969 Corvette convertible. Girls would have stood more of a chance with Jim if they knew the simple difference between a piston ring and a diamond ring. Those of us who had the opportunity to know Jim were the lucky ones! The BEST OF LUCK in all that you pursue!! **ALH**

Michael John Valaik
Buffalo, New York
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Mike hails from Buffalo: the chicken wing, beef-on-weck capital. He arrived at NAPS sporting a "51" vertical leap, Lennon glasses, and a pair of black chucks. A three-time backyard All-American, Mike had to hang up his shoes due to a career-ending ankle injury. Fluke became a lightweight crewjock. Sickness and a heel injury slowed him, but as always he came back strong. Third class year was a turning point for Mike. Trips to I.U. with Chad were always memorable, although I doubt he remembers Cougar. Mike often was found running to Rob, crew, and mostly . . . Tailgators, Clarks, the Vous, and Catholic movement orders were weekend adventures for the "Flukester." He was a member of several prestigous groups: "Dougy Fresh and the get Fresh Crew" and "Tommy Cool and the Too Cools." Mike could be found studying at U of M or doing his Johnny-on-the-spot trick. Peabody set the time machine for 8/20/88. Good Luck, Bunk. **DSH**

Thomas Emil Warner
Vaupaca, Wisconsin
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

This good ol' boy came to us from a small town in Wisconsin, the land of beer and cows. Tom must have learned his hometown lessons well, because the only thing that can compete with his beer is his sleep. Knowing Tom, the only things he will remember about the Academy are his basketball games, his orders to Pensacola, and maybe singing on the seventh wing terrace on Hundreds Night plebe year. We wish him good luck, but we know he will not need it. Some things were just meant to be. Fly Navy! **BDA**

2ND COMPANY

Stephen Thomas Alexander
Tucson, Arizona
English
Naval Flight Officer

Steppin-stone came to the Old Naval Academy, not ignorant to the wayward ways of the world, desiring to be instilled with Pride and Professionalism on his way to Naval Aviation. He chose a major that would give him a high class rank. After his move to "Loose Deuce," Steevo suffered mass corruption from the boys, yet, by sporting pressed uniforms and trimmed eyebrows for superior military appearance was able to become the affection of the CO. Sporting button downs and sweaters he also became the affection of every mom and sister. Get the picture? Steve blew the froth off a few with the boys but frequently woke up not knowing with whom or where he was. A Batt Cdr plebe summer, Steevo set the example for '91 (?). He became a SWO (so was the new CO) but after he got CO CDR, Mr. Lillywhite saw the light and took NFO. Who flies the plane, anyway, right? Invite us to the White House when you become President. **AVL**

Robert Todd Badeer
Smithtown, New York
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Bob Badeer, the man with the can, the famous, or infamous Beechnut hat. Maybe some of us will remember the fiasco on the Superintendent's lawn longer than we will remember graduation, but it did bring some exciting weekends. Bob, or Mr. Gambler, will probably also remember trafficking to minors, but that wasn't the real reason for his two years on his "no booty chit." The man was a genius, especially when it came to the stock market, but then that doesn't mean that gifts such as snowscenes won't display some weaknesses. Bob was one of the all around great guys in the company, and we all have many great memories because of him. Thanks, Gunny Bob. **AVL**

Peter Brian Baumgarten
El Paso, Texas
Marine Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

From the barren sands of West Texas, Pete came to USNA determined to prove something; what, we'll never know. He was a 100% glow-in-the-dark bubblehead, but after rooming with Gerry, his blood turned green, and he strove to become a Marine. Known for his intense looks and professionalism with the plebes, Pete's only mistake was tying one to a chair. A stewardess, a bimbo, a kook, and a "?", Pete was never one to stop experimenting in new forms of rejection — even when it meant cab-fare back from Loyola. If the girls ever tire of his flattop, they surely will never forget Pete's car: "the mint-condition, no-rust" 1973 Fiat Spider was his deal of the century, but to us will always be Pook's easy $2000. Psychotic madman, drill stud, academic wizard, and tequila guzzler; we wish Pete the best luck in the Corps and know he'll never be quite satisfied until the order is given over the 1MC: "man the landing craft . . . lock and load." **GGP**

Alan Robert Behning
Phoenix, Arizona
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Big Al hails from Phoenix, and came to USNA ready to boogie and rap. He joined the crew team where he spent strenuous afternoons doing horizontal work-outs in the N-room. Switched into Two, he strove to become the best dressed man, with the help of his 1-0 fashion consultants. Part of the monument crew, Al decided to play it safe as a lookout, but got restriction anyway. He met his dream in the Library of Congress, but it became his nightmare in Boston. Rooming with Anthone soon made Al the rap-master; he reached his prime in Cancun. Occasionally his sloth-like reflexes were called on as a QB for the Ltwt. football team, and he racked up impressive stats: 1 for 1, 1 TD, and 1 interception. Too honest with Navy Medicine, his past came back to haunt him, so Al gaffed flight school and chose SWO. Shooting for CEC and the space program, Al will be a top-notch engineer on Mars. Drop us a line from way out there, AB. **IAP**

George Allen Brisbin
Tampa, Florida
Physics
Surface Warfare

A man of the sea from way back, George sported his time at USNA as a "thayler," tacking and jibing in the sun. Use of nautical terms and quickness with a Naval saying earned him a rep as "Boats." Showing off his juggling got him "volunteered" for the plebe summer talent show. After his fiancee Dear Johned him, he spent Ring Dance weekend trying to pick-up his friends' dates. Unable to juggle all the balls afterwards, some heavy-hitters convinced him to take some Rest and Relaxation. Before he left he showed he was still a "team" player, and could tag in and out with the best of them. Sent to the Fleet with '87er, Phil, the two of them often painted San Diego red. A year of rock climbing and volleyball later, he returned to Mother B. He doesn't rack without his v-ball. Taking the path of most assured graduation for his fifth and final year, he finished like he started, "Jus' puttin' in time." See you when you get your flag, George. **QL**

Andrew Lawrence Caldera
Park Ridge, New Jersey
History
Naval Aviation

Andrew, Drew, Drewski, but not Andy. Always a New Yorker, but lives in New Jersey. Bucknell. Oxford Rockstar. Road Trips. Sailing to a conquest. Flyboy throttle jockey. Hey, righteous dude! Bleeda waiting for Bladda. T-Tops, sun, and shades. Ring Dance, bottoms up! Second class summer; lock and load! What's a varsity letter? I don't play these . . . games! Motored 1.5 years with the dough-truck. Cruise director supreme! Not a penny pincher. Reemme, what happened? Youngster Homecoming. Dark, stormy summers in Bermuda! Part of the Morning Light and Vengeance Three Muskateers. BYC Studmember. Always win the Party! AYC Mount Gay and Tonics. Fourth down and long — let's punt! Lake Placid and Whiteface Slopes. I'm not lowering my standards! Anton and Brian. It just doesn't matter! Spring Break — $300 mistake! Push the envelope! Pensacola; the adventure continues. Biggus, Pookie, SecNav: True Friends! Mom and Dad, thanks for the support! **AVL**

Stephen Thomas Cassetta
Rye, New York
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Scubby came already equipped with a nickname and an endless supply of stories for every occasion. Plebe year earned him a "real" rugby N sweater and a $13 shave. Youngster year was filled with talent shows and monument pranks, with restriction often making it hard to get home to the Big Apple. Scubby's wheels could have made him some tart lemonade, and often caused him to become an appliance's worst enemy. It didn't stop him from making numerous roadtrips to local colleges. Hey Scubbs, find anything in that dumpster? If they tell us to flick it, what should we do? A math major, never letting us forget: no papers, no projects, no labs, he teetered between being a Marine or an airdale. Wingnut convinced him to go to Pensacola. Senior year provided him the chance once again to show his talents as QB and also to enjoy the privileges of SECNAV list. Scubby, good luck at flight school and keep telling those stories. **AVL**

Murray Andrew Cook
Surgoinsville, Tennessee
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Instigator, Catalyst, Redneck, and Bosn's Mate. What a combination! The hardest partier in the Brigade, Murray played football and managed to sneak out anyway. He could be counted on (with JD's help) to procure female companionship and woo her someplace special. However, one night he got confused, and woke up next to his roommate — "Murray, what are you doing in my bed?" Other fond memories include bouncing at the fish market, the ice machine, trips to the Vous in EJ's and Jack's Green Machine, Academy Motel bashes, The Boardy Barn with EB, EV, JM, KR, BP, BD . . . etc. P-Cola and the Rent-a-Wrecks, Clarke's and Billy's (Murray, I'm cold; come get me!) We finally made it, Murray — after five!!! Kick butt in P-Cola. **KCJR**

Brent Montenegro Cornell
Merritt Island, Florida
Political Science
Surface Warfare

O Tempora! O Mores! Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus — oh the times! Oh the manners! The mountains are in labor, and a ridiculous mouse will be brought forth. (Afterwhich I met a roach in America, his family had a massive tree, they lived just about everywhere, nonetheless, he was a very personable roach.) **BMC**

Steven Donald Cronquist
Fort Washington, Maryland
Electrical Engineering

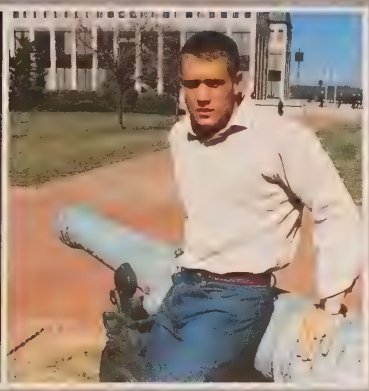
Steve came to us from an 18 month vacation in Japan and soon wished he was back. Although 86 wrote him off as one they left behind, he made it on the six year plan. The only EE in Loose Duece, he helped us pass the class, and more importantly the PCR! Right Steve? Steve might have missed his calling, though. Under the strict tutorship of master-muscian Brento, Steve became a renowned keyboardist of sorts. Steve was usually a quiet, subdued guy, but we occasionally got him "riled up" on his favorite guy — Freddie the Janitor and his lady Nannette. I guess we were wrong about Avery and his love life, and when he left it left only me to badger you about yours. Never forget the late night talks we had on every subject available. Watch out for those late night man-eating moles. You'll do well in gynecology, Dr. Cronquist. God bless you, SBV. P.S. Do you think in the fleet that your C.O. will ever lock you out of your room? **SBV**

Matthew Joseph Ferrier
Mystic, Connecticut
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

A budding, young bubble-head attempting to follow in his father's footsteps, Matt came to us from everywhere. He quickly subdued his two unruly plebe-year roommates, Joe and Doug, with his dulcet rendition of "Sunglasses at Night." Scrambled into Form Two, Matt had no chance of subduing Millimeter Peter and George. He fled to Ilya and Scubby, but was chased away by their ultra-clean living habits and the incredibly high performance grade they helped him attain. So he fled back to George. On weekends, Matt's lovely morning face made him the scream of every local girls' college. He managed to swindle a family sedan out of the CAPTAIN, but that's about it. Perhaps he will best be remembered for chewing out the Fourth Co. Officer while taking a shower. Despite his many attempts, Matt never earned one demerit. We all know he will ace Nuke School, and we pity the sub that wakes up and sees his face. **EJG**

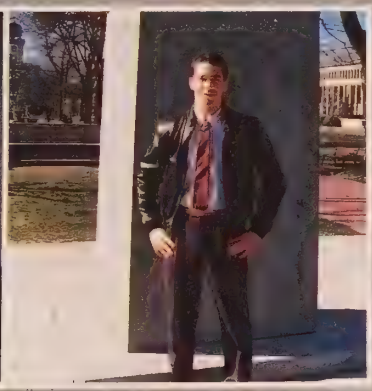
Eric Joseph Gresia
Catonsville, Maryland
Physics, Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Ric started out like a house on fire. He arrived plebe summer with a mohawk and a stack of books. Not content with a Single major, he decided to take two. Fate threw him in Second Company, ranked first in the Brigade. Ric soon fell in with the wrong crowd; where did he go wrong? It must have been UVA, where he went out for death burritos and never came back. Spending his special liberty studying became "Sorry babe, last call." "Trust me, I know what I'm doing," meant "Hey, sleeping on the beach isn't all that bad." Long walks from New London to Rye suprised everyone — especially Scubby's parents. His hot sports car lasted three weeks at Navy, going from a facelift to expulsion for imaginitive parking. Always picking up the tab, and looking on the humorous side of life, he was a favorite. Good luck in grad school & NASA, Ric; we'll see you on Mars. **GAB**



Harry Monroe IV
Key Largo, Florida
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Born in Jacksonville, FL, Harry (Mike) suppresses his southern drawl. Being the son of a "Great Santini" test pilot, he quickly learned discipline and decided to go to USNA to soothe his psychotic desires. Although dedicated to a life of physical violence, Mike had one weakness: academics. Due to this, Mike took the multiple SAT route to USNA. Once in, Mike adapted easily by breaking plates on his head and by hazing and being hazed. He molded his mind and carved his body preparing to be the ultimate grunt. His build attracted many and resulted in risky relations with multiple females. Were it not for his lack of weekend eligibility and a certain "Bam Bam," he would have reached retirement early. A summer with the Royal Marines was the highlight of his USNA career. Ready to do battle with the craven red foe, Harry soujourns forth from the Cavern of Aargh. As long as he doesn't have to deal with a computer, the military is safe. **ADP**



George Bruce Palmer
Reston, Virginia
Chemistry
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Hey George — remember Keehln's Party? How about his bath tub? We all remember it! George was kind of different when it came to study hour. We knew study hour to be from 2000 to 2400, but not George, he was in the 0200-to-quarters club, something that we thought only Comp. Sci. did. George, clean your locker! Remember late night brawls with Van? Not Looner, either. George still wants to fight — Antoine. Hey, still on the wagon, you Gymnastics stud? George, good luck, you were, and still are, one of the best! **AVL**

Albert Dan Perpuse
Seattle, Washington
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Al (The 'Pino) "sojourned" to the Academy from high school in Seattle. He brought with him a very "inquisitive" mind. While at the Academy, Al's major accomplishments included achieving a class rank of 27, serving as Batt. Cdr., and winning the Brigade Boxing Title. He was always willing to help someone, no matter how tired or busy he was. The 'Pino's tenure here was not always filled with such perfection. He experienced frequent periods in which he lacked female companionship. These periods ceased each time Al was able to visit his old high school. Al also experienced trouble negotiating the stock market, navigating Rowe Blvd., digesting Rum Runners, studying in bed, and possessing his military I.D. in the Phillipines. So we wish "The 'Pino" the best of luck with Nuke Power and huge car payments. We hope one day he realizes his true desire to be a Marine. **HMM**

Sean Patrick Plankey
Southwick, Massachussetts
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

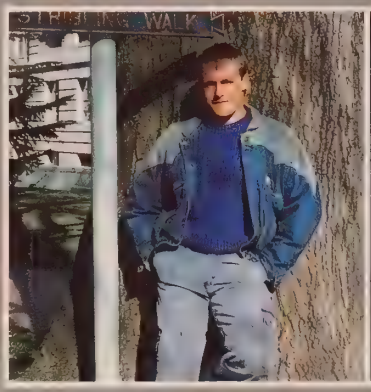
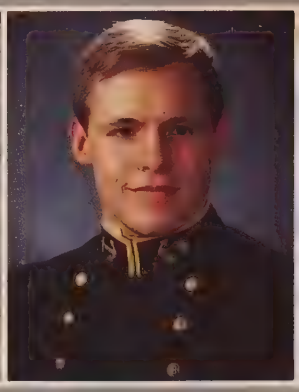
"Restriction Squad! ATTEN-HUT! All right, where is Plankey? You're kidding, he graduated?" Yes, it's true. Thanks to an act of God and the hard work of "Spanky Graduation Detail," he really made it. Sean had the dubious reputation of trying to "Beat the System." Naturally, the system beat all over Sean, and common sense did not always shine through as his greatest virtue. After all, you hit a Colonel's wife with water balloons and you went swimming in the bay in January, in SDB's. How did you keep warm? Must have been something in the blood. Sean was always glad to act as duty driver, but his passengers weren't always thrilled, "Come on, we'll get there in no time via the GT!" You're crazy, Sean, that's definite! Look out Edson, here he comes! The Navy will never be the same . . . **SPP & MAM**

Ilya Alexey Poluektov
Forestville, California
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

Plebe year for our Russian comrade was spent rowing and playing the accordian. He met his roommate for the duration, Scubby, who had similar hygiene habits. Scubby and Ilya were hit hard by the Japanese monument. Trade marks of his room: socks that can support their own weight, and the locker ameoba monster. President of the Russian Club, he taught us the phrase "Speciba za piva." The only reason he ran marathons was for the free Bud Light. Second class year brought cars, Ilya broke in Scubby's. Ilya chose a Micro-can, a Jeep. Good thing it can't get stuck, right Iller? Ilya is very ambitious and a firm believer in bigger is better. Impeached from the Russian Club presidency, he switched to full-time living the good life. Cancun brought the battle with Colombia. A wise gambler, Ilya ended up getting a hydrofoil. Good luck, Ilya. **STC**

Keehln Bain Powell
Severna Park, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

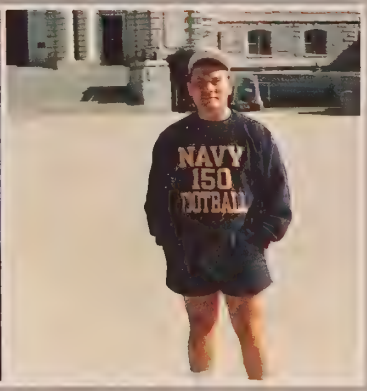
Loinmaster, Jammaster, Jaymaster, Jam (aka Sirloin, Loincloth, Tenderloin) came to us from San Diego, via the five year plan at NAPS. Fortunately, his folks moved to Severna Park, a mere ten minutes from Gate 8. Loin became very familiar with the ol' Conduct Sys, and earned his letter (not for a sport, either). He came to Loose Deuce ready to make history so Kerry would soon be known as Keehln's brother. A fine partier, Loin familiarized us with Clark's, and some dive bars unknown to other Squids. He partied far and wide, letting nothing stand in his way, including police cars, which he simply walked over. A SECNAV list casualty, Loin enjoyed first class year, planning tailgaters, and mega-parties. After he lectured us on the virtues of SWO, he took Pilot, much to the surprise of everybody: folks, ball-and-chain, and the boys. Good luck in the skies, happy landings, and invite us to your offshore oil rigs. **AVL**

George Gerard Pukach
Cheverly, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Pook came to USNA a wayward juvenile delinquent from the outskirts of our nation's capital, complete with Vuarnets. Gerry soon ventured forth in search of finer pastures, sampling pleasures from Delaware to Denmark. Ger finally shocked us all on Xmas '87 (Good luck!) Once a hardcore Marine, he suprised no one by selecting Nuke Surface ($). Academic wizard, weightroom fiend, source of bad gouge, penny-pincher, and packrat; we're sure if he ever leaves the Navy, Gerry will don the plaid sports coat and sell Pete the car of his dreams . . . again. Gerry will be a success in the Navy and beyond. We know the Navy and California are in for a hell of a time with the one and only Pook in power. Best of luck in the Cutting Edge. **PBB**

Richard Carey Quintal
Andover, Massachusetts
General Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines
Happy 22nd Birthday — How many utensils did you get on your face? Sure, I remember last night . . . who? The ultimate spinner, he could spin anything, except for that one cherry pie. Rich showed up in Skate 28 as a Recruited gymnast in Mechanical Engineering, but left in Form-Two as a well rested General. "Well rested . . . period." Hey, Rich, make sure to always pick up after yourself! Rich was always here, always smiling, and always set to add a bit to the morale of the company. You've done a good job, Rich, and you'll do great out in the Elite Force, hunting down (targets?). **AVL**



Austin Eugene Renforth
Wheeling, West Virginia
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps
Sparky, a West Virginia kind of guy, is ever faithful to the Corps. Working on his presidential campaign, he was deeply involved in Honor and the Black Studies Club. He deserves to be proud of his athletic achievements — 150's captain and four-year starter, and a rugby natural. He is so well known throughout the Brigade, that if a Bancroft mafia existed, he would be kingpin. Popular for his quick wit and telling it as is, his genuine heart makes for a true friend that will give his all. He even befriended a mo-mo. Pest control might help with the giant mole problem. How far can you go with $20? The Emile Post of dipper's etiquette, he awaits the resurrection of the Taj Mahal. Champion of the 18th street demolition night and seeking out the Shwayge machine. Master of studying just the right amount, Sparky will be unstoppable. As said at UM, let's come back and rock the house sometime! The best to you, Sparky! **SBV**

Vincent Luis Reyes
San Bruno, California
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps
I've had a pretty good time. **VLR**

Thomas Eugene Rogers
Naples-on-the-Gulf, Florida
Physics
Naval Flight Officer
Many of us in Second Company will remember the XO, the reign of terror. Nothing more need be said. Tom was well known as the Billy Martin of the softball team, but softball was not his only sport. Remember playing a few holes on the golf couse? Maybe you and Jeff W. should have hooked up, the way you tried sneaking the extra chickwich. Tom will probably have trouble remembering the deep discussions that he had, but they will be long remembered by some of us here in Second Company. I have a couple of questions . . . Why will Tyson lose in the next year? and what is really meant by "Miami Who"? Good luck, Tom. Some pilot will be lucky to have you backing him up. **AVL**

Richard Schwarz
Massapequa Park, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Light 'em up, Bob! Rich was one of the true whiteworks fiends. Always relaxed and skating, he was heavily into LAX, in more than the sporting sense. Known as the most durable midshipman, Rich was always injured, always in whiteworks, and never at formations. As a matter of fact, he was rumored to have slept even more than Rich Q., but this is hard to prove. All that is proven is that he has never drilled. He was Wingnut's fielders choice at the axe boards, and was immortalized as the object of the famous quote: "I could have had you out of here . . . " One thing that will never be forgotten is the time that he tried to break into Ric's condo with Jeff W.; except that it was rented out to someone else . . . ! All in all, quite a guy! **AVL**

Jon Arthur Smith
Greenacres, Washington
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

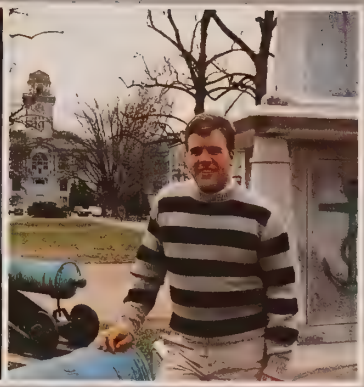
Jon Smith!? Come on, what's your real name? Coming from the state famous for it's apples, he sickened us by eating them seeds and all. Academics always proved a challenge for Jon; no one could study so much and get so little for it. Instead of climbing the ladder of success, Jon chose to scale the Japanese Monument and then descend to the depths of Smoke Hall. The youngest of our small group, he finally turned 21 at Army our senior year, but had already proven his love of excess. Next time don't wrestle a judo expert, and abstain before leading PEP for the Class of '91. Workout animal, woman chaser, and the man with the moon-pie face; Jon never got the recognition he worked so hard to earn . . . so here's to you, Jon-O: you're the best of the best. Take care and warn all your NFO's to keep their oxygen masks on after you've had Mexican food. Turn and burn to the top of the Navy, crazy Jon! **PGK**

Bernardo Solis
Cartagena, Colombia
Political Science
Foreign National

Claiming to be a foreign national, Bernie "El Guapo" Solis came to us from the Colombian Naval Academy by way of George Mason. Never one to be punctual, he arrived to plebe summer two days late. His reputation as a Latin Lover soon became well established. After a brief career as a genius in Colombia, Bernie decided to major in Political Science, with a minor in wires, or "threads." He is now a LTM. Bernie, a former member of the SECNAV list, sampled many delights of the States. He earned several marks of approval. A true capitalist, Bernie seemed to be the chief purchaser of computers, CD's, and a sure steady user of the phrase "Charge it!" He dragged a group of us down to sunny Cancun, where the principal language is English. Poor Bernie is going to be stuck in Cartagena, and then flight school in Germany. Bernie, invite us to the Colombian White House when you're president. **IAP**

Steven Douglas Stuck
Thousand Oaks, California
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

A one-time (one semester) EE major who soon saw the light. Crazy times from the start, with D&B parties, falling out of a cab in SDB/Levi's in Times Square, etc. But he always knew the way home, whether he got there by Rabbi Smith carrying him there or by sliding along the wall until he bumped into the Pepsi machine, then turning right. Careful when you turn over your pillow. Dreams of Porsche. Drives a Honda. Is it true you had a comearound with your fiancee? This, of course, led to the Scharf-Stuck-Lynch Cold War. Hope that back rub was worth it. The focus in his life must be the stereo. World's largest CD collection. Belongs to the Incredible Stereo Deal of the Month Club, buying $2000 worth of Dragon junk and the infamous $3000 unreg speakers for cheap. Hope you can "see" your way thru P-cola. Good Luck; get fighters! **WDT**



William David Taylor
Covington, Virginia
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

"Wild Bill," "Chief," — Bubblehead at heart, NAVTAGger extrodinaire, and an academic stud. But why take 21 hours second semester 1/c year? He's really too kind, but I guess he won't be loaning his car to 'bert again. Old fashioned, he lives in a log cabin, is infatuated with animals (gerbils?), and even his music says he should have been born 20 years earlier somewhere near Rudy's or a disco. "The Good Feeling music of the Big Chill era." Mr. Professional for the plebes and at drill — were the "eyes right" for the company or yourself? How about the ladies? Should I mention "Bunny and Me" or maybe the "Angel"? Then again there's the "Arabian" or . . . but your parents were right next door! I suppose I should stick to "Yolanda." Good luck in the fleet and on New London's Donut course. Thanks for the fry. **SDS**

Alan Wilford Van Loon
Hermantown, Minnesota
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Computer wizard who crusaded against the Lynch-Demon, the Scharf-monster and the worm to become the savior of our weekend liberty. Printed everyone's papers. Despite being Christian music DJ for WRNV, and wearing new grooves in his Amy Grant records, still finds "I Spit on Your Grave" to be the greatest movie of all time. Reads only Mack Bolan "one man against the world." Guess he needed that TV, er, computer monitor, to watch the Twins win the World Series. We didn't hear the end of that for a while. Great NAVTAG plotter; do they have radar on your "new" ship, Al? Engaged for three years. Always a Marine at heart. Yes, I had to come all the way from MN to USNA to find what I needed, but once I found it, I never let it go. People said I would never make it into USNA, and then said I would never make it. Well, I am here, and I made it, and I owe it to support from those same people who said I wouldn't make it. Thanks M&V&SK. **AVL**

Jeffrey Robert Williams
Port Jefferson, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Jeff, the "biggest slouch around" is, as a SENIOR, the only midshipman STILL boycotting the chickwich. To him every girl was "the most beautiful girl in the world," but that may just show his kindheartedness. Speaking of kindheartedness, it can be seen by the fact that he even knew one of his teacher's names, but that was the one that he stayed up all night for to do three homework problems. He was shy about video cameras; "Mom, that's how we say hi." Bladah-bladah at 000 090 270 relative! The one wildman of the company, he was guest singer for some band in Rye, New York, probably while cheering for his favorite team, the mighty METS! If you see him, ask him about his Halloween Ritual, or Toy Master (noses and masks). Good Luck, Jeff, we'll remember you always as one of the boys. **AVL**

Anthone Raynell Wright
Lackawanna, New York
Economics
U. S. Marine Corps

Hey! 'Toine! Keep your hands to yourself. Anthone has his own reserved seat in the wardroom: "Can I take that chair with me?" Here we have, fresh from Second Company, the first Nuclear Tank Driver! He was heavy into 150's football, but was the only one on the team that had to gain weight for weigh-ins. Speaking of 150's, for some reason he couldn't take the pressure of intramurals, yet he managed to be a 150's Star. Love that Colt .45. "The Ladies call me Mr. Right." Anthone was the only man in the company with one leg and two toothpicks! Watch out Marines, you've got one heck of a great guy coming your way! **AVL**

Thomas Andrew Zwolfer
Wood Dale, Illinois
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Tom "Z-MAN" Zwolfer, the last man in the class. Tom, get that dressing out of your inbox. Tom, What DID you do at Halsey? Oh, some of this, some of that. Sometimes known as Off-Color King, it wasn't at all related to the way that he ate, which would make a praying mantis proud. Tom will always be remembered here in Second Company as a founding father of the Japanese Monument Club, as well as for his outstanding performance as Golden Glove Third Baseman. Tom is truly dedicated, one of the very few remaining NARCs. Tom, the fleet awaits you, and we know you are ready! **AVL**

3RD COMPANY

Andrew Bowman Barker
Arab, Alabama
English
Supply Corps

Andrew came to the Academy with slightly different ideas than the rest of us. He thought that it was a country club college with a little bit of military thrown in. He survived 15th Co. plebe year, despite his command appearance at Ac Boards. Drew came to Third and created an Ice-box on 1-0 that was ignored for months by the company officer. Second class summer found him adjutant for Group 12, where he led by example with his disregard for accountability. He was only seen in P-Cola when he absolutely had to be there. He stayed, miraculously (unexplainably?), and committed for two more years of trying academics. He missed the Ring Dance for a cruise to Australia, but his date understood, and she didn't have to return her DDW's. First class year saw him have a few problems with driving his car. "I don't think the heavy stuff is gonna come down for quite some time," Drewsome said. But it did, and he lost Spring Break. Athens Bound. **CHG & PEP**

Bruce Scott Bennett
Maple Shades, New Jersey
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Daroose was a Godsend to his two roommates: he saved them from the BM3. His pencil-neck frame earned him nicknames: Bruiser, Bubba, Norman, Grossberger, as well as a starting position on the varsity offensive line. He always kept abreast of the time, and it was well known that everything was proportional. Brother B was a Marine's Marine, and was often heard shouting "Arf!" or "I did something stupid." He had two pet Doberman's which were kept in the hall nightly. As time progressed, he found that football am his life. His favorite quote was "—!" which he serenaded to the company on many occasions. First class year he acquired the sporty fishbowl, a fine machine that killed the ladies. In Daytona, he was the big stud, and in Australia he met his long lost Auntie May. We are quite sure that the Corps will choose to send Brutonomus to any hotspot in the world, so that he may put his diplomatic charm to work. **CHG**

Joseph Mateo Brinkman
Port Orchard, Washington
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

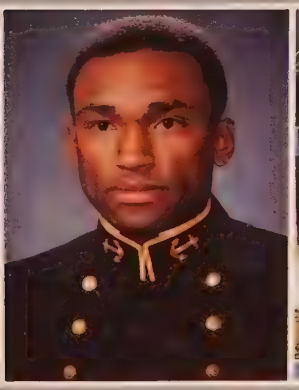
Joe's plebe year was spent getting paid to party on more weekends each semester than our youngsters were even allowed to sign up for. All of that just for an occasional round of debate. Although it started out as a means of putting up with plebe year, it became a necessity for dealing with youngster (financial) depression. It was during this year that Joe learned the fundamentals of financial disaster, something he would retain, and eventually perfect. Living in the back shaft, unnoticed, Joe became delinquent beyond admin/conduct. After a close call 2/c year, Joe spent 1/c year with the rest of us, reminiscing about the good old days. Watching Joe drop everything in my room, mailing all our luggage to con a ride on a MAC flight, losing Joe somewhere in Iowa, finding him at my house the next day, all-night computer jam sessions . . . that's what they were with Joe, the good old days. **MD**

Chessley Dion Cornett
Hebron, Kentucky
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Dion "foot-in-the-door" Cornett came to us from the bluegrass state of Kentucky, land of beautiful horses and fast women, neither of which Dion partook of (much). Instead, he was quite content to fester in the EE labs with the rest of his double-E buds. Emerging pale and beady-eyed from the bowels of Michelson, Dion expressed his creative side in many ways and to many people . . . Dion also rowed crew and rolled in casually late from the 'Vous, earning a different color "N" in each case. We thank Dion for the many hours we enjoyed on his sturdy tri-hull, "Les Farte'," and pity the poor fool who actually believes it's a sturdy tri-hull and buys it. Unfortunately, his greed overcame him, and he and his new boat will find a home at nuke school in Orlando — but Bill has no qualms. Dion was a level-headed guy, and we wish him the best of luck. tp,bm,ps,mg know your password: DCLDB. **TP**

Jimmy Dean Cox
Centerville, Georgia
General Science
Naval Aviation

I am writing this to the memory of my father and mother, who departed from my life on 8 January 1981. It was their strength that helped me through the years that followed. My parents gave me so much it would be impossible to ever repay them. If I could have just one wish in life, it would be to have them with me on graduation day. However, the memory of my parents will follow me through the rest of my life, and they will always hold a place in my heart. Love always, Jim ! In memory of Earl and Margaret Cox. **JDC**



John Calvin Dupree
Alexandria, Virginia
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

JD took the NAPS pipeline and worked hard to get there. He had quite the temper youngster year — soap can be a lethal weapon. But that wasn't the end, as Truman's precious tiger will tell . . . a 5k offense resulted. Maddog John tried boxing, a sport in which he invented a new style — lead with the head, jab with the left, lead with the head. Later, he decided to add to the athletic challenge at Navy by running the mile in hightops. John's favorite phrase became "Yer lookin' just like a hog," which earned him the nickmname FP. Some famous quotes are: "Meeting, what meeting?" and "You make me feel like a king." JD had such a zest for academics he spent three summers here excelling, in addition to his eight-hours a day study habits. Unlike the rest of the wardroom rats, the only time he was in the wardroom was for meetings. John will pursue excellence on the waves, rather than in the mud: a blessing in disguise. **PEP**

Curtis Henry Goetsch
St. Louis, Missouri
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

We first met Curt at the start of youngster year, when he became our omnipotent leader. Spring found us road-tripping to Lauderdale. Don't forget, politics and women don't mix — 'aye. His quest was to locate the stairway to heaven, which he found at Hood and Delaware. As a 1/c, Shark lost his best girl, Rosie O' Grady, but gained a much more interesting one. Hey, Tampa isn't far from P-Cola. Any wedding bells? If that happens, forget the mountains, but that's okay, because I hear Cobra Yodelling. Curt's most coveted award is Mr. Cynical 1988, which is dwarfed on his trophy case by his many Heismans. Truc, never losing his taste for Kool-Aid, was known throughout the Brigade for his potent punch, which got three of us twelve, twice. Favorite quotes: "That may be a dad gum 6000, Hi, I don't remember any of you guys," and "Hey guys, how's she look?" Curt, good luck and Fly Navy, we divers need the work. **FAS**

Mark Willard Goodwin
Bath, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

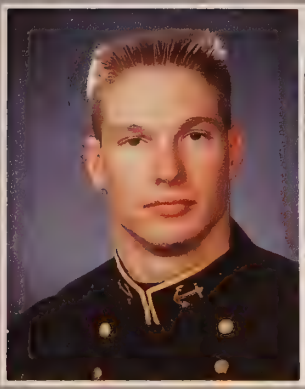
Where's Bath? Richie Cunningham arrived at USNA as the model, All-American boy with more erroneous illusions than any of us. Goody didn't really understand East Coast women until he met one with her keg. It was love at first sight. We hope he finds another car before he spends the rest of his loan. His faithfulness was only surpassed by his faithfulness to weeknights at the 'Vous. It must have been "a lack of neurons," because it resulted in 66 fun filled days and a righteous Christmas break. Now that we can go out, Goody stays in and studies EE (it's just not as fun now that it's legal). We wish you the best, good luck in Pensacola. Mr. Goodman, remember to tape off and shine your shoes, because you promised. tp,bm,ps,dc. **TLP**

Stuart Emerson Hamilton
Bremerton, Washington
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

"Soup, Stew, Stewbone, Stupher." "Daddy, I want a . . . " "But I haven't been home in three days." Sailing is a DANGEROUS sport — six stitches youngster year. Anything looks good after he's been drinking. "But she's nice." 128 mph on the beltway — he likes driving over the curb. "What are you doing after Herndon?" "But I've only been on the computer six hours." She likes you, but she isn't physically attracted. "So what's your point?" One of three but an effort for two. Dolphin Club President — but went Aviation. Good luck in the air and on the beach in P-Cola. **DRW & BJP**

Christopher Michael King
Brooklyn, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Chris entered Camp Annapolis through 26 Co., where he ran up the world's largest phone bill. Scrambling to Thirsty Third, he distinguished himself with two WEs in two years. Always turning lemons to lemonade, Chris turned the Axe into open season on Quieg, joined the Brotherhood and traded Mother B for a more suitable soulmate. Not waiting till graduation, Chris began his SWO career on the USNA Yipees. Always ready to lengthen his SWOage, he spent 1/c cruise on BB63, CG52 and AOR3. In fact, Mighty Mo was so taken with this squid they refused to throw him back. USNA finally pulled him out of Subic a week after the brigade returned. Chris wasn't completely professional though; during 3/c year he spent his free time refining his boxing skills. He also acquired fame by being the only 1/c in the company to room with an enlisted, eventually getting a one man room w/ guest bed out of the deal. Good luck in the REAL Navy. **SEH/REL**



Mark Eric Kutscher
Findlay, Ohio
English
Supply Corps

Kutch stormed in on us from Ohio with his sights set high on football stardom, but he settled for the whiteworks record of the universe. Although he never became a Marine, let alone kill or become a colonel, Kutch will have ample opportunity to count land-based toilet paper in Norfolk after a six month stint in Athens. We wish we could have partied more with Kutch, but when we weren't on restriction, he was unsat, and when he was sat, we were on restriction. After football, Kutch picked up bodybuilding and picked up a third in his first contest. During one of his many summer academic rehabs he was able to lure a fine Annapolitan down the trail of matrimony. We won't forget the puddles you left us, in Pensecola and Pfeif's floor. We wish Mark the best. **BM, PS, MG**

Rebecca Ellen Lonigan
Montgomery, New York
History
Surface Warfare

Taking the initiative to a hair-raising experience and long-standing fame, Rebecca toured Mother B in depth on I-day ala chop with GF and no detail escort. Plebe year was dull after such a roaring start; only witchypo could liven it up. They say you are bonded to your plebe year roommate; fate brought Rebecca back to hers. Thus returned the familiar friendship and comforting shoulder for the trials and tribulations of the years to come. Even through hazing by an incompetent twit 2/c year (Hazing a 2/c?!) Rebecca managed to find an antedote for USNA blues, which is still working today. She, who has become a friend for life, came here wanting to be a Marine like Daddy, but she decided she liked the sailor's life. I can only wish all of God's blessings to you on the Santa Barbara. Have fun being a SWO Mommy! **PMO**

James Allen Matthews
Charlotte, North Carolina
English
Nuclear Power — Submarines

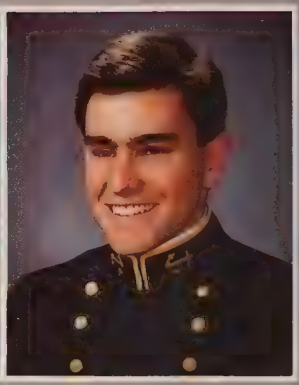
Jim came to USNA from North Carolina via 2 years in the nuclear fleet. He quickly found a spot on the offshore sailing team and managed to avoid drill and evening meal formation for two years. Then he fell victim to the allurements of a certain lady from Bowie. Now Jim marches and makes all formations, but his weekends are free, at least as far as the Academy is concerned. I guess he didn't see her enough during the week when she came to visit, after all she did miss a total of three days during second class year (due to snow). I think their group study room in the library has been retired in their honor. We're not exactly sure if any studying was ever actually done in that study room, but somehow Jim always managed to pull off the good grades, apparently without trying. Jim attributes his success at the Academy to his faith in God and the love and support of his parents. Orlando, here we come. Good luck, Jim. **EWW**

Theresa Catherine Michal
Key Largo, Florida
Mathematics
General Unrestricted Line

Through plebe summer and plebe year, this Iowa girl's constant smile and glowing charisma earned her the professional reputation she retained through graduation. To prove it, as a first class, she outshined most of her classmates with a passing grade on the PCR in only three attempts. With a zest for living, Theresa distinguished herself in such instances as "The Dead Girl in the Bathroom" in a bar in Fla. All of her liberty wasn't spent drinking, however; she still managed to find time to sun herself daily and wreck her new car weekly. With a major in math, and a minor in sunbathing, Theresa still managed an All-American springboard diving season. Holding every womens' diving record at USNA, Theresa left this sport to pursue other interests, including . . . Theresa's positive attitude helped me through plebe year and I wouldn't be where I am today without her. Thank you; your best friend and brother, Jason '89 **JJM**

William Charles Miller
Burke, Virginia
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

We're not really sure where Bill is from, he usually says California, but his house is in Northern Va. Bill astounded everyone when he picked up lacrosse as a Napster and eventually made it to the ranks of varsity. However, he became too close to the coach and was reduced to schlepping with intramural has-beens. It was never difficult to lure Bill into "the gue" of the 'Vous, which prompted him to become one of the proud participants of "Late Night at the 'Vous" part 1. With his limited amount of neurons, Bill decided that restriction was for him and he led 'Vous part 2. However, thirty three more days and a militant Christmas did not disuade Bill from pursuing his life long dream of a nuke bonus and six years under water, which, after all, is "not so bad." We wish Bill the best of luck and the ultimate tan. **MG, PS, DC, MK**



Lynn Gerise O'Neil
Ansonia, Connecticut
English
General Unrestricted Line

This spunky little honors English major came to USNA from Connecticut. As a "model midshipman" she was not only a major sweat and an outstanding athlete who lettered in Cross-Country, but a very special friend as well. The company heartbreaker, who is as beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside, finally learned the art of chilling out her first-class year. Memories of Spring Break in Key Largo, going out dancing, and just spending time with the guys will stay with all of us forever. Many more good times are in her future, as she will succeed in everything she puts her mind to. Good Luck and see ya in San Diego! **TCM**

Pegeen Marie O'Neil
Columbia Falls, Montana
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Starting off with a close attachment as Siamese twins, joined at the hip plebe summer, to the present, Peggy has been a sweet, dear friend. This soon-to-be pilot, who came here because she wanted "to fly, sir," chose the math route, fortunately for my Calc II. From helping with Calc plebe year, to our trials and tribulations of youngster year, Peg and I needed and helped each other, offering comforting shoulders for support. OCF and friends kept her alive 2/c year, despite a potentially lethal dose of theory. First class summer and RMH were quite an experience for Peg. This led to even stronger faith, which made 1/c year smooth sailing, with Dant's list, FCO Friday nights and good times. Get a good tan in B and HI this summer. Welcome to the "jet" set, or maybe helos? **REL**

Timothy LLoyd Pfeifer
Towson, Maryland
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

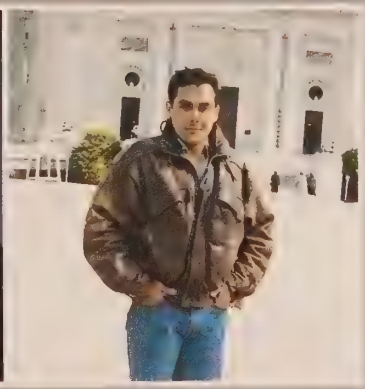
Timmy, the other Pride of Baltimore (the one that didn't sink) actually hails from Towson, a point he is particularly fond of making. Tim started his career at Navy as a lax giant; however, he became too close to the coach, so Timmy and varsity lax parted ways. That left him with the sorry plight of schlepping around the intramural field with his has-been pals. We'll never forget the times we spent with Tim at the 'Vous gawking at his style of beer-downing and heartbreaking, hoping for some of his left-overs. Tim was part of the ill-fated Late Night at the 'Vous (part I), from which he gained 33 days with James K. Polk and an impressive slew of Charlton Heston trivia. Since then Tim has somehow gained some neurons and was able to avoid 'Vous round 2; however, we would like to thank Ed for the use of his car, and we think he owes us an apology. See you in P-Cola. **MG, PS, BM**

Barry Jay Phillips
Yuma, Arizona
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

Barebone came to the Academy an idealistic chap, and left an opportunistic hedonist. Never a hair out of place, Opie quickly learned the location of all the local women's colleges, and even if they didn't work out there was always the youngsters — when he dared. Bear always let us know what he wanted, often saying, "She's mine, I saw her first!" First class year he was quite proud of his car, which fits in perfectly at Clay's. He worked on his leadership qulaities early, giving new meaning to officer-enlisted relations. Being a careful driver, Barry never saw the tree coming. Barry walked away . . . the car didn't. In Daytona, Brother Bear exhibited his wily dance moves — and caught a glimpse of the Promised Land. When B gets through with Pensacola, there will be a lot of broken hearts, but hopefully he'll learn from his mistakes. **CHG**

Christopher Thomas Phillips
Arbutus, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

Flipper came to us from a tugboat in the Philadelphia Naval Yards, and wasn't too sure if it was a step up or down. But he quickly rose to the top, and by senior year he was the head beakerfish, a job he sweated profusely. His perspiration was not limited: he sweated academics equally. During this time he always quivered . . . "Yes, dear." Additionally, he was President of the Gang for three years and was the original designer of Working Uniform Blue Negligee. He loved Kool-Aid, and received twelve for such, in more ways than one. His favorite quote is "This might be a dad-gum 6000!" Nicknames included Slim-Slum, Lord of the Ringoleans, Mr. Ed, and Mr Bates. His favorite songs were "Dangling Man" and "Tied to the Whipping Post," and we all know what his favorite color was. Falopian should do well in the fleet, and we expect to see him back here in twenty years — as Commandant. Good luck to him and V. **CHG**



Paul Edward Pullin
West Covina, California
Economics
Naval Aviation

Pauley schlepped out here from California with a big grin on his face. His charismatic persona quickly earned him nicknames: Dr. Doom, The Gloomster, Rowdy . . . He was elected Captain Pullin, the Brigade Morale Officer. Chesty quickly made his presence felt among the fairer as he headed for the Orient youngster year, over which he coined the immortal, "I did nothing." Once a member of the Gang, he over the years followed the scathed path and eventually got his "ace" in the mountains. Carlos was always broke and unsat, which is why he graduated with over 5k and a 2.85. The Tasmanian Devil took his love out of the hall senior year, but this was short-lived. Cobra was 0 for 20 in Daytona, but we're sure this will change as he is gracing the Aviation Community with his bubbly presence. We're sure even Pensacola will be boring to this living visage of Spuds MacKenzie. **CHG**

Frederick Anthony Schlueter
Salem, Ohio
Electrical Engineering
Special Operations

The Teddy Bear came from Schlueterville, a one-stoplight town in Ohio. After surviving the holocaust of Serene 18, he moved onward to laid-back Thirsty Third (how appropriate). Fritzie was the best O-lineman on the 150's meat squad plebe year. Youngster year he donated his all to the Rugby team; well, almost all: one knee (three times), one shoulder, and a few stitches to the skull. All this and he still loves the sport. Fred loved the academy all four-plus years. 2/C year found Fritz headed towards Geek Hall. Rooming with Jungle John Gersch and his dancing fingers was always a blast. He didn't sweat Service Selection like the rest of us, did he? "Maybe NFO, no Nuke, no SWO, maybe NFO, ok Spec Ops." "Hey, anyone thirsty, I'll make some punch!" Nice car. This might be a dad-gum 6000. Yes,dear. Fritz, have fun underwater. Be cool and have a great life. Just watch out for sharks. P.S. While you're up, turn out the lights. **JAY**

John Joseph Shanley III
Annapolis, Maryland
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

I first met Jay in the far back corner of the 150's locker room; we have been intimate ever since. I learned early that Jay had more hooks than a Bait and Tackle shop. Jay, otherwise known as Shans, Jabba, or Droopy, was always one to give his opinion. J-Bone got along better with his prof's. Jay's quest for a teddy bear was answered 1/C year by a UCLA Bruin. Who could forget Girth, the Genius, the only man to love USNA. Jay's accomplishments include: graduation, Varsity Rack team captain, and throwing some wild Herndon parties — just ask the cops. Jay's gouge file was awesome, which Kevin and Gerard thank him for. As Conduct Officer, Jay kept on top of everything. Did you ever get to those 64,000 worth of fries? I didn't think so. What a beautiful day (person, day, meal). Fritz, you're the hook if you give me 40 cents. Not Guilty. Well, it was real, and it was fun, but it wasn't real fun. I'll look for you on the ZOO. **FAS**

Peter Eldon Shumway
Athens, Georgia
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Pete came to USNA from Georgia Tech — mistake #1! Next, he chose to challenge himself with Aerospace Engineering — mistake #2! Mistake #3 — during sophomore year Pete's social life (women) revolved around the old addage — quantity, not quality. Fortunately, he later redeemed himself by meeting a charming young lady from Johns Hopkins. Nonetheless, Pete was not through with making mistakes. Mistake #4 — the 'Vous! This midweek venture cost him the battalion stripes he had always dreamed of and set his weekend social life back 33 days. Shortly after this, Pete was told he would not have to ever spend another weekend at the Academy. Pete slipped through the dreaded board's fingers only to have his naval aviation dreams shot down by the firstie in front of him at service selection. Once again, lady luck smiled upon Pete, and we wish him the best in Pensacola with his guitar and sailboard. **TP, DC, BM, MG.**

Stephen Douglas Sklenka
Marietta, Georgia
History
U.S. Marine Corps

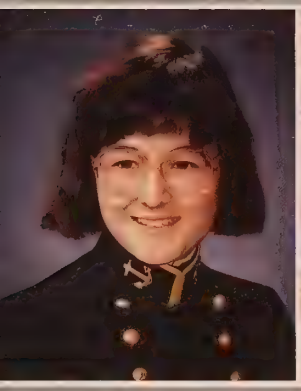
Steve, "Schenkre," came northward as a naive Southern Gent trying to straighten out us damn Yankees. When Schenk came to Third Company, he discovered his talent as a Rock and Roll guitarist and strummed day and night. He dedicated himself to becomming lead guitarist for R.E.M. During intermission, Steve found time to write his Samson Hall novels — most of which dealt with a fantasy ending to the Civil War. Schenkre was also known for his "Golden Locks" of hair, until one day he met with his destiny (Marine Corps) and a couple of hair clippers. A couple of less hairs later, Steve found that his wholesome boyish cuteness still shown through, and he hadn't lost his righteous touch with the women. As senior year closed, Steve held the Third Company together as company commander, even though half the first class was pending restiction until graduation. Good luck, Schenke, in sunny California. Later, dude — the boys. **TLP**

Truman Stephens, Jr.
Charleston, South Carolina
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Well, four years are finally up. They certainly took their time about it. You know, in those four years, a lot has happened, starting with good ole Andy Paul. From there, you spent cruise walking all over Little Creek with Wes. Second class year was fairly uneventful except for wrecking John's car in the middle of the night in the middle of winter in the middle of the street. Oh yeah, you did get a couple of stars on your sweater to match the one on your ring. (Thanks for the sheet poster!) And you did end your second class year in style; Povlock's sister and . . . with one of your plebes. First class year, ahh . . . It seems Europe was good to you (your little "Frenchie"). Tijuana, what can you say? Nothing, at least not here! Well, have fun in P-cola, and I hope you get what you've always wanted, a woman in uniform. I hope you make the best of the Navy. Take care. **STSJ**

Whitney Gordon Tantleff
West Orange, New Jersey
Economics
Surface Warfare

At first impression Whit may appear to be cheap, but in reality, he just likes to do things that "make good economic sense." Whit gave up a promising career as a professional paperboy with an amassed fortune to attend this prestigious institution. From the outset Whit appeared to be in a "state of confusion," but we all knew his mind was on Wall Street. He will be remembered for many things, but most notable are his lack of inhibition, caustic and abrassive sense of humor, and a complete obsession with physical fitness. He may not be the first admiral in our class, but he just might be the first CEO of a fortune 500 company. Everyone must always remember that "no more need be said, than Ked." To the Surface Warfare Community to which Whit will be going shortly: may the Force be with you! **CSD, MDM, TGE**



Colleen Michiko Walker
Oak Harbor, Washington
Electrical Engineering
General Unrestricted Line

Collen arrived in D-12 ready to serve her country, not realizing that plebes got yelled at. It was a rocky first night. Things could only get better, though, and they did. When she came to Third Company youngster year, she was sailing on the varsity dinghy team, wearing stars, and embarking on the EE major. Things stayed that way for awhile, and she even rose to 2nd class regimental commander. Then things got complicated. She got a boyfriend, quit the team, and lost her stars. But she stayed with EE and never lost sight of her reason for coming. **JRG**

Eric Werner Weisel
Lakeland, Florida
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Eric little realized what he was getting himself into when he left the Florida Institute of Technology four years ago to attend the Academy. But the years have finally come and gone and Eric will have many happy memories to look back on. He held his first pistol during small arms indoctrination plebe summer, and since then has earned his place as captain of the pistol team, picking up two All-Americans and three trips to Nationals in the process. Second class year was a turning point in Eric's life. First, he fell in love; and second, he began his first year as a Christian. One would be hard-pressed to say for sure which influence was the greater in his life, but one way or another, he has become a genuine and reliable friend and a true servant of God. Orlando is next. Now if they only had a pistol team in Florida, he could get out of duty at Nuke School, too. God bless. **JAM**

Daniel Richard Whitney
Pittsford, New York
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

Dapper, His Dapperness, Dano, Biff, Vidal . . . Goucher is his home away from home . . . whipped like no man in history. Second-string Sailing Team Captain — Sailing is a DANGEROUS sport. The Dapper Factor is high, Ring Dance — "Ini-Mini-Miney-Mo." "Mr. Whitney, a call for you in the wardroom." "Daddy, I want a . . . " "Yes, Dear." Deadly with the Biff Wiff. "Hey, Dan, what ship did she pick?" "Two of three." **BJP**

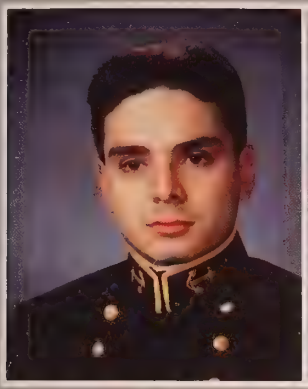
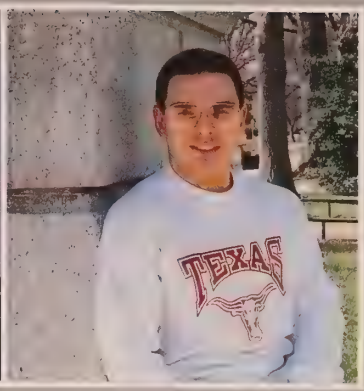
4TH COMPANY

Van Anthony Anderson
Fern Creek, Kentucky
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Van came to USNA from the Bluegrass State at a mere 125 pounds, but we soon discovered that he was actually the biggest member of the brigade. Van's fondness for his home state was rivaled only by his love of the Corps. Oh . . . and then there was M.A. Our knight in the black Trans Am was obsessed by this quest, but his stature was too great for mere mortals. First class year found Van really cutting loose. Van made several road trips. He lost at Delaware even though Navy won, and then there was Florida, raft races, Maryland, and Tokyo (or was that radio Tokyo). This Marine will go far. We wish him the best of luck. **DJK**

John Karl Bailey
Owego, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

JK is a nice guy. His training at Owego Free Academy made John one of the most professional midshipman in the brigade. In fact, he was such a stickler for regs that every morning at reveille he could be found pressing the wrinkles out of his rack (with his body). He was so proud of how good his rack looked he often had to be pried away from it to make it to formation. Above all, John was always one for helping people, and friendly, too. We could always count on a late night visit from the Mech E crew. At the beginning of 2/c year, John swore to make "Stuff (?) Happen." With the arrival of CDR Fury, "Stuff" did happen. Fury taught him, keep an eye on those performance jackets. Boy, they sure can get thick without your knowing it. First class year John earned some spare change as an instructor at the late night school of evasive driving. State Troopers don't like litter bugs. Good luck, take care, keep in touch . . . **FMB & JDS**

Francisco Martin Ball
Lampasas, Texas
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

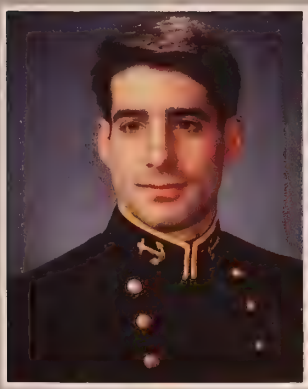
Frank is a nice guy. He hails from Lampasas, (Did I say Dallas?) No, Lampasas, Texas. This bull-riding, bronc-busting, battling badger made his aspirations known early. Upon trying out for the 150's football team he was asked,"What's your favorite position son?" He replied, "Horizontal, coach, lights out, with some George Strait playing in my ear." Seriously though, with a lot of E.I. from Professor Ezra Brooks, Frank earned straight A's in all of his subjects (spades, hearts, diamonds, and clubs). USNA will miss Frank's calm collected attitude. Well, everyone except the intramural officials. He has taught us all about both types of music, country and western. Frank it's been fun and "rusty" too. Stay out of Accords driven by Beetles, avoid the duck-head syndrome, and you'll Texas two-step right to the top. Semper Fi. **JDS**

Michael Carsley
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Economics
Naval Aviation

Mike brought his tough Philadelphia attitude to Annapolis sporting a crew cut and hating men who wore pink. Plebe summer Mike became known as "Stoneman" for his sadistic performance of military drudgery, a quality which pulled him through four years of lightweight crew. Mike spent hours developing fascinating skills such as rolling pencils down books and picking items up with straws during study hour plebe year. Those unhuman feats were rewarded with a 1.4 and a recommendation for separation, but ended with two sets of summer school. Mike liked USNA summers as he opted for plebe detail over Mazatlan 2/C summer. 1/C year made Cars a team captain and a girlfriend who actually wrote letters. Being such a BM, however, enabled Mike to throw back the little ones, expecting bigger catches in Pensacola. Stoneman, I never expected that skinny, gungy kid behind me I-Day, to turn into a friend who would mean so much to me. Good luck! **JEYM**

Thomas Joseph Ferguson
Ionia,Michigan
Economics
Naval Aviation

Ferg it's been four years of fun and sobriety. I beat you only once, but how sweet it felt seeing you hang over the roof. From hanging over banisters, to tumbling over golf carts, to long distance speed records, we did it all. You saw many ups and downs. The big relationship ended 'only' five or six times. Easterns and the silent car ride, her and Jim (or was his name Joe?). The bus rides north were long and smelly; never met anyone else who could fumigate an entire bus quite like you. Just a good working system. Volunteering info has never gone over well at the Boat school especially with Fergy. What liquor store was that again Mr. Ferguson? Everything TJ did he excelled at: gymnastics (known by all as the Lord of The Rings), golf, Schnapps, economic thought (need any text books for that one Tom?). It's been a pleasurable four years TJ, we'll all go out for one sometime, me, Rider, you, J+J. Good luck in the air. **Rider, SJF**



Stephan Joseph Fernandez
Tiverton, Rhode Island
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Better known as bulldog for his never ending ways, as shown by the intense big time wrestling he partakes in. Down boy or your other shoulder will hurt. Though called ratpack, he was willing to let another wear his boxers. Is that why his OAO had him buy some more? Steve was the first in the company to start a ring fund, however he lost his money on the rollercoaster ride. It was no coincidence that Steve found a new fondness for CH-46's first class year, but his eyes would not cooperate. The 'old man' had a knack for boxing and was soon an All-American. His prowess at boxing was only rivaled by his chess playing ability . . . given a BOARD. The Marines are lucky to get such a motivated ring knocker who can read a map so well and never get lost, especially on return from liberty. The pseudo EE major never had enough time to study? Steve did you say you wanted the lights out before I left. You're a super friend. Good luck. **Ferg**

Penn David Frey
Downingtown, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Penn Dog, Dougue, Dogger, Bam-Bam, Power, Pencil, Pencil Neck — alias P.D. Frey who hails to us from no where else but PENNsylvania. After a short stint in Newport, Penn headed straight for King Hall. Until Penn found the pleasures of Severna Park Pie, he spent a lot of time boxing the champ. Although Penn's boxing skills never got him into the ring, his glove got him into the park. Life behind the plate wasn't quite what the dogger had in mind, so he soon found himself in Halsey. Also during sophomre year he was making trips to medical as a result of a Delaware expedition. How many trips around the beltway to Florida? The ring brought the loss of a parking sticker and some hard time in Smoke Hall. The year had its good points though: continued success at the local high, election to team capt. and a new friendship with a man called Arty. Senior year, Penn found a new pal — BILL. Penn Frey: #7 in the nation, #1 in our hearts. **JKB**

Cornelius Ward Giles
Florence, Alabama
Computer Science
Nuclear Power — Submarines

PROGRAM (the adventures of Neil at Canoe U); PROCEDURE 4/c Year; IF called Malone THEN Keep Running ELSE GOTO Reem room for EMI; END; PROCEDURE 3/c Year; DO WHILE Army week FOR X=1 to 3 DO Flame; plebes PUT (matress) IN (shower); GET (matress) FROM (heaven) REM! plebe vator! END DO; PROCEDURE 2/c Year; FOR X=1 to 100 DO BEGIN Flame; Flame; Flame; Study; END DO; END; PROCEDURE 1/c Year; REM! big time MIS Liaison (WHAT DOES HE DO??)! IF computer project due THEN Stay up all night ELSE IF MIS junk THEN Stay up all night ELSE IF glee club m.o. THEN Celebrate all night; Sleep during three striper libs; END; BEGIN; 4/c Year; 3/c Year; 2/c Year; 1/c Year; GRADUATE!!!; GOOD LUCK IN THE FLEET. A=7 20 21 5 21 1 20 13 25 26 11 24 25 7 18 18 21 3 11 10 **MSP**

Kevin Gregory Gonter
Annapolis, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

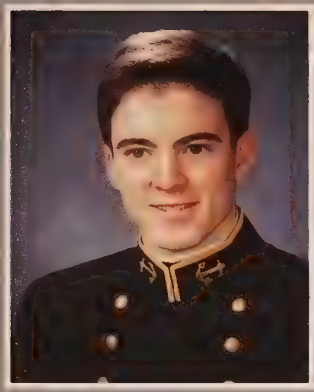
Looking out from deep within the comfort of Old Yellow, Kevin "dudefeesh" Gonter gained a unique perspective on life at USNA. Kevin revelled in the intellectually stimulating environment and never missed a chance to exchange ideas with his many liberal colleagues. Arguments? Kevin didn't know the meaning of the word (Kevin never did recover from the Mondale loss)! Living in Annapolis, one could almost see the umbilical chord from Kevin to his home. He did introduce us to progresive music. It was funny how he liked to play the same song over and over again. Was it a compulsive psychosis, or maybe just too much caffeine in Kevin's blood? And we could play any song we wanted if we paid for one third of the stereo. What a bargain! At least Kevin had some fashion sense. When one thinks of Kevin, he doesn't think Mid. The adventures we experienced would have made the Supe proud. **JJT**

David Michael Hitchcock
Groveland, Florida
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

David Michael Hitchcock, alias Hitch, has the fastest epee in the WEST. Being the ratiest plebe of them all, he majored in BS, making him the biggest BS-er around. He enjoys redheads, blonds, and fast cars, although he can wreck them all. Even though his head is sometimes connected to his namesake, he finally (after four years) made the All-American fencing team. Dave enjoys fishing on the land as well as the seas, and will never stop seeking his destiny. His goal is the '92 Olympic team, and with the discipline and training of the Corps he may achieve his goal. Mack, Muff, and Z.

Maurice John Klein
Fawn Grove, Pennsylvania
Physics
Nuclear Power — Surface

It all started one dark night when a government scientist working on an ultra-secret experiment with freak alien genetic material got careless and left his window open. Actually, Jay "the Mouse" Klein came to us when he attempted to run away and join the circus. It's no wonder it took him four years to realize his mistake. Most afternoons, if Jay wasn't in the rack or wondering why this school wasn't more like the University of Maryland, he could be found roaming the Academy grounds in search of the perfect intramural. Some people can't hold jobs; Jay couldn't hold a sport. Aside from living with more people than anyone else in the company, Jay earned distinction from his bizarre resemblance to hamsters. Jay you've grown a lot since we've known you (we figure you've 19 more years to go to catch the rest of us) and we know you'll keep getting better (if you can stay awake long enough). Good luck and don't let the bedbugs bite. **TIG**



Daniel John Koerschner
Dallas, Texas
Economics
Naval Aviation

Dan came to Navy expecting to suffer through his four years here, but 3/c year brought new found freedom for Dan, and he was able to slip the surly bonds of Mother B. It all really began to jell after a cold Delaware night which was warmed in a BIG way. Next came leaping over tall "wall-like" obstacles to go on 1/c weekends 2/c year, which were approved by Ms. Athens . . . Georgia that is. Dan gained rank quickly to become Adm. R. Petty who left Capt. Ski with a battered mobile and the order, "Don't give up the Olds!" Finally Dan lost his admiralty by becoming an accomplice to a crime in progress which landed him two months in hack in the Marble Monestary, but he still managed to be an unchaste rankless monk. Seriously though, it's been a great pleasure these past few years. The aviators are getting a good stick. Dan never forget "The Quest," J.B., N.F.W.A.F., and the deep red Georgia clay. Liam and Van. **LPM**

Michael Francis Majewski
Las Vegas, Nevada
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Mike didn't let life at the Boat school dampen his zest for the fast life. He could always be found either playing the lady's game at Maggies or Secrets or cruising out to Ocean City just to see the sun come up over the water. In his spare time, Mike found time to major in General Engineering and to become a pretty tough boxer, reaching the brigade finals a couple of times. He even managed to get in a little enjoyment and learned how to stay aboard one of those sailboards during many afternoons. Do they sail out in the desert plains of Arizona? During his senior year Mike assumed his first real command — as the Color Guard (alias Cake Guard) commander. Mike hopes to play with the big guns in the our Corps. And I'm looking forward to having him on my team once more. From one non-Bancroft marine to another, no BC-haircuts to keep our women happy . . . **SJF**

Robert Tigner McKenney
Orange Park, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Rob came to us from the Sunshine State looking for direction in his life after spending his childhood running from reformers who tried in vain to erase his juvenile delinquent image. He flew into aero and quickly disproved the myth that engineers have it tough: he always had time to play computer games and do crossword puzzles in the dark (a ploy to guarantee him an NPQ Crypto billet that backfired and landed him a sub)! His struggle to prove his worth was characterized by his ability to extend his uncontested Marathon Shower record and repeatedly put his wit on the line by winning Trivial Pursuit Tournaments in extreme states of drunkenness. Rob's love life saw some ins and outs in Germany and peaked 2/C year when he was under the hypnotic spell of a Mid-hunting devil woman who brought him to his knees after every crippling blow to the family jewels. That "Tigner Tuft" will be missed when we tee off! **MMY**

Liam Patrick Merrick
Newington, Connecticut
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Liam was a nice guy. He came to Crabtown and ended up partaking in a very unusual crab feast. Over the past four years at Navy, Liam has sought for the finer things in life, and so far it looks like he has obtained many of these. A certain Halloween party youngster year resulted in more than this budding ace had bargained for. He soon fell into the mouse trap. Second class year brought three commitments into Liam's life . . . woman, wings, and wheels. First class year Liam finally managed to get some kitchen passes so he could play with the boys. First came an encounter with the Blue Hens, followed by a trip to Florida and Georgia. Liam will always be a Dawg at heart. The Navy is lucky to get such a good stick. Liam it's been a blast; just remember the quest for fun must go on. **DJK**

Yoshiyuki Charlie Muraki
Eureka, California
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

He came to us in direct defiance of his liberal Californian friends. When he arrived, he had visions of nuke subs, megatonnage, and mega-bucks. Yoshiyuki, AKA Charlie, a name he picked up as a child, (Charlie is not on his birth certificate) did not take heed to the 28th law of the navy for he liked warfare schools more than leave. Yosh was an airborne, jungle, and arctic warrior. He took a greater sacrifice his senior year when he emerged from underground to join the under 5'7" over the wall social club. Their last convention cost him two months of weekends and the position of Co. Cdr. for second semester. But nothing was too great a sacrifice for his friends; he would gladly give you anything you owned from his black hole. Yosh's final struggle here as a Mech. E. was his ride on the rocket. He's now going Marine Corps. I hope he loves the Corps as much as he loved some of us here. Good Luck to you Yoshi! **MC**

Gregg Musashi Nakano
Papaikou, Hawaii
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Gregg settled into the Academy quite well, in spite of his nomadic past. Youngster year Gregg picked up the nickname of "Ninja" for his burning quest for physical nirvana and better ways to torture his body (as well as those of his friends). Gregg, I still can't bend my arms! Gregg's desire for perfect fitness is only topped by his larger appetite and need for sleep. In his 22nd year he tasted the finer things of life, again. After eating so much, the body demands rest, and Gregg obeyed every time. He didn't even bother to wait for Boats to start, before commencing rack ops. Gregg became an outstanding student, known for his feats of slumber. He only slept in order to ready himself for his numerous daring escapades on the Severn in November, in Mahan, and skipping rope during second class summer. Gregg — the only person in the company who has a bike instead of a car, and for good reason. Pee-Wee rides again! **JCS**

Michael Shelton Parish II
Orlando, Florida
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Beginning our trek together thru the fun at Canoe U, youngster year found Mike catching up on the sleep he missed as a plebe. He could have written a book entitled "Sleep Your Way To A 3.4." Seriously, Mike knew when to study and worked a little when necessary, which was rare in his case, due to his natural ability as a scholar and mathematician. During Christmas break 2/c year he met his honey. By spring break they were engaged, adding a new dimension to the term "Luv at 1st Site!" All 1/c year he counted down the days 'til graduation and his wedding. His walk with God and his relationship with his fiancée have been a great inspiration. I wish you both the greatest happiness. Mike, you've been an excellent roommie for the past two and a half years. Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him and He will make your paths straight. Prov. 3:5-6 **CWG**

Micheal John Quilty
Vestal, New York
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Never one to refuse a good deal, Mike reported to USNA expecting the four year, all-expense-paid vacation that was advertised in his recruiting brochure. Once he caught on, he talked his brother into joining him so he wouldn't have to suffer alone. As a hard working systems major, Mike rusted out several pens on his climb to the top of the class. Mopping up sweat beads was only a minor part of his Academy career. His ceaseless efforts to "lead the adventure" were an inspiration to us all. Who can forget Mike during such memorable events as avoiding his roommate's pet crustaceans, bathing in unauthorized fountains, that special date in Vienna, or teaching carrier aviation safety to his plebers? His most famous escapade, however, earned him an A in performance when he saved the nation's capital from an attack by abusive, anti-American deaf mutes. Good luck you bubblehead and like Spud always said, "It will all work out." **TIG**

Stephen Charles Rife
Pheonixville, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

All the Rifedogue wanted to do at the USNA was play sports, party, and charm young ladies. His desire to be the apple of the ladies' eyes made him play quarterback on the footaball team. Rifer complained that the helmets were too tight and were taking the part out of his hair. He decided to play 150 lb. football because he liked the big helmets, tighter pants, and more time to invent drinking games. Rifer did display his maturity on our annual boat cruise. With the help of Dr. Korman, a change was wrought in Rifer. He now rents a room next to his lab under Michelson where he worked on his Trident Project. His grades slipped to a 3.9 from the 4.0 he had during his partying days. Senior year Rifer led the company football team to brigades and was second semester brigade adjutant. It's hard to believe that such a smart guy has such a great sense of humor. Rifer is a great friend. Best wishes in the future. **PDF**

Christopher Steven Robinson
Tampa, Florida
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

CR came to USNA with the ambition of becoming an Ocean Engineer, but soon realized weekends were made for Michelob vice academics and became a physical scientist. CR arrived with a steady girlfriend and is departing for California leaving a different girl behind. The word BACHELOR doesn't exist in his vocabulary. Despite his commitment to the female gender, CR has always found time for his friends. Dependable, sincere, athletic, humorous, and broke (Visa,MC) are all attributes. CR lettered in varsity rugby and was a key player in many co. sports. MIGHTY FINE SURFACE LINE describes CR's near future. Without doubt he will be the best EOOW the USS PELELIU ever had. We've had some great times: Ring Dance, Va Tech, Univ. of Del. and Fla. and Key West, but who could forget those weeknight jogs, bedroom brews, and midnight conversations. You're one of my best friends and I'm sure we'll remain close in the future. WAIDS see you in CA.

Scott William Rogers
Westminster, Colorado
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Where would Scott be today without the seventies? Whether it be the rock-n-roll, the fashion, or the disco moves, Scott always set the trend in 4th Company. Heck, if it were not for regulation hair standards, Scott would have porkchops! But really, Scott always set the example . . . on that far off distant baseball diamond (Are those grass stains on the knees of your jeans?). As company commander, Scott was always there to defend our rights and common sense from the evil lurching duck head. We knew it was tough for Scott the morning of service selection . . . Marines or Navy Air. We'll always remember Scott like his favorite beer . . . cold filtered and Rocky Mountain pure. Best of Luck to The Boy! P.S. Does that Vette work yet??!!

Joseph Eric Smith
Dillsburg, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface

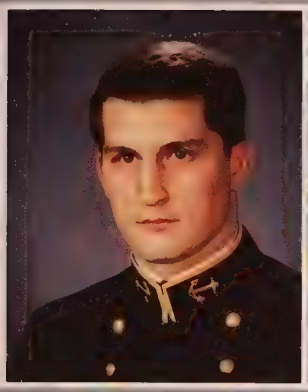
When I first met Diesel he was 260 lbs of twisted steel and sex appeal, and looked a little like John Candy. But thru the years, and the numerous visits to PT, and the torments of varsity football, he has matured and refined himself into 260 lbs of twisted steel and sex appeal. And all those girls . . . for the last time Deese, what about that Silver Bullet, and that trip to Dillsburg when we laid our eyes on "the Ville" and experienced Sheetz for the first time? It was from him that we learned "boxing" where Smitty proceeded to k.o. his ring dance date and left her to recover the inevitable physical and mental torment thru praying to the porcelain god. We'll never forget the sounds of Grandmaster Flash as "White Lines" echoes thru our minds for eternity. Thanks Diesel for the four years together by the Bay. Later . . . Joe and Scott. **JJT**

Ronald Andrew Smith
Hampton, Nebraska
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

A Navy man from way back, Ron started as a wrench-twister in bell bottoms. Deciding it was more fun to sit on his hands than use them, Ron came to Annapolis to pursue a zero rating. He participated in many ECA's which earned him a letter sweater and two black N's. Ron got to know several people here and after these encounters was convinced to participate in the five year program for special midshipmen. During the idyllic summer Ron proved his usefulness to the Navy as a team player, and returned to Mother B. in style as the color company commander. Although he missed plebe computer issue, Ron quickly got on board and bought a gectorbox and put many comp. sci.'s to shame. Having hated the times spent in the surface Navy, Ron selected subs — considering his record it was probably best to join a field with no women. After an exhausting search, Ron finally got married in dental, though it took him a year to admit it.

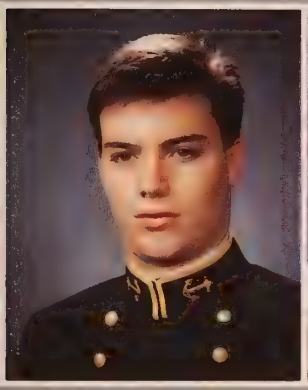
James Clifford Stewart
Twin Falls, Idaho
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Jim started life as a tiny spud with a fondness for sheep and wide open spaces. When he arrived at USNA, he knew he had found a new home. Jim just couldn't get enough of such character building experiences as close order drill and the Nakano "flop-till-you-drop mega-workout of death" (we all agree he could still use more), if he could remember to breathe. After a decadent fling with the "old lady" 2/C summer, Jim enjoyed a brief tour at our sibling, resort Academy in Colorado (too brief for our taste). Jim's amiable disposition (ol' Stone Face) earned him four big stripes as a firstie (did someone say swallow). The surprise of Jim's time with us occurred after "Mr. Nakano's Wild Ride" robbed him of his POV. Who would have thought that the All-American, fag-bashing, spud cake would buy a rice-grinder truck? Good luck Jim. The Corps will never know what hit it! **TIG**



James Stephen Szerba
Reading, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Naval Avaition

Jim came to us from a PA coal mining town after he served a tour at both MMA and NAPS. This kind of service time has filled him with a wealth of wisdom and supposed knowledge which he is all too eager to share with anyone. Jim put his time in with the football team for a couple of years, then he hung up old #22. Even after his illustrious conduct career stemming from the 2/C summer fry trap, Jim was selected to be the brigade drill officer, the Junior Shupp. Jim took his job so seriously that he was often seen following Shupp around like a lost puppy and was even caught dressing right and covering down at a dining-in. He stuck it out as a math major and resisted the pressure to go Corps, to ultimately settle into married life and reach for those wings of gold. Jim will never have to worry about his future, though, because his ability to wheel and deal with anyone has appropriately earned him the rank of Schiester First Class! **MMY**



Jack Joseph Thomsen
New Orleans, Louisiana
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviation

For as long as we have known Joe, he has always been one to give of himself. Whether it be damp mopping the floor on friday nights, or getting up early for reveille, Joe has always been the "big man" for those special occasions. In fact, Joe is so charitable he plays Santa year round; but instead of giving "Ho, Hos" after a weekend of delivering gifts on Spa Road, he only insists "She knows, She knows" (Christmas can't last forever!). Good ole h.c. always liked to give his present with the tag still attached, "I'll use you, you use me, and we'll both have fun!" Of course he wanted to give to the good, but like Clint, he never forgot the bad and the ugly. Even to this day, he denies his frightful encounter(s?) with "the fang." Joe always dreamed of being a pilot, so he finally got himself PQ'd. We know that with his bionic shoulder, Joe will go far wherever the stick in the cockpit may take him. Diesel & Scott. **SWR,JES**

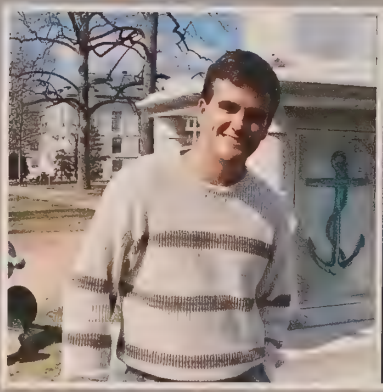
Scott Jacob Waidelich
Clarke, New Jersey
Mathematics
Civil Engineering Corps

Whoever said that partying and schooling do not mix, never met this Jersey boy. The epitome of hardwork and dedication, Scotty also knew how to handle the ladies in style. Always a charmer especialy when it came to his favorite dessert . . . ice cream. For some reason we never saw Waids on the drill field until his first class year. But when he finally made it to Worden Field he held nothing back and strutted his stuff proudly leaving everyone in awe, especialy with the "Waidelich change-step". Will California be able to handle this stud, or will it suffer the wrath of "Buckdang"? Thanks for keeping me single and sane, good luck in the Corps, know you'll look great in your hard hat . . . **CR**

Michael Mason Yancey
Wolcott, New York
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Raised a poor apple farmer, Mike's dream of bettering himself was realized when he was accepted to this institution (which was fine with his family who always said he should be institutionalized). Mike dreamed of becoming a pilot as he honed his flight skills through gravity defying leaps onto his bed from all manner of room furnishings. Mike always confounded us with witty, original yet utterly bizarre turns of phrase. He constantly impressed us with his financial savy and his ability to extend a line of credit far beyond that of mortal men. Whether it was a late night dip in the M-C puddle or investigating improperly secured vending machines, life around Mike was never dull (then neither is any natural disaster). In retrospect, friendship with Mike was like the relationship between an oyster and a sand grain. Good luck in the Fleet and remember, "Those carrier landings are all fun and games until someone gets 14 stitches." **TIG**

5TH COMPANY



Jeffrey Jackson Akin
Titusville, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

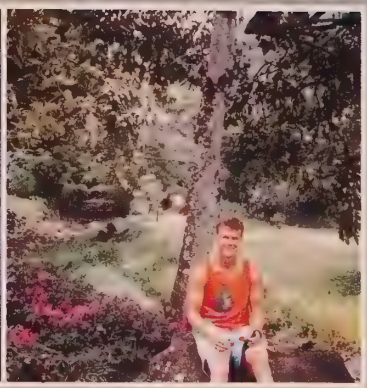
Jeff, you get picked up by a girl in the CIA and I get picked up by the Secret Service; we were destined to be roommates. It's been a great three years and promises to be a better next two when the Boys of Summer hit the beaches of Pensacola. **Rich.** Jeff — A better friend would be impossible to find. I guess we'll never forget the four of us together, the half-pounders at Fuddrucker's, your boy Popeye, the few beers, the miles and miles of running, and all the laughs. You're the most honest human being I know. Thanks for the moral support, take care of Barb, and I hope maybe I can be your RIO someday. **Chipper.** To Mom, Dad, Greg, Susan, and Barb — your love and support these past few years has meant far more than you probably will ever know. I love you all so very, very much!! **Jeff**

Ronald Duane Allen
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Physics
Naval Aviation

RRRonallen entered Fifth Company with a stinking pink wardrobe and a reputation as the best athlete he knew. Basketball is his forte and Coach Allen can always be counted on to provide interminable commentary for any game on any channel. Aside from his own leaping ability, Ron's other love is his Ford Mustang which he owns jointly with the Crazy Horse Mustang Shop. This Mustang skirts that fine line between a classic and a hazard to navigation, so Ron spent a lot of time in the area looking for adventure at Maggie's or women's volleyball matches. Ron weathered four years with a company ranking analogous to a yoyo. In that time he established his own video emporium and acquitted himself as Sugar Daddy for a squad of lost causes. It's a well known fact RRRRonallen will set Pensacola on its ear. Good luck and good hunting. **EAG**

James Patrick Arguelles
Wantagh, New York
History
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Imagine . . . the inviolate silence of a mandatory study hour. Suddenly the peace is shattered by the king of time management himself, Ernie, the man whose lengthy organ of taste and speech reaches unfathomable proportions and creates noise. Keeping these rare outbursts to a minimum, Jimmy excelled to four semesters of academic (4.0) perfection and lost nary a single roommate in the process. A Smiths-Morrisey groupie born and raised in Wantagh, he could run like the wind and hang with the boys. Wine, women, and song were an integral part of J.P.'s illustrious stay by the Bay and despite his periodic neglect of one side of this delicately balanced triad, James appeared to finally find the necessary combination which propelled him into the Who's Who of the social strada. Most of all, we will remember Jim for the sincere and true friend he is . . . TAKE HER DOWN, TAKE HER DOWN DEEP, TAKE HER DOWN 88 FEET!! Good luck and God speed!!! **DJL**

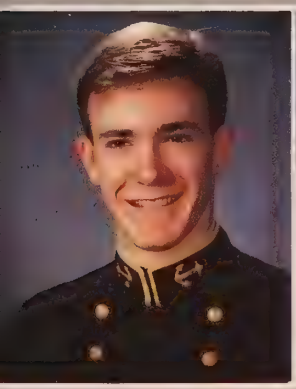


David Carl Bass
Bartow, Florida
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Dave alias Fish or Snake, depending on how goodlooking his friends' girlfriends were, got off to a great start at NAVY with an "F" in chemistry to top off a 1.74 semester. Fish turned things around in his "four years together by the bay" sentence and worked out religiously, well often, OK sometimes. This was only due to the incredible amount of time that his challenging group two major took. Dave did claim the title of BAM when he broke the 310 lb barrier. This is not to say that BAM's workouts weren't well rounded. He did bench, bench and more bench. As will happen with Blonde Arian Monsters, Dave lost hope but broke many Maryland hearts himself. Only time will tell what will happen with the Canadian beauty. The final semester Dave became 5th company commander and selected Marine Corps. All kidding aside, although we fought like husband and wife, I learned a lot from you bud and wouldn't have roomed with anyone else. **KAG**

Charles Richard Bingham II
Klamath Falls, Oregon
Physics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Did Chuck really spend four years at the Naval Academy? I doubt if he even knows. Half the time Chuck doesn't even know what day of the week it is. The other half of the time Chuck is trying to decide whether the girl he is seeing at the moment is his girlfriend or not. The answer changed as much as a second hand does on a clock. Validating too many classes at USNA, Chuck ended up wasting a semester in the political science department before he could find happiness second semester first class year by enrolling in Georgetown's National Security Studies program. Of course, he was too ashamed to drive to class after the incident — or was that accident — with his car. Watch out for those — . He spent a lot of time playing racquetball but never won, and never did learn how to play chess. **CRB**



Phillip Gregory Bunce
Baytown, Texas
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Phil came to this fine institution from Baytown, Texas (THE center of American culture). Once he was here, he wanted to be a computer science major . . . um . . . no a math major . . . well, ok — both! He kept up this pace (of course without ever studying) until th middle of 2/c year. Wanting a part in some musical group, he chose D&B. He stuck with their long schedule (and countless trips) for all four years; he even managed to get three stripes from it. I will personally vouch for Phil and say that this great responsibility did nothing to tame is "attitude." One more area worthy of mentioning is Phil's varsity letter — in conduct. Yes, Phil did spend his share of time in Smoke Hall (he spent my share too — thanks Phil!) Phil really is a great guy. We've had good times, a few bad times, and some that we don't remember. All I can say is look out New Mexico — here we come! — Skitch. **RES**

Richard Allen Burr
Warren, Michigan
Physics
Naval Aviation

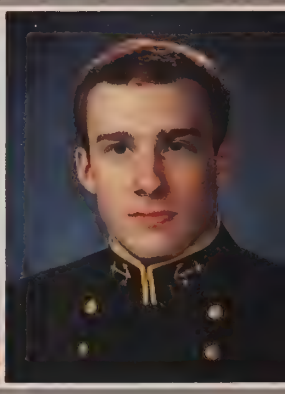
Richy, you've always seemed to be the most fun to be around: with the ladies, out with the boys, at the Tigers game, or on the Friday nights when we were mere "mung". I could always come to you with homework problems. Although our squadrons may be far apart, we four will always be roomies and friends at heart. — Chipper / Road trip to Army, drinking all the way, yelling our heads off, the only win of our Academy career. Wherever we go, what ever we do, beer should always be there. In fact I still have a hangover so I'm not going to go too much farther. Hope we always stay friends. — Ben / Rich never lost sight of the fun side of things in his four years in the 5th Co. He continuously amazed us all with his 4.0 semesters despite being in the rack NLT 10:30 every night. What a perfect roomate! Best of luck in the future — may you always find the warm weather and beaches. — Jeffy

Matthew Alan Caldwell
Portland, Oregon
Economics
Surface Warfare

Matt came to USNA with a love for blondes, Henry's, and Mazatlan. These were rare commodities in Bancroft Hall so he focused his energy on becoming chairman of the boards. During the week MAC participated in a variety of activities ranging from varsity squash to croquet to suntanning while BOOW. Ski spent weekends in comedy clubs writing down lines for future use to impress the ladies, blondes of course. Occasionally, Psycho became spontaneous enough to go yacht pirating or return from liberty in summer whites with docksiders. Clubber gained popularity in 5th Co. by carrying on traditions like eating chalk dust at football march-overs. Jones was best known for telling funny stories, but few remained attentive after hearing the same story the umpteenth time except his faithful roommate. I'll miss those all-night B.S. sessions. Good luck on finding the perfect blonde. Stay in touch. JJS

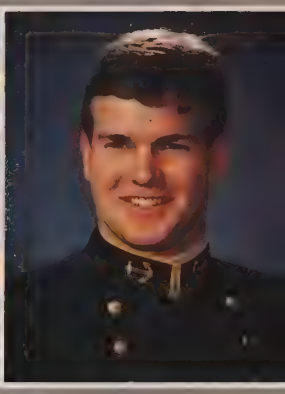
Gordon Edward Cole
Akron, Ohio
Systems Engineering
Nuclear — Submarines

Gordon came to USNA from God's Country, the Heart of America — Akron, Ohio. Gordy found his calling as a systems engineer, leaving plebe year antics, crew, and bad grades behind. The "peacemaker" of Room 3309 went on to become an integral and "vocal" part of the plebe indoctrination system, developing the authoritarian style that would become his trademark. After a little horseplay in the hall, a costly attempt to clean up his language, and some experimenting with C-side rugby, he was ready to move on to the responsibilities of first class year. Serving as company commander during plebe summer and first semester, Gordon refined the skills which he decided were best bestowed on the nuclear Navy. Command at sea is the next goal for this submariner (plus a big Catholic wedding and a large family . . . ?). JAW



John Stewart Cox
Charlestown, Indiana
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

John was the best person I knew at knowing when to have fun and when to study, although it seemed like 1/c year was all for having fun. For John that meant rugby games, not to mention the rugby parties afterwards. He always had a good story after the weekend and she was always "beautiful", but I've heard rumors that he ended up with the rugby queen more than once. John was a faithful Louiseville Cardinal fan, or Indiana Hoosier fan depending on who was winning, and I don't know of anyone who knows more about guns or chewing tobacco. John is one of the most dependable people I know, and he always proved that his word is as good as gold. That's the kind of person you want around in a pinch. Good luck with Navy air. I just hope they let you listen to John Cougar while you fly. GEC

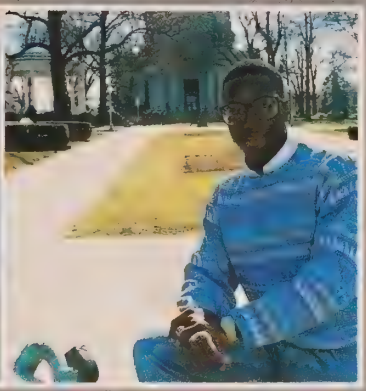


Arthur Gerald Crowe
Clifton Park, New York
Marine Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Upstate Arty, the bank, came to the Boat School in search of Marine. He quickly found Marine engineering — well at least it was half right, and a crazy group of plebe year friends who always did wrong. As time passed Art met the Rocket, survived the Severn, 2-4-7, and took a fall from the port. Quickly adapting to a pinch, harmonica raps, country music, while his hair grew inwards — he was showing signs of change. "Whoa Belle", "that's an F150 and so is that" and "Arlena THE who do you love?". Unhooked we took off for Alaskan forklifts, picnic tables, Denali — I finally saw my first moose (Al?), fishing lessons and finally he found what he NEEDED in early morning PT. EARLY! RUNS! It was true love, 21, and soon to be in green. Its been OCUK at times but hey you still owe me six. God bless and best wishes. Red. SMG

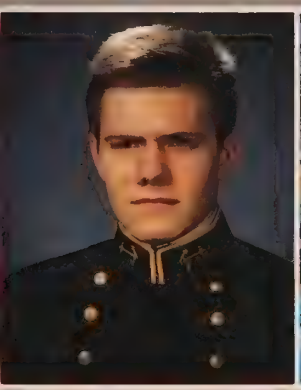
Harry Chris Demiris
Valley Stream, New York
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Harry came to the Naval Academy hailing from the growing metropolis of Valley Stream, N.Y. Better known to his friends as "the teflon man," Harry often demonstrated why Poly Sci majors will go further in this world. His gift for gab and smooth personality helped this boy wander out of more form 2's and into more gouge courses than you could shake a stick at. And when the teflon man wasn't working the charm on the Conduct Officer or the Registrar, the local women's colleges were always free game. Never at a loss for words or women, boy if that blue Z could talk what stories it would tell. Harry showed us all what good friends are all about. A sure sucker for the beach and babes, ole Harry plans on spending the first few years on the Pensacola beaches in search of those wings of gold. I'm sure the Navy has found what they're looking for with a top notch pilot like Harry in the cockpit. "Semper Fi," my friend! **SHE**



Jerry Bennett Dismuke
Jackson, Mississippi
Elecrtical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Jerry came to us out of Jackson Mississippi. When he got to USNA he decided to take the challenge of being an electrical engineer. You had us worried a few times, Jerry, but we all knew you would make it. I cannot count the number of times you took a nap and set your alarm to get up to study, but when it was time to get up you would say those famous words of yours, "IN A MINUTE." Jerry, better known as Prak (the Russian word meaning cool), how can you be so tired that you wake your roommates up twice in one night snoring? Jerry always had a desire to be a fine naval officer. Too bad that desire never carried over into basketball. Keep trying "Old Man" and you'll finally dunk that ball. That is your attitude "Try and try again if you do not succeed the first time." You have been a great friend and classmate. Keep that smile which took you years to perfect and never forget our four years by the bay. **AGC & RGI**



James Robert Downs
Columbus, Ohio
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Chip came to USNA from Columbus, Ohio, but eventually worked his way out of that handicapped start. He was my most reliable running partner and always maintained a happy-go-lucky attitude that made him fun to be around. Best of luck always, and may you and Beth find everlasting happiness. — Jeff Body by starburst. You never failed to amaze me with your culinary exploits. It's been a pleasure to be your friend over these years. How else could I have met all those babes on the beach in Ohio? I wish you and Beth the best in your lives together. Remember, P-3's are #1. — Rich Wow what a roommate. I can't believe we're still sane after three years together. I will admit you are a great guy, but don't act like you're from Ohio and we'll all get along better. Good luck with the wife and keep your head in the sky. — Benny

Scott Hayden Evans
Kingston, Pennsylvania
Phyical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Scotty, a native of Kingston (Mecca), Pa., came to the academy via NAPS, where he was transformed into the "Gouge Hound" of Navy. Scott lived by the saying "an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge." His files however, enabled him to become a regular at Pete's Place, the Vous, and Ivan's. He enjoyed many good times at the academy with the guys, or at least the next day we told him that he had fun! The ladies were often charmed by Scott's rough and more than ready approach. Who could resist a guy armed with a "wife beater" t-shirt, boxers, black sox, and a beer thrown in for effect? You are a die hard Marine and a true friend! Even though you are not from Noo Yawk, I still love you like a brother. Just make sure that you drive tanks better than you drive Suzuki Samurais, is it possible to roll a tank? Quantico has finally found what they have been looking for! Ooh Rah! **HCD**

Keith Allen Goetz
Olympia, Washington
Mathematics
Air Force Aviation

Keith began his USNA career in Lucky 13 at a strapping 135 lbs. Hailing from Olympia, WA., his devotion remained with one Molly Bee. After screening his classmates from heat all year, he made the move to Fightin'5. There he began to grow physically, especially in cover size which, as Kip and I can attest, reached global proportion. Soon after one memorable and expensive weekend, his devotion faltered. He soon became known as "Emillio," making frequent trips to U of M in order to maintain civil military relations with several young ladies. One of these trips, while conducting unrep ops, found "Gucch" faced with a real live "fatal attraction." Falling in and out of love almost continuously, Keith began first class year with a resurrected "Beemer" and an ernest desire to wear "powder blue." All kidding aside, there's lots of great memories bud, good luck in flight school and take care. Through good and bad . . . friends forever. **DCB**

Steven Mitchell Graves
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
History
Naval Aviation

Well Red, it's been a couple of tough years. You leave USNA with a much better understanding of many things: salmon fishing, girls (Dahlgren girls to be exact), and Jack D. ("My head keeps flipping back and forth."), just to name a few. I'll sure miss those talk sessions that lasted till zero dark hundred. Yea, right! Lets never forget 19 hours of sleep with our $150 beards in bear infested Denali. Nothing quite like eating with the bugs. The salmon fishing at Soldotna was definitely a highlight of first class summer. Where did that $500 go anyway? The rest went to the yuppie George Jetson-mobile. I guess the best way to sum it all up is a couple of key words: country music, fish, farm, Alaska, bars, bikes, Baltimore babes (hey we never did get new w — .), but most of all, friendship. Best of luck to you and N. God bless and please keep in touch. **AGC**

Christopher Lee Harkins
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submanines

Who could ever forget the baby-faced kid from New Hartford, starting his Navy career by taking "laughing lessons" from the 19th platoon commander during plebe summer. Having learned his lessons well, Chris continued to laugh his way through Navy U. Who wouldn't with a good luck horseshoe embedded deep in his bowels? From a youngster year liason with an old friend (who just happened to be a plebette), through a dislocated kneecap which left him ineligible for protramid but eligible for a three week Cocoa Beach vacation, and even throuch a tense 8-week period during 2/C year in which he was forced to park his 300ZX in the yard — Chris laughed his way through all the trials and onto brigade staff 1/C year. Of course, the question is, will the scrog monster's wiles cause another female to gasp, "I'm melting," or has his little marine from Duke put an end to Chris' philandering? **RWT, JOB, TRS**

Kyle Duane Kliewer
Port Orchard, Washington
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

When Kyle came to Fifth company, he showed us his true self when he became known for hour long showers, massive rack time, and jazz music above the threshold of pain into his headphones. As second class year hit, the sleep disappeared and showers were squeezed in between studying and writing music for the Drum & Buggle Corps. His Jazz was toned down through the Trident Brass which he became president of first class year. The Meat's intense style of playing both the bells for D&B and piano will always be remembered. As a second class, Kyle joined the Officers' Christian Fellowship and played piano for all the retreat talent shows. More than a few D&Ber's will remember Kyle for the D&B Bible study discussions that he helped lead. As a Surface Line selectee, Kyle has prepared his coffee mug through heavy use. After rooming with him for two years, I can say that Kyle is a great guy and a great friend. Good luck and God bless. **MWS**

David James Lucchesi
Manassas, Virginia
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

The line is long and distinguished: there was I, A, S, C, G, K, and who could forget "Skeletor" (Cheese is trying to). His USNA experience was bumpy. Elke broke his heart, he broke his car; sports ravished his knees, he ravished the aforementioned. L.B. could be seen with his rooster doo and progressive clothes giving rides to "Lizards" in his chick magnet. Excesses were a large part of his non-studious career (ie. REM and alcohol (twice around, up and down)). If Cheese wasn't spending his Christmas in Hawaii or diving in the Keys, he was furthering international relations in Time's Square. This full contact basketball champ and skiing stud muffin found pleasure in expoiting those obvious weaknesses in his "shipmates." In the end, this "Manassassian" used his 'oh so fine rack study skills to prepare himself to be the finest minesweepin' officer in Bluejacket history. Good luck Dave, it was . . . ,well you know! **TGK**

Keith Edward Miller
Cheyenne, Wyoming
Chemistry
Nuclear Power — Surface

If ever there was an individual who exemplified every desirable and outstanding quality, Doc Miller was it. King of the first impression, Screen was nearly as flawless as he made our parents believe. However, the nerds were way off when they formulated their opinions of his suppossed innocence. Although charm, wit, intelligence and quiesence were mere portions of his total package, those who truely knew him saw other traits. Vociferous at times and asleep perpetually, this native Cheyennophyte dabbled in chemistry and made his four years on the banks of the Severn a success, despite a shakey beginning with Lt. Awesome and SC101. Upperclassdome brought with it numerous lady friends of all ages (all legal of course) and less free time than a ploober has — that is what's in store for an aspiring Honor Guru. Of course there was always time for a little Mecca. May calm seas and fair winds be with you always! God bless you Nuke Stud. **DJL**

John Francis O'Brien
Mclean, Virginia
History
Naval Flight Officer

As John reflects back on his four years at USNA, he can take pride in having had a complete midshipman experience, ranging from varsity soccer player to second class battalion commander. The Fanatic earned his nickname through his intense love for military history and his relentless efforts to ensure high standands among the striper organization. O.B. worked hard and played hard all four years at USNA. He could frequently be spotted on the hunt in town or on the road toward Hood, Goucher, or other targets of opportunity. Yet, when the party was over, John was back in the hall excelling academically in front of his EE or German book. It is questionable whether his athletic talents or military bearing earned this scholar-athlete more fame, but Johnny O. won't be easily forgotten. Look John!! That plebe is holding his cover improperly!! **KAV**

Benjamin Braman Peet
Providence, Rhode Island
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Ben, Ben, Ben. I guess it was inevitible to end up with you as a roommate. You've got to admit, we've been like brothers for the past three years, even with your gross music, my excessive cleanliness, and our different interests. Your heart's in the right place. Maybe the four of us will end up on the same carrier someday! — Chipper. The only friend I know that has an infinite number of relatives. I don't know how you'll spend all your time now that your Naval Academy sailing career is over — just maybe you can try working out every once in awhile. No matter how you spend it, I imagine you'll always be having fun. Best of luck and always remember the four! — Jeffy We survived youngster year together despite many attempts on your part not to. Remember the shaving cream? Many beers and hangovers later, we're still friends, Imagine that! All the luck, see you on the beach. — Rich

Timothy Richard Schick
Marilla, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Tim came to Navy U. four years ago a starry-eyed idealist. He promptly started stretching. Though he is still not flexible, Tim has accomplished quite a bit. Through single-minded dedication to success, Tim not only survived the daunted aerospace engineering program, but actually did well enough to make it into the quarter century club by service selection. As it that weren't enough, he became the reincarnation of Bruce Lee (it's not a sport, it's a way of life). The schickster was the owner of the most closely watched stomach in the brigade (am I fat yet?). Unfortunately, Tim never did master the art of driving. Oh well, he's going to be an NFO anyway. A fine one at that. I'm not going to say good luck, because Tim doesn't need it, and it probably wouldn't help anyway. Knock 'em dead, Blade! **RWT**

Michael William Sneath
Grand Haven, Michigan
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

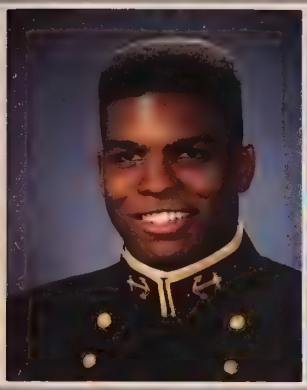
From the start, Mike showed unique talents at expressing his viewpoints to others. His Christian punk music filled the halls during peak traffic hours like formations. His sense of duty and forcefulness proved for interesting conversations, like discussing first class cruise options with the company officer. Being a member of OCF, he surprised many people with his singing talents and ability to flip the slides for the overheads. During second class year, he became a true computer science major by being unsat every grading period except for the finals. He will be known as the man who lived for nights by sleeping during the day just so he could stay up and do homework. But above all, his ability to pull through in tough situations despite the odds was an inspiration to us all. Mike has been an excellent and needed friend during the last couple of years. Good luck, God bless, and Go Navy! **KDK**

Frank Alexander Snyder
Annapolis, Maryland
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Frank and I go back to NAPS. I recall that he was very happy there and had a wonderful roommate. While at USNA Frank never knew whether he was coming or going. For instance, while at a restaurant an Annapolitan informed him of his backwards shoulder boards. Frank studied very rigorously, at least once a month. Every once in a while he would diet by only eating breakfast, lunch, dinner, and in between meal snacks. At Navy, he was a real lady's man. Midshipmen really loved his dietetic body. Frank, being the nice guy he is, had his share of experience with them. He literally had to peel them off. I am pleased to announce that he got his long time wish of humping a pack, wearing a high and tight, and ooo raaing. I congradulate both Frank and the Marine Corps. Let's have three cheers for the voting officer. I am happy he was able to get rid of those armidillos. Good luck, but remember I won't be there to hear the alarm. **AES**

James Jay Stewart
Trenton, Ohio
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

When writing a description of Jim, one would have great problems summing up his whole spectrum of experiences on one page. Very possibly it could become the only publication in history longer than his famous lists of things to do. Rumor has it that included in these lists of things to do was a note to himself reminding himself to make a list of things to do. Always one who could find himself in strange situations, Jim was accustomed to being handcuffed in his room, waking up face down at Cheese's Barn Party, or spending weekends in Smoke Hall as a result of run-ins with O-3 submariners. Loved by all the ladies, Smoothie had the natural moves to knock their socks off. He finally met his match first class year and in the process nearly put in a request for a precedent setting coed room. With an assignment to the Big Stick, Jim is sure to impress all who cross his path. Good luck Jim, seriously. **MAC**

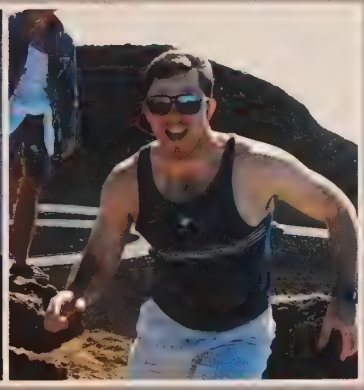


Andre Edward Stokes
Dale City, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Since NAPS Andre and I have been friends. I first saw him on the football field. He was tremendous! There Bacon (Andre) stood, ready to crush everyone. Bacon has always been an intimidator, a true leader. Whether on the playing field, class room or just hanging with the boys, Andre has always established his dominance. Andre, aka Chrome Dome is also famous for his use of words. Once, he announced over the 1MC Jamm-bone lay to the quarterdeck. Man did he become famous. Dre is a mechanical engineer, but he's not your typical geek. Dre realized the importance of an occassional taste. Once while tasting at King's Dom. he found it necessary to relieve himself of some excess stomach build, up right there in the park. Another time, at Howard U. Dre impressed the ladies by sleeping during the dance. Dre's love for food coined the phrase grubbing. Many have tried to steal his title of Grubmaster, but Dre's still Top Dog. **MET**

Gregory Wayne Strauser
Plymouth, Michigan
Physics
Special Warfare

A man totally dedicated to self-inflicted pain. Academician, lightweight crew stud, marathoner, seal extraordinare, the list goes on and on. This is Greg in a nutshell. Never a man to pound, but when he did, he raged. Thoughts of the Little Creek van ride must never be forgotten. With the help of a friendly Michigan deer, Greg added himself to the already long list of 5th company's demolition derby drivers; luckily for the deer, Greg was fully equipped with his stainless steel 12" Seal knife. Although usually known to stick to the regs, Greg has been known to as go so far as to go over the wall in pursuit of happiness. However, these risque activities have come to an end, as it looks like Greg selected more than just a career on service selection night. May the force be with you always. Good luck and God speed! **JPA**



Robert Wynne Tamaro
Moraga, California
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

"... It's like what happens when you put pressure on a watermelon seed — it squirts away!" Such is the insight of this devout Henry Rollins disciple, a radical whose imagination is truly a bottomless pit which spews forth its witty aphorisms with uncanny nonchalance. Although sarcasm has its place in many of his words of wisdom, it should never be said that he lacks human sincerity. Cleverly concealed behind his utter sloppiness, his costly disorganization, and his serious want for self-motivation, is a tender spirit whose concern for the human predicament lives and breathes with convincing enthusiasm. What else would you expect from someone whose curiosity is strong enough to block out his conception of time — and who is the proud owner of a diesel-powered VW Dasher? **TRS**

Kurt Andrew Van Etten
Indianapolis, Indiana
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Kurt came to the shores of the Severn from Northwestern Prep School to be a Marine Corps officer. Four years later, with head shaved and wallet empty (from numerous coast to coast excursions), he is finally ready for the Corps (if he squares his rack away that is). Kurt came to 5 from the Stalag. Intense as a youngster, he was out of control as a 2/C. There will no doubt be at least one 2/C from '90 inundating those plebers with the Van Etten program of pro knowledge. Of course Kurt's professional manner never once inhibited his social life. His studies and shyness however, did. When "2-Can" Van did party though, he did so with a vengeance. Five dollars can go a long way. And finally Kurt, after you leave these hallowed halls for a career of Ooh-rah, business schools and trips to the Far East, be sure to remember all the good times that were had with the boys in 5, the best Co. in the brigade (except in color points). "Semper Fi!" **JOB**

James Aaron Wolters
Shingle Springs, California
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Butch. Someday that name will be painted on the side of an F-14 and inside the cockpit will be, no doubt, one of the Navy's best NFOs. Don't forget who gave the nickname to you. Butch has really come a long way since 3/c year. From a youngster year of shotput underwear, 4.0s, and shaving creme filled nights to a pretty '65 Mustang, 3-striper libs, and almost normal grades. Not that he didn't study as much. His reliance on Dews and Jolt became frightening as he denied sleep to tackle his tough (Ha!) Aero classes. He must have the highest blood caffeine level of any mid. All that studying made Butch want to beat things which is why he became USNA's top drummer. Not content with just beating drums, he became company sub cdr and relished his role as XO. His XO inspections were feared throughout the company. Good luck with Navy Air, Butch. I just hope that P-Cola is ready for you. **GEC**

6TH COMPANY

Dawn Louise Bennett
Baltimore, Maryland
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Dawn Getmeoutofthewater Bennett, our dear departed Annibal put it. In Dawn's first life she was a goldfish in a very small bowl. The trauma of bumping her head convinced her that swimming was much better if you stay in the same spot. Much to her dismay, ole General Lejeune didn't quite agree. My roommate, the most lovable person you'd ever meet. Always helping others, especially her poor, confused roommate. Now Dawn's a Marine. Ooh Rah. She'll never drink again. Too bad, Capt. B. Now she has a new man to carry her home. Nice boots. Well girl, I'm gonna miss you, you professional stud. The few of the few of the proud. Oh well, you know how we all love living together . . . they were right. **RJR**

Jeffery Scott Bensing
Lebanon, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

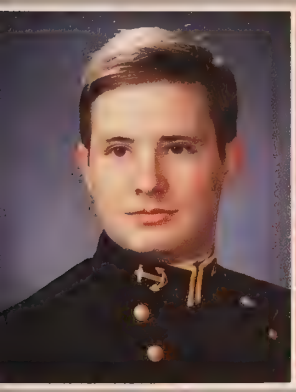
J. SKITTLES BENZINOWITZ — A SHORT HISTORY: Bomboche, Barny — Where ya goin this weekend? Oh, OK. Well maybe next time. Say hi for us. — Buy low and sell lower? Black Monday and Chuck Schwab take their toll. — Bad knee nips promising professional soccer career in the rose bud. — The majors game: CHEMENGLISHPOLI SI. — Through it all SKIDS thrive$ — Honor Boy: You runnin for office Scoots? Who, what, me? — Public driving enemy No. 1: Playing find the curb in his two ton bumper boat. "You're not driving tonight are you Mr. Bensing?" (BEAV) "Going to Maryland in MY car ma'am!" (MR. BENSING) — Joins various militant elitist groups: FUMICATE THE NATTERJACKS, F.A.G., GREEN JERSEY Assoc., 1437 CLUB, GANG OF FOUR. **ACC**

William Matthew Brown
Washington, District of Columbia
Mechanical Engineering
Special Warfare

William Matthew Brown began on Christmas day long ago. Matt (the alias we knew him by) did quite a lot of unexplained travel in his life, starting in Maryland, he then spent time in country in California, New York, and D.C.. He also infiltrated two universities before finding us at USNA. Matt always maintained a quiet, steely expression, only occasionally dropping his cover to challenge his foes to push-ups at THE RIVER. We should have realized then that water did something to him, but we all thought that he was going to be a grunt. Who else had a lifetime subsription to SOF? After almost seven semesters at Canoe U. Matt decided that his cover was successful and he could begin to become mortal. The change was subtle but it all came to a head at Chris' party with the SEAL-to-be singing Xmas carols in a hottub. Just remember Matt, when you are in Coronado saying "I am so hungry . . . " THERE IS NO DOMINOS AT BUD/S. **SEC**

David Cela
Miami, Florida
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

This Venezuelan-Miami man made it into the NAVY via BOOST. He is extremely adept at chattering and dressing fresh. Although his Latin charm impresses and attracts women, he never attained a steady, worthwhile relationship. If he maintains his Nav log as well as his female phone number log, he surely will excell beyond all expectations as a SWO dad. Even though he tried numerous sports, his vertical leaping ability has never surpassed that of a heavy, uncoordinated rock. We congratulate him on his gaining US citizenship and his enthusiasm for the Navy should take him far. Unfortunately his luck with roommates was the same as his luck with women which gained him an OUT of company job. Perhaps everyone was envious of his golden bronze tan. Once he develops some bulkiness he should develop into a fine young man. Best of luck in the NAVY and real world. No matter what, he will be happy and spread happiness in whatever he does. Buenas Arepas! **MAJ**



Shawn Eric Colson
Byron, Minnesota
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Shawn came to us from Cloud 9 after a successful youngster Y.P. cruise and quickly disappeared. Of course, had his plebe year roomie done the job right when he stabbed SWO's posterior, we could have never been blessed with his presence. It wasn't until second class summer that he let his true colors show. It was then that Shawn fell in love with the Pacific Isles, became a sleepless beachcomer, redecorated the Coasties' humble abode and began taking his physical training so very seriously. Colswo spent 2/C year teaching Hans the tricks of the trade but, alas, the trade got too tricky for him. It was also then that Shawn became a favorite target for the Norfolk Junior Achievers. 1/C year he demonstrated that island women could be found anywhere and on service selection night selected (to his mother's dismay) a smorgasbord. The PI may not be ready but the 'Swo certainly is. Good luck Shawn, may you always be haze grey and underway. **DPW**

Martin Bradford Cox
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

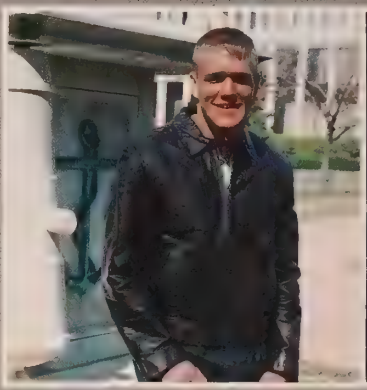
After high school, Brad joined the Navy as a corpsman. He was enticed by his seniors to go to the Academy via NAPS due to his unproductive high schoool years, which were wasted away on the frisbee field. His delusion of majoring in Chemistry and becoming a doctor soon ended. He decided to leave his "real" major after seven semesters,so he could spend more time with his girlfriend. Bodiene endeavored into many sports, yet excelled at none. Bodidilly earned his peer's respect through his quiet demeanor and leadership by example. Buckethead believes he will mature and grow up by getting married after graduation and trying to be a pilot. If he ever outgrows his silly noises/games, the punk band Flaming Lips, and his financial ineptibility to buy cars, trucks, etc., he may succeed. Best of luck Bradfuerdo. Success and happiness (or at least craziness) is guaranteed to you. Changes will be made when he returns as the Dant!!!. **MAJ**

Alexander Charles Cutler
Madison, Connecticut
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Madison, CT's prodigal son certainly came to the appropriate place to live out his Epicurean fantasies. With a nom de plume for all occasions, Mr. Laser or the affable Al-E-Catface, never allowed himself to be softened by the tainted life of a freshman sailing legend. No longer under the protective guise of marbachk, the next two years were a time of national championships, nocturnal soliloquies, garment agriculture experiments, and lest we forget our hero's selfless pledge to tutor a special friend even on a bad day. His dedication to sailing didn't let up senior year, as he sacrificed many weekends with his crew working on crucial techniques in the spam van. He disposed of mucho dinero in his faux world campaign — some was spent on women, some at the Brickskeller, the rest he spent foolishly. Nothing is sacred between friends and you have been a good one. **JSB**

Michael James Dee
Richmond, Virginia
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

An Army brat with nothing better to do during his high school days but go running on Friday and Saturday nights. He started his career at NAPS and had an awesome year athletically earning the soccer MVP, and lettering in indoor track as well as lacrosse. Then came Coach Myers and the slow demise of his illustrious soccer career. He's never been known to want to do anything other than be a Marine; however, he can be heard every morning grumbling about the early morning Jarhead workout. Maj has never been very interested in girls until the end of 2/c year when he suffered his first of many broken hearts to come. But now the tide has turned and he stops at nothing to break another heart each weekend! Everybody loves you Maj, so keep up that great letter writing tradition after we've all gone our own way. **MCB**

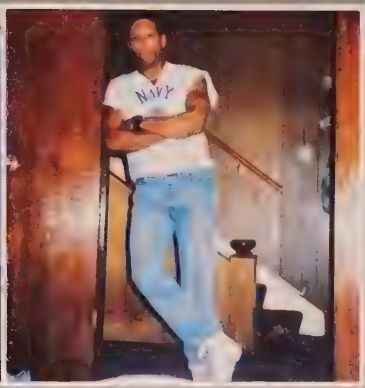


Randall Vernon Doane
Evergreen, Colorado
Political Science
Special Operations

He rowed his plebe year, but decided it was not as fun as skiing and resolved to seek his letter elsewhere. His perseverance did not go unrewarded, he received his letter in Georgetown. Sopho. year stuck him with Ally, Scoots and Torch. Classes filled the day while Nerf Hoop and indoor football filled the night. He spent his weekends at Kent's and Sunday nights working as a Founding Member and chief editor of The Top Ten in Gektordom Committee. This prestigious position foreshadowed later accomplishments. He is a three time winner of the Green Jersey and a Felchball Champion. He also proved himself a fashion giant when he invented the high and loose. When regimes changed junior year, he ended up with the short end of the stick. The high point of the year occurred when he ran into an ex-company "mate" one evening. Randall outlasted Marcos and has proven himself an excellent Sub-Commander, a student, and a close friend. **MSN**

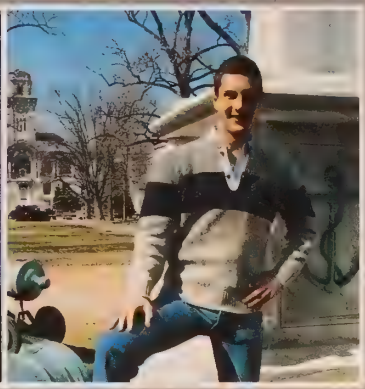
Henry VonHoff Stoever Doyle
Carmel, California
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Henro came the Academy from Florida by way of Califorina and Virginia. The transition from an all boys high school to a coeducational institution, like the Navy, was a culture shock for Hen, but he is beginning to recover. Junior year Hen moved from the gridiron to establish himself as Rugger. The legend of the Dancing Bear is known far and wide. His ablities on the field are equaled only by his disablities off. Hen's weekend antics (sometimes weeknight?) were always a surprise: G-town . . . with who? . . . Carolina, etc, but Hen always had the hops and barley to blame. Service Selection was never in question. Was it? Henry's motivation made the Marine Corps his only choice. Good luck, Hen, you made my time here easier, and with all sincerity Semper Fi. **MFO**



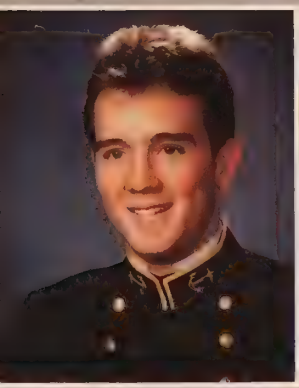
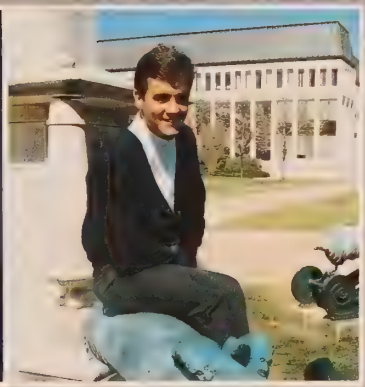
William Ronald Fisher
King of Prussia, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Bill, a.k.a. Fish or the parking attendant, came from 21 third class year saw the 1411 (and later 1436) wardroom; how about this antenna? And who can forget the Commandant's Cup. It was yours for the taking, Fish. Second class year saw in-season partying, the boys from 25, lax tailgating, Tau Beta Sigma, and the purchase of our own dart door. Who says you can't buy a fry? Firstie cruise came and the force behind the Dark Side went. At least this girl is conscious and good looking. Now all she needs is a green card; ask Dave. To bad you didn't get Corps. The Marines lost in that deal. That YP cruise third class summer must have been a bad omen. At least you get the best of both with an LHA. Best of luck to you and your wife (at least the kids will have rhythm). And now, sing it Frank . . . thanks for the memories . . . Keep on smiling Fish, it keeps them guessing. "Semper Fi," roomie, Semper Fi. **Z**



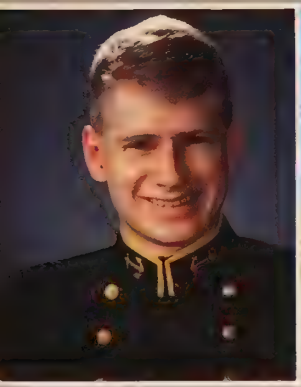
Nicolas John Gerace
Burlington, Vermont
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Nick had trouble adjusting to Annapolis. Around here no one speaks Vermese — the dialect of the North Woods — and hockey players aren't gods. After 15, Nick couldn't accept that Slack 6 was part of the same Brigade. To preserve the Academy he knew, Nick marched tours as a youngster, stood "Old Style" restriction, and founded the Old Guard. But Nick's gregarious side soon shone through. He had a way of introducing himself to out of company stripers which was quite unique. He endeared himself so much to Capt. D. that many of us thought he had a perpetual halo. When he finally got his one horizontal, two new passions entered his life to rival hockey: muscle cars and classmate's sisters. Emboldened by this, Nick even took a swing at the conduct system and wound up on line with the Old Guard again. So good luck to the reluctant mariner, haze gray and underway may never be the same. **SDG**

Edgar Alexander Green
Dillon, South Carolina
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Andy entered USNA as an Air Force junior from the Lone Star State. He figured four years by the bay and another five of being scattered far and wide would prepare him well for a career in trucking. He managed to keep his nose fairly clean. That frat case was only for watching T.V . . . honest. Despite his high class rank, Andy had many extramural exploits. He went for long taxi rides, redefined the term "Beltway Bandit," competed in intramurals as the Twelfth Man, promoted interservice relations, went to swap meets, and joined ECA's like SPAF until he found too many strings attached. Always the introspective type, Andy often slipped away for the depths of the North Maryland Forest. After these contemplative sojourns, he made a sincere and possibly lasting monetary committment to Boomers. So farewell Shipmate, and Officer or Teamster we wish you fair winds and following seas. Oh, how tender. **SDG**



Sean Desmond Griffin
Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan
History
U. S. Marine Corps

Gunny's career in six disproved Darwin's theory on the continual evolution of the species. Gunny was a dedicated SWO until he had a memorable experience in Baltimore on NS300. After Quantico, he embraced high and tights, BC's, jungle boots and Chesty. At the same time, he joined the Order of the Black N. For his debut at Hood he introduced a new handshake that could have been real. Later he showed an interest in reptiles and returned one day with the body. The rest of the year was spent on acts of sabotage. That summer Gunny proved his unsuitability for Surface by splashing a whale boat at flank speed. Well it's supposed to be an adventure. Other adventures included the escape of the grizzlies on Halloween, Christmas on the 22nd, the flight of the Flying Dutchmen, six months with Lt. K's Dining-Out Club, nightly lullabies, and unappreciated serenades to the ducks. Good luck to the Marine wanna be, and Merry Christmas. **EAG**

Robert William Hooper
Wolfeboro, New Hampshire
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Bob entered the Academy fresh out of high school expecting an enormous challange. He soon realized that he had far too much energy for plebe year and began to use the excess to constantly torment one of his roommates. He thus created one of the few who believed in the "scramble." Youngster year landed Bob in a world quite different from plebe year. His initial perceptions of the Academy were completely shattered. He battled academics and finally succumbed to the "Brotherhood" of Physical Scientists. Road trips in search of destiny took Bob to such exotic places as UVA, Hood, Army, College Creek, and DC. Second class year was responsible for Julia. A blind date that had been introduced by his roommate's blind date that had been introduced by Bob's ex. Follow that? Well, anyway he was married that day. Weekends, plebe detail, first class year . . . Julia!! I believe in the "scramble" — it brought me a brother. Good Luck. **SER**

Michael Stone Newman
Westlake Village, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Michael Stone Newman, the man of 1,000 names. From humble beginnings in CA, TX, Indonesia, CO, and wherever else would forward his parents' ubiquitously itinerant fruitbasket orders came 6th CO's most unflappable, and most intransigent stoic. After four years, the Naval Academy is ready to foist him on an unsuspecting Pensacola. True to his form, philosophy, and potential he will probably be first in his class, with an outside chance of being last. Of his tenure here, who can forget the days of Nerf hoop, All-Star Catches, and Walter Payton imitations, and nights of Permagrin, surfing, and regattas complete with sound effects. From his position on the executive council of the Top Ten and as Benigno Aquino, he showed the leadership that won him the Co Cdr spot, a record three times. He'll be one of the Navy's finest, just as he was here, in his own unorthodox way. **RVD**

Kerry Maureen O'Connor
Denver, Colorado
English
U.S. Marine Corps

Kerrbear came to USNA enthusiastically ready to take on all challenges. And that she did! She worked hard at everything and although the results were not always what she expected, it all worked out for the best. She was quite the technological stud! Kerry had a great time at our 3/c dining-in even to the point of tears. She found a guy that year which disappointed many others the next couple years. She became one hell of a volleyball captain and will eventually attain the rank of capt. in the Corps — her service selection that shocked everyone and one which she decided on the night before the big day due in part to the influence of the "Devil Dog." Kerry will best be remebered by her willingness to always listen or help anyone even if she had ten papers due, four tests (even if they were EE or weapons), and pre TBS training at 0dark thirty all the very next day. Go get'em Kerry — ooh rah! **AEW**

Michael Francis Ott, Jr.
Midlothian, Virginia
Political Science
Surface Warfare

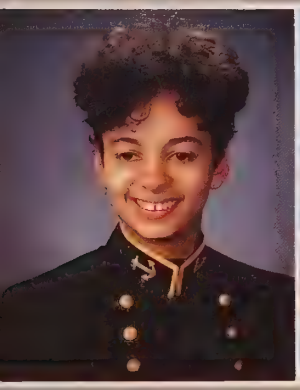
Well Mike, it's hard to believe that you once played 150's. When you get to the USS Whipple, remember that there is a maximum weight standard in the fleet. I sure hope, and your CO will too, that you can master the ability to drive ships better than you did with cars. It was nice having you as a roommate until second semester first class year when you became a day student at USNA. Also, I hope you use better judgement in obeying Article 89, UCMJ, disrespect to a senior commissioned officer, when you graduate. If trouble didn't find Mike, Mike found trouble. Congratulations on your engagement, even though you don't deserve such a fine woman with an outstanding personality and fantastic moral character. Good luck after July 30. "Semper Fi" and "Illigitimatus Non Comberundum." Fair winds and following seas. Five and drive, and then Tycoons! **HSD**

Ramon Roxas Ramil
San Diego, California
Economics
Surface Warfare

I never have understood California dreamers, like Ray. Yes, Ray is from CA, at least he keeps his car there. This year Ray bought a Porsche 944. I've got nothing against beautiful cars like the Porsche, but I hope he never asks me to help make payments. Seriously though, Ray must be a financial genius. How else could he afford those twenty credit cards, five girlfriends and a GQ wardrobe? Ray will make a fine SWO; I'm sure. You can find Ray hanging with San Diego's 'Bad Bozs' all over Southern Cal. From Hollywood to Tijuana, Ray will be checking out the hot spots and scamming on hot things. I'm sure I'll run into you somewhere in San Diego someday. Good luck, Ray. **WBS**

Scott Edward Rein
Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Scott enlisted in the Navy, a little disillusioned by his high hopes and ideals. He was quickly engulfed in it's mass and taken into the depths of the sea by way of the POGY. Four years later, Scott's head had surfaced, and by some great fortune, the sea had thrown him up onto the steps of Bancroft. No, Bancroft was not the real Navy, but he would have to endure. His selection of a EE major kept him up until the wee hours of the night, but he was not about to catch up on his sleep on the weekends, his recreational activities wouldn't allow for it. A road trip to UVA to play leapfrog, walks along the river, making eggs at Julie's, and Blue Whales at Army. We have been through a lot together, but like the ocean, soon we must part. Scott will continue to move on, creating a few wakes, but a man must keep his standards, and some will never be lowered. To the traveling man, you have a home with me. **RWH**



Rosalind Jeannette Richmond
Baltimore, Maryland
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

Before anyone here at USNA knew Digger, I had the pleasure of knowing her for five years. I didn't know her as well then, (when she was Baby Ros) as I do now, but we shared a few memorable days together. Lunch time (and yes she ate as much then as she does now), gym class fights with Richie, and homeroom 801. Now Ros is a woman with purpose. She has her D.C. billet, her Macy's card, and her Turbo Saab. After sacrificing numerable days of Christmas leave and Springbreak for Navy Women's Hoops, Ros is ready to go out into the real world and have fun. She'll have fun no matter how much gas or how many trips between Baltimore, D.C. and Philadelphia it takes to do it. I have her to thank (I think) for still being here. I couldn't have gone that extra mile (haha) without her. (Thanks Ros, I'll miss you. And hey, watch out for those flies). **DLB**

Christopher Francis Schaier
Alexandria, Virginia
English
Naval Aviation

Cristobal, Christop, Shyboy, Cuteness. 6th Company didn't see much of Chris youngster year as he was so occupied with Varsity Lacrosse, yet he did manage to become well known as the operator of a home entertainment system . . . but that was Andy's fault (twice). During 2/c summer Chris participated in the great "They can't fry us all" experiment. That was the year he came into his own as The Cute One. Stuffed animals initially appeared in his locker and then slowly took over his desk. Well, as an English major he never used his desk anyway. He was so inundated with Sampsonitis that by the end of 2/c year he could no longer count to one correctly . . . as is evidenced by his formal portrait in whites. He also made his impact on Naval uniform fashion by introducing Service Dress Blue "Tex." At service selection, he got his coveted Lighter than Air Navy Air Billet. Keep 'em flying. Quack! Never the less, always a member . . . **SDG**

Douglas Ora Howard Stanford
Meadville, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Fresh showed up on I-day with white-works on and chit in pocket, ready to hit the deck plates running. His medical box is proof of this man's love of hardwork. Balancing wrestling and academics, he excelled at both, always managing to have a good time doing it. When Fresh graduates from Annapolis, he will leave the women screaming and the strong men sighing in relief as he heads for San Diego to set sail. Believe it or not, we have had some fun times here . . . Ocean City, 21st birthday in Maryland, shocking the Vouz, collecting pitchers so we could eat, his brand new BMW, big and bulky workouts, and always the last one ready because he is still fixing his hair — now this is a Party Animal . . . and I'm sure when we see each other again, there will be many more stories to share! Best of luck. **TOM**

William Benjamen Swent
Alexandria, Louisiana
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Submarines,

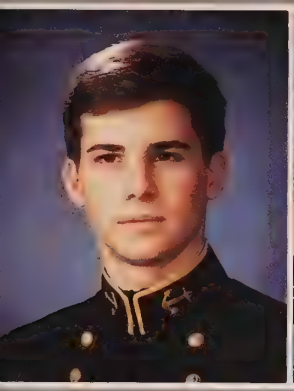
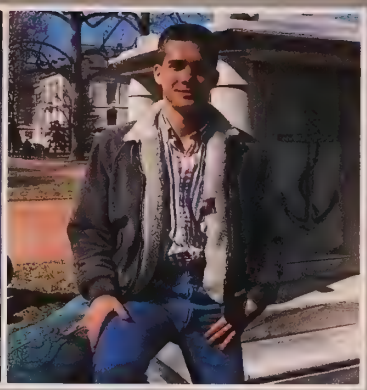
When Bill first got accepted to the Naval Academy, he must have thought of himself as a very lucky person. However, the USNA conduct system soon caught up with him and convinced him otherwise. Bill was a thoughtful victim of circumstance. He was famous for his confusing but true reflections: though the mids look like swarming ants or endless caravans of pack animals, they are men, reduced to this condition by restriction and the bewildering indifference of casual gods. And, why it's madness around here; they're pushing and shouting. Wild dogs bark, and I watch as they sway, clowns drinking their cares away. And, when I was young, we were going to move out this way for the clean air, healthy you know, away from the factories and smoke; so just get in and we'll go for a ride. And, braving the elements, searching the wide ocean with hooks and spears, we know lots of people, the reptiles and I. Bye-Bye USNA. **MFO**

Anne Elizabeth Watt
Belair, Maryland
Computer Science
General Unrestricted Line

Beth was a hard charger from I-Day, attacking each task with determination to do well. Her passion for running proved this. She ended up with six varsity letters in cross-country and track. Plebe year was a challenge aside from the platoon runs, but dumping water on people in the seventh wing and witnessing obscene acts during '85's service selection night helped pass time quickly. Those "Sweet" inspections soon gave way to "Slack Six." Hard work has always led to erratic sleeping, evidenced in waking up herself and a second class at 0330 for a 0630 restriction muster. Remember youngster Army, Beth? Few know the truth. And no Beth, it can't rain on 1-4. Tired of chasing bugs with pledge, she advanced to water guns, slipper hiding, and finally EE second class year, temporarily ending her merriment. But, cross-country parties ease the tension. Good luck. We'll miss your laughter and crazy jokes. Don't work too hard! **KO'C**

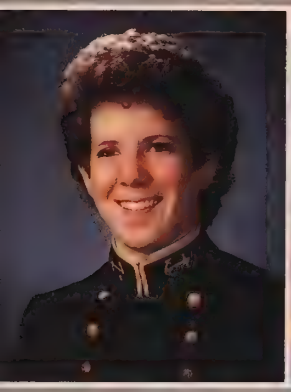
David Patrick Wells
Columbus, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

And the Buckeyes did send forth their epic hero, Taff the Artesian, to dwell among the squids on the Severn River landfill, to study EAS (Engineering, Aerospace, Sadism) and to fall prey to both of the Lee sisters. He did battle with the Beav, Ferdinand, and Ronald McDonald. He journeyed west to Zoomieland and returned to slay the Modnoc beast. And Taff did give his heart to a banshee until betrayed by the cute one. He continued to pursue outland dwellers and his love life did resemble a USO tour. Unfufilled, Taff did convince himself that he never met a woman he cared for. Taff dedicated his life to a sacred quest: to meet and utterrly destroy Bobrow on the field of battle. Taff's crest — the Eagle, Globe and Anchor. His battle cry — Ooh Rah. And the cry arose from the Maryland mudflats as Taff rode off: "Semper Fi! . . . Oh boy." **SDG**

Gerald Andrew Whitman
Decatur, Alabama
Systems Engineering
U.S Marine Corps

It was thought a biography on Jerry could not be written because alcohol could not be the main topic; however, some information was found. Bigdog definitely has a hot temper. This is easily seen when Sprout plays sports. For example, he was in the penalty box more than he was on the field during fieldball. For those who thought this school was turning easy, Jerrbear kept the "flamer" tradition alive. His temperment can also be seen in his driving. Most of his paycheck goes into new tires (second in spending only to his favorite drink). He has the work hard, play hard attitude as can be seen by his academic work and weekend antics. He is definitely motivated to be a Marine. He should succeed in life because of his driving philosophy: "If you can't run with the big dogs, then you have to sit on the front porch." Tattoos and restriction parties. If he gains some weight and gets some new music, he may succeed. "Semper Fi." **MAJ**



Shannon Lee Workman
Cumberland, Maryland
Economics
Naval Aviation

The most timely and organized midshipman at USNA, she never forgot anything at any time. If choosing not to study for a test or complete an assignment luck always went her way. Despite a facade of a conservative nature, nights on the town told the real story. Her biggest fear, aside from slippers hanging in goat court, were insects and mice. She has been found gripping a wall for dear life screaming for minutes on end because Harvey came to say hello. Despite fear of creatures, she had no qualms about wearing Sixth Company's favorite claw slippers in the hall, or her tiger ear muffs to D&B practice. Never let it be said that she was a slave to fashion. The D&B mystery man who welcomed her into Sixth Company like a brother, or was he more than that? Excellent at living on the edge both academically (although she had well over a 3.0 QPR) and financially, living on $25 for a whole month 1/c year. One more question — Were you you Salty Sally? **KO'C**

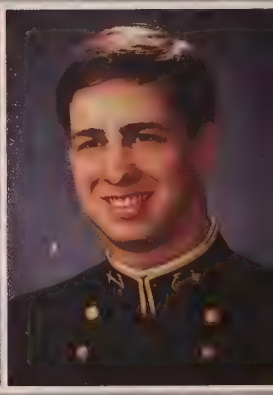
Thomas John Zohlen
Annapolis, Maryland
Oceanography
U.S.Marine Corps

Well, Tom, it looks as though we beat the odds once again. All I can say is !@#$%&* to the skeptics. It's a shame you ended up going USMC; you could have used all of your Navy uniforms in the Fleet seeing how they're still brand new, although your WHITEWORKS could be used as RAGS. After all the years of knowing each other and rooming together, I never thought you could be turned to the dark side. Oh well, may the force stay with you. And who would have thought that you would take up a girlfriend just because you had no one to party with any more. On top of all of that, you used the "L" word! Hey, schleprock, you know that the Corps will not go for your excuses of broken bones, underweight and malnutrition, so put on some weight! Make sure when you get to TBS you don't wear cut-off cammies and long hair. But, seriously, I am sure the Corps will benefit by your unseen professionalism. Good luck! **WRF**

7TH COMPANY

Jeffrey David Adams
Canton, Ohio
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

JD came to Annapolis with all of the Naval prowess one would expect of a kid from Canton, Ohio. What Jeff did know was football, partying, and fun. Plebe year failed to affect Jeff's penchant for a good time as he moved on to Lucky Seven. Youngster year's highlights involved the Annapolis Vice Mobile, a "local" girlfriend, and the Varsity's baptism by fire. "Have any of you looked at alternative education?" Second class year found JD adapting nicely to the horizontal position as he gave up being a tackling dummy and took up competition for the greater glory of Seven. Jeff's firstie year was a memorable one. His Mustang was never allowed to rest. Firstie memories: Purple Haze, Two Stripes!? True Love. JD's ability to stay ½ step ahead of trouble will come in handy as he arrives in P-cola. He will succeed in all, and we who know just how great a friend he's been, love and salute him. **PJF**

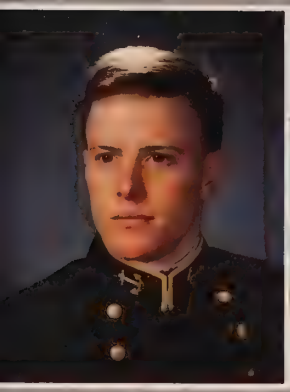


Glenn Robert Allen
Whiteford, Maryland
Physical Science
Special Operations

When Glenn came to the Academy, he strove to not be mistaken for your typical Napster. Although he always was going to have fun even if it killed him, all hopes of anchorman were shattered youngster year, as well as several bones, thanks to his persistent self-abuse with the wrestling team. Leaving behind the garbage closet and that empty bottle of apple schnapps, Glenn kept up his fast-paced lifestyle second class year in hot pursuit of the fairer sex and a proper burial for the Colt. His far broader musical tastes and maximum liberty policies led him into first class year, with its ups and downs, with the goal of graduation in sight. Affectionately named Hammer, Glenn was always the first to help out another member of the V when they needed it. He always got what he wanted, and that Special Ops billet was no exception. Glenn, few could figure you out, but from one who knows you best, success is guaranteed in all you do. **JJF**

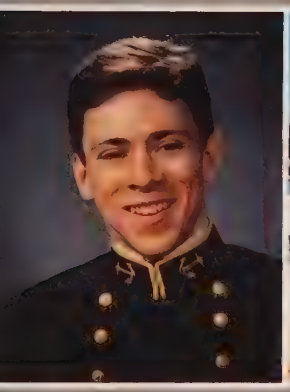
Juan Ramon Balboa
Port Huron, Michigan
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Jay came to us a naive young man from Port Huron, Michigan. After a fun-filled freshman year, he found heaven living in Seventh Company's version of Spanish Harlem. Ricky, John, and Mike taught Jay how to keep a clean room, and he was commended for it by the Battalion Officer. Juan also won a two week vacation at MPSS for his creative writing abilities. Who could forget the drunk driving posters he pasted on the walls? Or Captain '88? Admiral Parsoneaux sent Jay on a mission, and he ended up getting class cancelled because of a gas pump. Juan strove to be a true mathematician, and proved that he was eccentric. He was the best blood drive guy ever. Look out, Navy, a whirlwind named Jay is coming. USNA will be a lot duller without him.



Matthew Howard Bills
Walloon Lake, Michigan
Physics
Special Warfare

Matt arrived at USNA from The Great Lakes State. He spent his first year here in Cloud Nine, where he was know as Buffalo Bills. Matt was a model Plebe spending weekends at his sponsors or on YP movement orders. In Matt's second year, he became the ideal Youngster, which is not to say he was the ideal Midshipman. There was never a dull moment with Matt on weekends, which was the only time one could find him awake, unless he was playing jumpman. All the fun he had youngster year caught up with him in his third year here at Navy, when he met his Helen of Troy. Wars seem trivial to the pains he suffered from her, as he spent a month in the hospital and had two extended tours in Smoke Hall. Matt returned a changed man from his First Class USMC cruise, when he decided that the Marine Corps motif was not for him. So, Matt is off to Coronado, California to become a Navy SEAL, where Yesterday was the Last Easy Day and Rest is for the Dead. **TPT**



William John Blackstone
Steger, Illinois
Aerospace Engineering
Special Warfare

Bill is a nice guy. Bill is from Chicago. Bill likes to work out. Bill is going to be a SEAL. Bill has a nice car. Bill has a nice girl. Bill's girl is nice. Bill is an Aero major. Bill is lost academically. Bill wishes he wasn't. Bill does have an A, though. Bill does not know in what class. Bill is a PCR genius. Bill got 216 pts. on his PCR's. Bill lives with me. I wish I had girlfriend. I wish I had a nice car. I do like to work out with Bill. Bill is a stud-dog. Bill is a nice guy. **MHB**

David Andrew Bondura
Perry Hall, Maryland
English
Cryptology

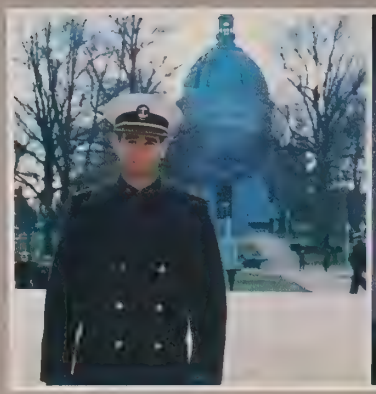
Dave came to the Academy after a short stay at Perkiomen Prep School where he earned the title of best post-grad kisser. He then entered the academy with a go get'm attitude: beer, crabs, and women, "let's go get'm." Many of these goals were achieved during weekends with Dave and other good friends at the "Hotel Bondura," Maggie's, and Fell's Point. Dave's mild,yet studly personality made him a hit with several beauties and several beasts along the way. If there was an angel to be found Dave would find her. Dave also became very attached to weight lifting since the beginning of youngster year. He looked like Lou Ferrigno with Karen Carpenter's legs. His working out had definite effects on his body as shown by the comment "Gee Bondo, looking good." First class year Dave lucked out and lived with Navy's 1988 Dream Date, the Joker. Good luck in Crypto, buddy! You are a true friend, thanks for being you! **HCD**

Kevin Arnold Brooks
Rochester, Minnesota
English
Marine Aviation

Kevin was a very good roommate and most of all a dependable and helpful friend, in spite of coming from the "Dork Belt." He completed his tour at the Academy in seven semesters instead of the usual eight. As a VGEP scholar, he held the rank of Midshipman USNA(retired) following his Company Commander tour. Despite being a top ranked student, Kevin never bore the title of "Geek." He was far from being a Geek. A very conditioned future Marine aviator, Kevin was a model midshipman whom I really respected. He was very involved in so many things, which kept him busy, but he always had a girl at home: this brought on his unusual spring cleaning, a freshly shaved dome. It always grew back (Thank God). Green B-Day at Miami, and the Breakfast Club are infamous. Keep working hard, Kevin, You'll be one of the best the Service ever had. Thanks for the good times. God bless. **RGI & TEH**

Michael Scott Danford
APO, New York
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Spunky smiled and shuffled his way into our hearts from somewhere in Nebraska (even though he didn't know exactly were it was. Even now he insists he is from APO, because they won't let him use his van as a place of residence). Plebe year Mikey, blessed with the gift of being able to speak unbelievabley fast, joined the debate team. There, on movement orders over the next two years, Mike enjoyed a lifestyle that even Keith Richards would envy. In his years in Seventh Company, Mike had many bad and good moments (mostly bad). After his dreams of flying the golden skies were shot down Mike's only pleasures came from the yellow rose, and of course the DEATH VAN FROM HELL and LUCAS. We'll always remember Mike and his heart of gold. He would loan out his van to anyone willing to put their life on the line. Mikey now heads to SWOS still crusading for the "Wings of Gold." See you in the friendly skies and remember,"We Won't Get Fooled Again!" **AMF**



John Marshall Elston
Lebanon, Oregon
Economics
Naval Aviation

After a rigorous life of sawmills and real college, Jake decided he needed a rest. Sleeping his way through 4/C year, he could dream of nothing but girls, Jets and Vettes during his daily post plebe qtrs nap. Since liberty uniforms were never featured in GQ, Jakespeed dedcided that civilian attire is always appropriate on weekends no matter what class. 3/C year and the most disgusting room in the brigade bonded Jake into the notorious "varsity" by the great spineless one ("am I boring you Jon?"). As 1/C year approached, expectations were high for many corvette road trips with the boys but pure magnetism quickly prevented that. After a brief tour of the international scene speed turned to his overpowering need for motherly care, and John opted for a nanny to keep for good. Now, after hundreds of eye examinations by Dr Dad, speedster is taking his "post apocolyptic oo's" look to P-cola. "If you ain't a pilot, you ain't — — "! Best of luck! **SM(MC)**

Paul Joseph Fletcher, Jr.
Fryburg, Pennsylvania
English
Naval Aviation

Fletch came to USNA with hayseeds in his hair and with a face that all mothers love (if only they knew the truth). Peej's USNA experience can be summed up in three words — GIRLS, CARS,GIRLS. His penchant for J.D. and his ability to drive "above and beyond" reason always amazed us. PJ's vast wardrobe of tight jeans, T-shirts, and cowboy boots impressed us all, as did the DUSTER. Army saw successive fights, girls and Purple Haze. PJ's guaranteed to make a fortune, because he never spends any money. Three stripes? The Varsity Tradition. We missed him senior year, but Grove City loved their new son. Will he settle down? Let's hope not. Beyond everything else, PJ was a great friend. Undoubtedly, he will succeed in any endeavor, if not by skill through charm. Good luck in P-cola. Always Keep the Faith. **CPK**

James Joseph Fontanella
White Plains, New York
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Font came sailing into Plebe year with an open mind. Much to his dismay, he too had to put up with Plebe summer. Boy, those sailors will say anything to get you here! After being unjustly caught for an act of consumption, his first Dark Ages were spent restricting. Jamie came back for Youngster year and surprised us all. After a bout or two with Winnie, Jamie became became a proud member of the elite V. Upon returning from 2/c summer, he decided to stay for good. Being an aero major was no fun and second class year was filled with all-nighters. First class year was filled with benefits: dinghy team captain, three striper libs. Jamie, not being one to allow studying to interfere with entertainment, soon found himself a general engineer to accomodate his rigorous social schedule. But he is soon to be a pilot, and much happier for it. To a sailor, wild-man, and friend, good luck in all you do. **GRA**

John Robert Garcia
Redlands, California
General Engineering
U.S. Air Force

Tow tank experiments, our study of languages, going to church with Matt, low tide sailboat handling, zombie driving (I brought Garciavich back) and 2-4-7 with peach juice (John brought me back). These are a few of the ways John coped. John contributed much to the Brigade as a well known Ho Chi Mihn tourguide, Bay knock-a-bout service director and baby killer extraordinaire. John also organized the 5-0 death squad. A superb athlete John participated in full contact Nerf Hoops, brigade champion sailor 3 times and his favorite, fieldball. He wouldn't fly Navy because he can't see any of our small planes, so he went "Air Farce" because he spots B-52's & C-5's (you know, hauling rubber dog doo from Hong Kong) every time! From a night marish plebe year to now, Diego has truly matured into a machine with every waking thought focused on the screams of his victims. I guess he's ready to graduate. Drop that Napalm Diego! AMF YOYO **MIC**

Ricardo M. Gonzalez
Ponce, Puerto Rico
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Webster defines unique as: "being without like or equal: distinctively characteristic". We define it as "Ricky". The only man in this whole place who can bring a smile to your face and a warmth in your heart no matter what kind of a lousy day you have had. The man of many hats, a stud in the true sense of the word. "Hey Rick you're my hero!" If Saturday Night Fever had been filmed in PR, Ricky would have been the star, not to mention the videotape he should have made. It would have been twice as good as Fonda's. Oh Rico, Rico, Rico, what are we going to do without you? You are our advisor and big brother, but most of all you are the best friend a guy could ask for. "How 'bout that, huh? I showed him!" Ricky was born to live in New York City — because the city never sleeps and neither does Ricky. The Steerage King shall never be dethroned. "Te adoramos, Ricardo." **GOY**

Robert Kendrick Gray
Sharpsburg, Georgia
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

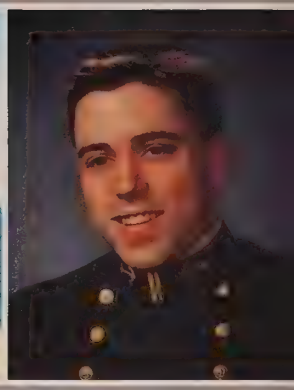
Robby left God's country in Atlanta, Georgia to become a Navy man. After a plebe year (?) with Barracuda Six and the antics of Batterycharger, Rob joined Lucky Seven and tested his head against beer cans (3/C cruise), soccer goals (3/C year), barbers (EMBC), and fieldball. Never lacking female companionship, he gained respect (and Dant's list) by switching from physics to oceano! Rob anchored the fieldball D and found a jump shot, er, set shot-BOUNCE PASS! With 1/C year Rob had his lemon custard Regal with the peach sign, the mag wheels and four on the floor (CDB). After serious reconstruction of his knee, shoulder, and the South, he still made P-cola. Good luck Rob! Your're my best friend, but don't trade those wings for two tickets to Buffet or the Hawks! See ya in flight school! E-man. **ECW**

Mark Anthony Hernandez
Bay Shore, New York
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Mark was affectionately known as Java, Nukie Dog, or the Conniver. Coming from New York, it wasn't uncommon to hear a friend say,"Hey that's a red light, take your foot off the accelerator." He has the dubious distinction of BEATING ARMY in soccer, by himself. Mrs. V your the best; white works, P.E. everyday Senior year or what? Always there to help, especially room formals, nice floor. Actually, the Landau couldn't have made it here without you. Two man room every semester, except for the breath of fresh air-Joker. Listening was a strong point, I think. Thanks for the Valentine idea, the awesome music — Whitesnake, AC/DC the list is endless. Where did that Policeman come from? Submarines will suit you just fine, Nuke School, a breeze, the money — finally. Mark you never cease to amaze us. **BJM**

Timothy Edward Hoke
Bay Village, Ohio
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Little T blew into Crabtown blinking and twitching.He settled onto Cloud Nine and soon became The Joker. Despite being the most popular non-athlete at USNA, the naked blinking gopher Joker always strove for greater recognition. His battle for one for the thumb was the most drawn out ordeal known to modern warfare. Navy's own version of Spuds MacKenzie, the toe-walker, never quit when the guts started flowing. In fact, this was usually the prelude to a typical Joker legend. He has been known to sleep in cars in subzero weather just to get tough. His athletic prowess was proven by his finish in the Cleveland Triathalon. Joker is now headed for the Pacific Northwest where he'll meet Paula Bunyon on the FLOATING PACHYDERM. "Come on Fat Guy why so much?" "Easy," he said with a mouthful of fudge. We'll never forget his act in Knoxville. Good luck T. Life will be a lot duller without the Joker around to liven things up. **JPB,LEG,TJB,BJM**

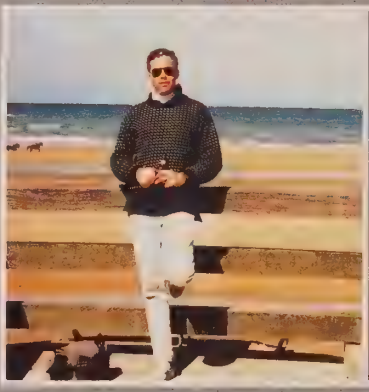


Roger Gerome Isom
Monticello, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

The Iceman came to us from a farm in Monticello,FL, after attending B.O.O.S.T. in San Diego CA. He decided to take the challenge of being an aerospace engineer among other jobs including the first set Brigade Commander, and Black Studies Club president. I can't help but remember all the times Ice was supposedly just resting his eyes (he would never admit to sleeping). We will never forget the late night headless monster. Let's be serious no one has ever heard of a Brigade Commander sleeping during study hour. Roger has proved that osmosis works. No one works harder than this man to put forth his best effort, and as a result he is one of the best the Naval Academy has to offer. Yes he's the first marine fly guy submariner. Thanks for the good times Rog. God bless you. **JD**

Colin Patrick Kane
Warwick, Rhode Island
History
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Colin came to us from Warwick, Rhode Island, forsaking the halls of the Ivy League to be a "real man." Kanehead started plebe year very motivated, but youngster year found him loosening up. He made his mark on Army (and the floor), as well as perfecting the 1.5 mile dash for taps on Saturdays. Second class year found a somewhat disillusioned Kanehead. He went looking for female companionship, but he found it was easier to borrow others. First Class year found him loosening up in academics in favor of social functions. 1st semester found Kanehead at tailgaters and Riordan's. Second semester was spent at Georgetown and in the rack. His pet "pile" grew gradually throughout the semester. Remember Racer X? Colin is joining the "elite" of the submarine force, and will undoubtedly lead the ideal bachelor's life. Best of luck, Kanehead. I'm sure you will do well. **JHR**



George Daniel Meehan
Deale, Maryland
History
U.S. Marine Corps

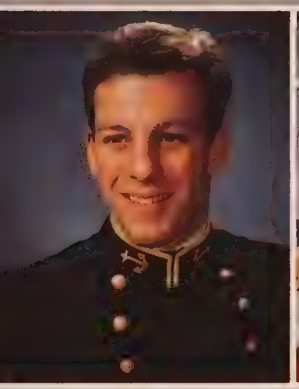
When we first met Spike, he was his normal cheerful self-obstinate, belligerent, slow and bellicose self. Youngster year was a joyous time including midnight discussions about The Exorcist, airplane rides for Doug, obedience school for Spike, CREW, CREW and CREW. But second class summer brought about a change and Spike became Danny. Oh and what changes they were, agreed people in the company (or at least most of the people), his hair grew out, his brain went to doo-doo and he bought an IROC. By first class year, Vicki's domesticating forces continued to tame him. He traded his IROC for a pickup and changed study hour into phone hour. Intellectually, all forms of conversation intrigued Mr. Meehan the Scholar, because we all know that politics, sports, and sex all revolve around theology and dialectics. We were constantly reminded of this because "In the field you stay away from rodents and snakes." We finally got the last word. **JMR and DJM**

Douglas John Moberg
Cattaraugus, New York
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Only Doug Moberg would argue with you if you told him it was dark outside because it's night-time. Spurned on by a 12 pack a day (Pepsi) habit, our Cattaraugus native daily bounces from one wall to another in search of the perfect argument (which, of course, he always wins). Doug's really not crotchety, for instance, he has style — white t-shirts (sometimes even with pockets), Levis, engineer boots and a white '66 Ford Galaxy that no one will buy from him. Doug's also a connoisseur of fine foods; you know — hot dogs, hamburgers and vanilla ice cream. Doug's lust for power carries over to the athletic field where he's always been a standout, even if he is short, fat and slow. We'll always miss Doug, especially in the mornings when we realize we have to read the paper ourselves rather than listen to him read it to us. **JMR and GDM**

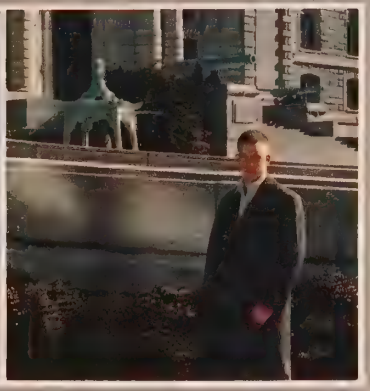
Bruce James Morris
Coronado, California
Mathematics
Special Warfare

L:Bacon never left Coronado. "We're going to make it . . . " Andrews, D.C., Vous. 100 pushups, an underwater and a Corona; repeat until sleep. Those Violent Femmes. Group 10, The Ring Leaders, Thanks Frank. T:Why Sir; a carpenter; the bacon cannot be blamed for leaving the team. "We are the music makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams." I'll go. I wanna go. The only easy day was yesterday. CHEESE:1984 UCSD pool. So you think Navy Polo will be cool. 1985, no more. Back to Coronado for us. Bikes, McP's, Corona; OH OH Dads are forming up. Bail, surfs up. This buds for us. Let's do more CRIMES. DENVER: From Physics to group 10. "If the driver's not happy, no one is happy." The Hotel Del; may the future be full of success and great waves. SHOOTERS! MARK: Coronado, Beach, Sun, Corona, SEALS, The Landau. Good luck and "remember the boy who got evrything he wanted." BLT with CHEESE and lets not forget the MAYO and a dash of DENVER. **MAH**



Paul Anthony Pensabene
Brooklyn, New York
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Paul left the rigors of Boston University to pursue a career at the Academy. A decision many people have questioned, including himself. Plebe year found PENS on all calls for most of the year since no one could understand his Brooklyn accent. Youngster year brought Paul the unsuspected distinction of joining the "V" while taking the Physics final. Second class year brought many all night Porsche vs. Vette debates. I guess you were right. There was more time for liberty now but that just meant PENS could spend more time sleeping, showering or brushing his teeth. By the end of the year, Paul spent so much time in Medical trying to find ways to be disqualified for Flight that we thought he was on TAD there. First class year brought the Varsity captainship as well as his Vette and first true love, of which the last two are kept in Brooklyn. PENS, one last thought, thanks for the memories, and best of luck in P-Cola. **GJV**



Jeffrey Michael Reagan
Madison, Wisconsin
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

"Hi, my name's Jeff, no relation." Norm's plebe year was spent eliminating roommates and playing screen. Escaping from 22nd to 7th youngster year, Norm brought his wet blanket outlook on life, an affinity to knives, and his reptilian ways of hibernation. Nocturnal by nature, his afternoons were spent cocooned in his blanket asleep, but with his eyes open, musically graced by Pink Floyd's THE WALL, at 800 dBs. In the dark, Norm could always be heard slithering noisily about, in search of a method to ruin someone's bright idea. The search was an easy one, for Norm gathered everything inside the vast warehouse of a void he called a locker. For around this area, there have been sightings of Jim Morrison, Amelia Erhart, and the Romanovs. But, in the end we'll always remenber and miss Norm's witty . . . well you know. Well Norm, only four down and three to go. SEMPER FIDELIS. By the way, "Where's the curtain?" **DJM & GDM**

John Henry Reuter
Hasbrouk Heights, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Roto came to the Navy with visions of academic and physical glory. He started grandly — a 4.0 in EE that inspired hatred among his firsties. John's intensity didn't wane plebe year, but he lightened up with the effects of his new roommates. Specializing at Army in the bathroom, Roto evntually went militant with his tastes in women. Second Class year saw Roto living high off the hog with the Glee Club and happy with his new (translate first) girlfriend. Number one in everybody's book except for the company officer, Roto didn't get the glorious stripes. First Class year saw Roto in a slack mode, easing into his accidental three stripes with joy and cruising in the RX-7. Second semester at Hopkins was a rude awakening. STUDY, STUDY, STUDY while his roommates racked. Roto's service in the "Elite Force" was never in question, and his rise to glory will not end with graduation. You are the best, Ro. **CPK**

Zachary Michael Scruton
Salem, Oregon
Oceanography
Nuclear Power — Submarines

In my time with Zach, I've seen him progress from the ultimate sweat to a typical midshipman: one who procrastinates and likes to claim, "I don't care." He likes to blame that change on RKG and me. I didn't know Zach plebe year, but I've heard he had a good time learning chemistry, but there weren't enough women in that major, so over to easyography he went. Zach has been a stud since he was fourteen and that did not stop with Academy life — he is notorious for being nice to the women. By the way, . . . why MY seabag? Zach loves the game of baseball — no matter how often he complained about Coach Duff and the many times we told him to give it up, he persisted — I hope those knees get better. Zach, you've been a great, loyal roommate. Good luck with the bubblehead community. GOSUB! BLUB, BLUB. **MSW**

Robert Francis Thornhill
East Dundee, Illinois
Honors History
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Throbbin' Rob is the only person who tanned plebe summer. The beer-fearing, straight, 12 yr., Scotch drinker from Ill. didn't like his out-of-town striper housing, because of poor turnouts at his daily movie. His good grades were a great cover for Rob's Bar & Grill and Family Fun Center. He holds the record for the most satisfied squad in the Brigade. In his old age, Rob spent most of 1/c year taking his Re-Tards to the Detroit War Zone. Aw! Despite being a striper weeney, debate Pres. and choir VP, Rob keeps himself degenerate like the rest of us by getting (air?) sick in a taxiing plane, hour long monologues on WW II (Do you remember?), and well structured conversation with himself. Even though Rob is an old English gentry (Who could forget Dr. Who?), we know that the boat secrets will be safe even in the face of torture, because "I'm not telling" (Has anyone seen Dicky's nerf ball recently?). **JRG and MSD**

Timothy Patrick Tumelty
Mount Laurel, New Jersey
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

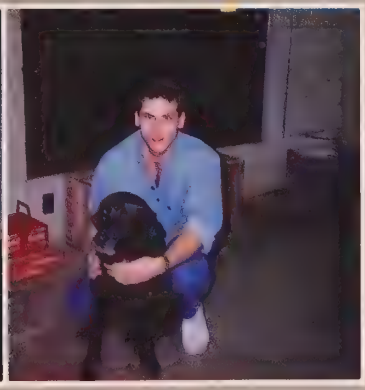
Tim (Action Jackson) is a man born to be in charge. He descended upon the Academy from a small private school in New Jersey. Tim achieved every every goal he strived for except his USMC NFO billet, Thank God. His greatest achievment was living with Matt for five semesters and maintaining his sanity. After graduation Tim will embark for Pensacola, Florida to earn his second set of wings of gold. His first were earned for falling out of a plane ten times. We know that he will wreak havoc upon the girls of Florida with his eternal cuteness. His ultimate dream came true when he was appointed as second battalion adjutant. **MHB and WJB**

Kevin Robert Umbaugh
Waldorf, Maryland
History
U.S. Air Force

From the hallowed lands of Waldorf, MD, by way of the PEANUTS comic strip, Kevin graced us at USNA with his overwhelming knowledge and expertise of . . . everything! Smacking his way through the grapevine at 36, Gumby's plebe year was highlighted by an upperclass' squelching "Plebe Halt!" Umby escaped down the hall, walkman boldly displayed for all to see. Arriving in 7th, he promptly assummed his duties as the Fifth Wing Crier. Athletically, Gumbaugh the Omniscient was driven by one need, the need to win . . . everything! Be it softball, soccer, fieldball, and debates on Nietzche or the weather. Scumbaugh's temper was nonexistent, except of course on odd or even days. Through all this, Tonto's secret desire was to abandon us all and drift into the Civilian Service, of driving winged buses. Good luck and God be with N, she needs all the help she can get. Believe us, she really does, because destiny calls for three little Umbaughs. **DJM and TPT**

George John Vassilakis
Erie, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

George came to USNA from Auburn, Maine and immediately realized he wanted to go back. Enjoying plebe year like a flogging, George was known to have phoned home more times than ET. 3/c year, George was well on his way to a distinguished career until one afternoon when he was thrown amongst the refuse called the "V". 2/c year brought the great Porsche/Corvette debates of which he finally made the right American choice. Guilt by association brought George a special team captainship 1/c yr, and even though weekends were limited, the admiration of various females was not. Nicknamed "slugger" for his ferocious bar room brawling, Georgie chose Naval Aviation to match his car and social lifestyle. The human alarm clock must now pack his Bruce paraphernalia and head south. I just have one more thing to say, slugger — HUGE!! Best of luck; you'll do great. **JME**



Malcolm Scott Wheatley
Waverly, Kentucky
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Scott came to grace the hallowed halls of Mother B from the Bluegrass State, with him he brought a friendly smile and the love of "the wench." The wench is gone but the smile will remain forever. His problems with the "fairer" sex didn't end there. At one point Scott was so desperate for a date, that he checked out of USNA for 42 days (during school) to go on the hunt. He checked into Bethesda with an "ankle injury?" Within a week it was discovered that Wheat was being visited at 2 AM by a "Greek Goddess", that he later took to the Ring Dance. Good thing your ring didn't get lost between the mountains buddy! Scott will be headed for P-Cola to tear up the skys so he won't have to drive his car 105 mph to bitch about wenches. He will always be loved by "the Boys", especially RKG and ECW who spent Christmas enjoying Rocky Mountain Oysters and 22 tons of salt. ANS Why the dufflebag-because it was there! Good Luck Scott! **BFF & ZMS**

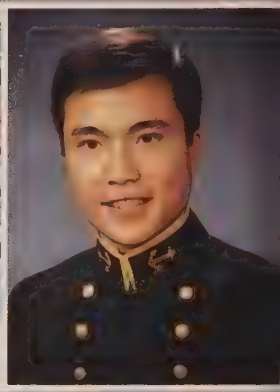
Erik Charles Wright
Staten Island, New York
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

E, EC, EZ, EW, Fright, Big E or E Man came to us from Staten Island a borrough of New York City, which he never lets us forget.Memories bring us to the plebe year N Dance how long were you in that stall? Rockin' the sailboat on 3/C cruise; an interesting offer at Trader John's, 2/C summer; And a tour of great US and Japanese cities. I didn't know — city was that big. He could never resist a basketball game. Did anyone ever see him dunk? A look in the mirror; no, you're not any bigger, or a woman in uniform,87 to ? Erik was the keeper of a deadly blow gun; where's that mouse? A strangely diverse tape collection; that's a cool tune and some incriminating photo albums,where's my camera? You could always count on Erik for a practical joke, a hard time or an incredibly exaggerated story. But most of all, Erik is a great friend. Here's to a great time in Pensacola. **RKG**

8TH COMPANY

Joseph Aguinaldo Abaya
Cavite, Philippines
Mathematics
Foreign National

In 1984 Joy Abaya, alias Jun, escaped from the prison known as PMA. Joe, looking for some fun, decided to come to the U.S. Soon after arrival at BWI, Joe was taken into custody and brought to one of the largest federal prisons, USNA. At the Academy, life was easy for Joe; especially plebe year, when the only English words he spoke were "I'll find out, sir." But Joe fooled them all, because he can actually speak and write better English than most Americans. After a few 4.0's and long hours in the library, Joe was seen out a few times. Okay, only once, but Joe knew how to party. That one night, Joe was seen in not only one bar but four bars out in town and, needless to say, Joe slept well that night. I have seen Joe go from a shy Filipino to a half-blooded American. Sadly, though, Joe can not stay with us. PMA wants him back. Joe, I wish you only the best. You have been a good friend, and we will all miss you. Take care. **LGA**



Louis Gerard Adissi
Queens, New York
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Lou — the cheerleader; known for his split-over the back-under the butt-no eyes-no hands lift, intentionally found out that girls do come down hard and fast. He is even able to build a pyramid by himself! Lou — the stud; ask him, he'll tell you! Lou — the submariner; sweated sub interviews, was told by the interviewer that he was a plug-n-chugger. He definitely plugs everything he has and chugs everything he can. Lou — the person; great memory for exams and essays, but not for complex things like names and faces of people in the company. Excellent conversationalist; had an "interesting" conversation with a wardroom worker; topic: Donuts taken from a moving tray and squashed into pieces in someone's hands. Lou — the friend; warm-hearted and caring. Although he opens my mail, he's still a person you'll be glad to know. We'll miss your cheers and company. Take care, good luck, hope subs have room for pom-poms. **JAA**

Daniel Thomas Altomare
Bowie, Maryland
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

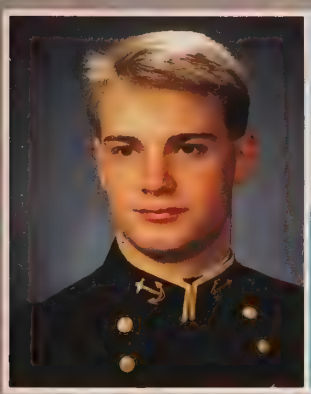
Always the homeboy, Dan spent his five collegiate years next door at the Boat School via NAPS. Gunny Nevglosky brought out his true colors; Marine Green. He took his soccer ball and ran with it, becoming 4/C C.C. — heading for glory. After earning five stripes on cruise, he reevaluated his priorities, spending 33 days with the EMBC. Dad, I mean Dan, got through 3/C year and loved crunching numbers so much as an Aero, that he rededicated himself to Math. Dan's versatility on the soccer field (thanks to Coach) and dedication earned him the respect of the team and the Captain's spot senior year. He finally joined the Green Machine and has been unbearable ever since. By the way, where were you all night while your classmates were getting their heads shaved? You've been a great friend, Dan. Don't ever forget what's important, and you know what that is! . . . And stay away from strange Bulldozers. **PJP**

Kennon Athony Artis
Washington, District of Columbia
Economics
Surface Warfare

Hailing from D.C., the politco mecca, Kennon began his campaign towards USNA at NAPS. Nailing down the Rhode Island Primary, he moved on to Annapolis and stepped into Class of 1988's oval office. During his four year term, Kennon followed the party line and pushed class shirts, boxers, a class crest, etc., through the Hall. Feeling the crunch of a tight budget, he introduced a Talent Show bill which was passed unanimously by both the Hall and the Superiors. In the face of immense pressure from the Academic House, Kennon pleased the populus by organizing the Ring Dance, Parents' Weekend, Service Selection Night, and of course the "Last Hooray." There were no three stripes wrapped around the thousands of hours Kennon dedicated to the Class. But, behind every public figure there exists a private world. How did he attract the Marsupial? Good luck on the big blue. **RCC**

Thomas Edward Base
Moraga, California
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

A California boy, Tom came from Moraga to 33rd Company, where he had a plebe year he would rather forget. He then burst upon 8th Company, headphones on and eyes on his second class car loan. Many a late night was spent with Mike and Pat dreaming of new cars. But as second class year arrived, Tom started to focus on slightly different objectives. He even made the "Weak-ma list" on several occasions from the Dan Altomare Memorial award to the Designer Tux award. Firstie year brought satisfaction of many goals; a Red RX-7, Platoon Commandership, 21st B-day, 300 lb. bench presses, and the USMC!?! Although his hair suffered after Service Selection Process, '91 soon faded from his mind. Tom had become the 8th Company official David Letterman fan and was seen many nights in the wardroom for "Late Night." He will always be remembered for his warm friendship and good nature. **EGK**



James Montgomery Burgum
Reston, Virginia
Marine Engineering
Naval Aviation

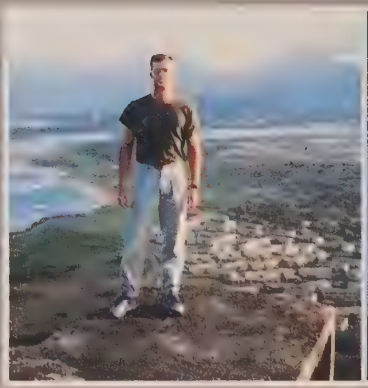
Jim hails from the bustling metropolis of Reston. As an impulsive collector of both music and repair bills for his Alfa Romeo, Jim, one of the few born to suck lead, was a never-ending source of amazement, be it enormous disk purchases or just broadsiding a W.Va. mountain. Jim was a man of simple obsessions ... uh, pleasures; music, his car, the Cleveland Browns, and telling anyone anything and everything about them. Only those privileged enough to listen to his favorite song(s) with him can truly appreciate Jim's gifts; the ability to reproduce those tricky guitar riffs and keep you around until the next song ... and there's always a next song. Echoes of Jim's words haunt several of us, such as "Don't touch that CD, as a matter of fact, you've seen enough," "Wait one more minute," "It goes like this — shing shing shing." After riding the "Rocket," Pensacola should be a breeze. Good luck, Jim. **TMC**

Edward Chao-Hsiung Chow
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Dreaming of fish & chips in Scotland, Ed time-warped on the boomerboat 3/c cruise, where he missed out on the Coke Controversy but managed to catch his dolphins. Youngster year brought Kate Bush, ABBA, and all-nighters in his chair. Not that he studied there, though, and so he sweated through a blistery Pittsburgh Christmas and came back to give up his varsity gills. Those also were the days he would walk to get his pizza and had seaweed as dessert. Second class year: Ed Chow, Chapter Two. (What more can you say?) That summer he spent chasing his matrix and driving an eggbeater in P-cola. And then there was one ... 1/c year brought a 3.7, nights of Chinese under a blue light with Japanese tunes, and days of letting off steam via his one nostriled 9mm Brazilian bull named Taurus. See ya in the fleet, Ed! Let's hit 'em running!! **CMC**

Thomas Myles Cleary
Levittown, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Marine Aviation

Tarzan came to USNA straight from the wilds of the African jungle . . . uh, I mean Tom came to us by way of Levittown, Pennsylvania. In addition to his sterling sense of duty and professionalism (except for those of us who can "see right through you"), perhaps his greatest legacies are in the phrases: "You mirrors all look alike," "You are. You are a good-looking guy," "This isn't the bathroom?," "Have I got a story for you! Where are you going?," "I'm not going out tonight. I really mean it," and of course "Yes Dear!". TBS will be a breeze for you and in the Corps you will shine but at all costs remember: there are plaid polyester shorts, knee-length black socks, and dress shoes out there with your name on them. Always remember too that if Doc Savage can do it, so can you. **DJH**



Christopher Marvin Cook
Glen Burnie, Maryland
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

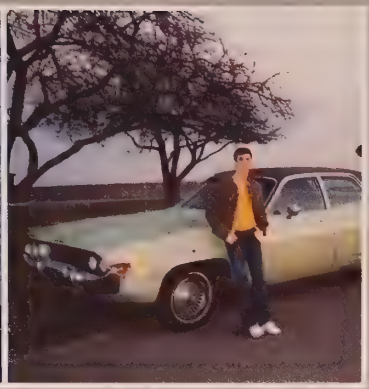
This Texan's tenure at the Academy began with his own personal (and not-so-personal) wake-up service, and plebe year with his roomates went great despite the poor servant's liberal decoration on the 7th Wing parking lot asphalt one day. 21 days of rays in Hawaii — a gorgeous first summer, but he'd have to wait until the honeymoon for a return visit! The High Sage delivered many a potential victim from the Axe the next year, while holding a perfect 4.0 and managing the 30-5 Final Eight Team just for kicks. The Gap introduced the best of friends, Dana and Chris — in two years the rings and vows would make them Mr. and Mrs. 2/C summer breezes saw 20-ft foursome fun in the wind and BBQ'ing off Greenbury Point on the E-boat; the year's regimen was cheerleading, weightlifting, D., and grades-not necessarily in that order. Paper traps couldn't snare our summer school CC, and it was on to VGEP at GW — What are uniforms? **ECHC**

Kenneth Charles Cooper
Beaufort, South Carolina
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Aviation

Growing up the son of a Marine fighter jock, Ken embodied the theme of the Great Santini. His first step towards the beloved Corps began with the Prep School, 1-2 Platoon. As a plebe, he became Barbon's child and permanent resident and eventual landlord of Khe Sanh. After Herndon, only a youngster by rank and 1/C by privilege, Ken was always a 2/C at heart. Never one to yield in an argument, Ken's sense of logic seemed to outshine his average QPR. As a roommate, honestly, Ken was great. He frequently tried to enforce a cleaner Khe Sanh. Academically, Ken's success in aerospace was never ending. Thermo, EE, and aircraft design and the profs who taught the courses always help sustain Ken's quest for academic excellence. Finally, where would we all be without his sponsors: Mr.&Mrs. Lee, Becky, Nancy, Bob&Jen. Your support carried on past the weekend. THANKS! Ken — good luck in the Corps and remember the bet. **DLK**

Richard Charles Culp
Winchester, Virginia
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Paw arrived here via a one-year stint at UVA. I am convinced that this time at the university added a hint of spice to the already outlandish Culpian thought process. How else would you explain his behavior of memorial proportions in D.C.? Or how about his last duty (?) weekend (Did you have the chocolate mousse or cheesecake Paw?)? Didn't UVA offer Bike Riding 101? To his credit, Rich has distinguished himself as a true performer. His being awarded a Marine Corps Scholarship is one example and his final class rank in the top 100 is another. Rich also served as president of FCA. As honor representative for the Eighth Company, Rich spent countless hours at Brigade Honor Boards. Perhaps his greatest challenge came in his first semester First Class year when he served as Batt Admin Officer. There, he dealt intimately with his counterpart across the hall. The Marine Corps gained a true winner in Rich. Good luck, Rich, and God Bless. **KAA**



William Arthur Doney, Jr.
Turkeytown, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Donut came from Turkeytown and quickly took his place as half of the original BACF's. Though born with a striper's mentality, Art was turned down for Brigade Commander because he parts his hair in the middle. After the Blue Bubble youngster year, Ducky met his fiancee whom he had impressed in high school by throwing 7th graders into lockers. From this point on, he was a Weak-Ma regular. He was sad to see her go to study in France during our last semester and if she had stayed, maybe he wouldn't have made that fateless trip to Philly. He missed his Cuddle Bunny so much that he flew to Paris for Spring Break to propose. Always the economist, Art used his car loan to buy a house and used some spare change to buy a '72 Satellite which glows in the dark. Though you want to fly a sky-pig (P-3), get ready for some good times in P-cola. It's been a great three years! Good luck in flight school and with Cuddle Bunny. — The Boys **WAD**

David Michael Edgecomb
Tacoma, Washington
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Dave led a life of ease while striving to understand F=MA and derive everything else. By studying Socrates and performing stress tests on calculators, he made it through here with barely a 2nd grade spelling ability. He never let us forget Washington's mountains, but we never let him forget that deck of cards he ruined after he personally flooded the desk. Edgewood's love life was based on celibacy, and he sometimes got ants in his pants — or crickets in his britches. But his only vice, in which he indulged heavily, enhanced his unique philosophical genius and girl-getting ability. This genius also let him create the 10% all by himself, mainly because he was the only one in that select group. Good luck, Flash. You can save the world, but please don't bite the rivet. By the way, Art and I understood you from day one — we just never let on! Huh? What? Oh well, maybe one day it'll be important enough to pay attention. **IKE**

John Warren Eichelberger III
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

It was only fitting that Ike got married just ten days after graduation. Though he is THE youngest member of our class, he got some valuable experience in fatherhood by trying to keep all of us in line. He came to Navy determined to become a member of the 2% club and marry his high school sweetheart. He wasn't seen much on the weekends because when the whip cracked, John went running. We held onto him one weekend to throw an engagement party and after convincing him that we could control the crowd, he indulged in his first drink(s) with his friends. Ike shunned an attractive sports car and purchased a nice family car (which he won't let his 'kids' mess up)! Eichelflamer contracted a sense of duty 2/C year, but the boys quickly brought him back in line. It's been an awesome 3 years, Ike, and we'll all try to behave ourselves while you're away. Good luck and don't let the little woman eat too many chocolates. **The Boys**

Albert Louis Ferro
Towson, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

Bert came to us all the way from Baltimore to put in the four years necessary to become a Naval officer. Never seeing a purpose for studying, he slept those four years away and woke up with a 3.5 and an aero degree. It's too bad he didn't wake up in time to see the caddy his RX-7 decided to tangle with! Though he was born with a lax-stick in his hand, Albert never got much of a chance at Navy until senior year when he tangled with the turf-monster and lost. He tried to convince us that he was the perfect "he man woman hater" but then the T-word came along and stole his heart. He started using the L-word freely and became a regular on the Weak-Ma list. Don't forget the trips to Loyola, the vicious pool game in Clyde, or the Nerf games junior year. You've been an awesome friend, Bert, and a great roommate. Good luck to you and have fun in the real Corps — the Civil Engineers! — Love ya. **DCH**

Steven Eugene Gall
Elyria, Ohio
Computer Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Steve's military career began when he validated his senior year of high school and joined the Navy as an aviation tech. His prior enlisted service was invaluable. None of us could forget it — even if we tried. "Did I tell you about my F-14." After three years of Fleet service, Steve's academic career had a one time twist when Steve graduated in the top 4% of his NAPS class. His interest in computer science was unparalleled. I can remember many late nights with Steve glued to the terminal eagerly hacking away. As time passed, this portrait became common place with murmurs of great Dane and adventures of Ho Chi Min. Another twist came on service selection night when the salty dog picked scarlet and gold, vice previous word. Go artillery! Finally, after many attractive women, Steve has finally settled on one. As roommates we wish you much success and what else can you say about a man who says it all himself. **KCC & DLK**

Daniel James Haas
Wyckoff, New Jersey
English
U.S. Marine Corps

Words can not accurately describe Dan's stay here at the Naval Academy. A Varsity Fencer, Dan was anything but your typical midshipman. In fact, I don't understand how he got past the psychologists. An English major who listens to Black Flag does not make sense, nor does a die hard Naval Aviator going green. Then again, Dan never made sense. Remember the good times in D.C. but forget that nightmare at Hood. Don't worry, Dr. Steve says your hand should be fine without the cast. Dan has exhibited extreme self control at times. He didn't kill his roomate youngster year . . . or second class year . . . or first class year. Good luck with the Grunts, Dan, you'll need it. "Adios compadre," it is time to go to that big hostel in the sky. **TBH**

Cordel Wendell Harris
San Bernadino, California
Computer Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Cordel, affectionately known as Rock, came to USNA from the West Coast mecca of fashion and hipness, San Bernadino, with a plethora of trivia minutae spanning the spectrum of innumerable disciplines. Always setting high goals & standards, Rock earned his letter sweater plebe year with one extended tour of Smoke Hall. Rock, perhaps loved most for his five grand stereo (that only picks up two stations) will be remembered by Dan & I for his irrational outbursts of emotion, his physical grace in getting out of the rack, his uncanny ability to pronounce those tricky foriegn words, and his upbeat & colorful fashion sense. "I know thaaat!," "C'mon guys!," "Is somebody going to write mine?" Despite being one whose presence was appreciated almost as much as his absence, Rock possessed, as a matter of survival, a great sense of humor and a heart of gold. We know you will do well at TBS and have a 'Grrrande' time in the Corps. **TMC**

Timothy Beard Heatherington
Raleigh, North Carolina
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

If any one person was ever truly devoted to the pursuit of pleasure, it was Tim (in any "form" I might add). It may not quite have been a hedonistic lifestyle — well, I guess it was. Whether on his head, diving over bushes enroute to the lightower, in the gutter, in the wardroom or the rack, or especially in Dillo's, if there was fun to be had Tim was doing it. His studiousness, of course, was legendary: "Wow, I think I studied over an hour this semester!" (think choosing math was an accident?). Out of all the great times, adventures, and otherwise interesting experiences, we've had two questions stand out above all else. Why, oh why, hasn't your classy girlfriend dumped you? Why, in fact, did she ever go out with you in the first place? And how did you end up being so professional and a striper? Pennsacola here he comes — lock up the women and roll out the beer! Not if I see you first, mate. **DJH**

Douglas Clark Hull
Clyde, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

Dougie came to us from the booming metropolis of Clyde as a BACF with a dip in his mouth and stories to tell. And if you ever let him get started, he would tell you about the 'glory days' for quite some time. But one thing changed from the glory days, he was no longer in L-word and instead tried to build bridges. In his continuing effort as a BACF, Dougie used his loan to buy a truck which was well protected by Butch and Grunt. As far as school went, he spent many a long night in front of the CRT trying to survive danechi-and-double-e., but still managed to fester the WFF crown from Pat for his ability to sleep through anything. No one will forget "giving up" at Army '85, 'At ease, Smokey' in D.C., or the 'view' at Loyola, for Dougie made quite a spectacle of himself. Also, he'll always be remembered for his partying 'Mum' and Dad and their awesome tailgaters. Well Dougie, good luck to you as a Marine . . . um . . . Navy pilot. **ALF**

Daniel John Hurdle
Oconomowoc, Wisconsin
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Dan came to the Boat School with one thing in mind, to have as much fun as humanly possible, whenever possible. He's been doing that ever since. In fact, he's been over doing it ever since (like Commissioning Week '86). Who can forget the trips to D.C., UNC, and across the Bay to JP's. We're still the only two to climb the QLLH. Dan was always the guy you could count on wanting to go out, even if his Trident Project wasn't finished. By the way Dan, did you ever finish? How about these famous Naval sayings . . . "Care for a game of Broom Ball?" . . . "What do you want to eat tonight?" "I don't care, what do you want?" . . . "Remind me to . . . " . . . "I'm not going out this weekend!". "Adios muchacho," give someone a head-butt, and have one on your head for me. See you when I see you, mate. **TBH**

Gregory Allan Jones
Jacksonville, Florida
Political Science
Naval Aviation

When I first arrived in 8th Co, I was still a little shell shocked from plebe year. I soon found that I had lucked out because the guys in my new company soon straightened me out, and before I new it I was having fun. Who can forget the 'broomball' games or the weekends in D.C. with Dr. Steve (At ease, Smokey) or the ride back from Army (You don't need to do that!). Second class year found us ranging farther in pursuit of fun, most notably to UNC. This was cut short, however, by the 'Big Accident,' and I found that my friends in 8th Co. were my greatest support. I'll never forget Dan's stories about everything that happened to him when Tim and I were gone. I think I owe the fact that I made it through here to my friends, for without them I would have taken everything much too seriously. I wish you the best and I'll miss all of you. **GAJ**

David Lawrence Kaufman
Cleveland, Ohio
Systems Engineering
Special Warfare

Dave came to our beloved Academy from his self-acclaimed "God's Country" — OHIO. Yes, the same geeky, smiling, blond-haired and affectionate fellow who spilled his guts about the rigors of plebe life (in that 1984 Ricketts show stopper "Naval Academy Challenge") has changed for the better, I think. Although he'll agree with you, Dave pretty much made mince-meat out of every challenge presented to him. Yes, he had a 3.7 but he also could do push-ups, pull-ups, sit-ups, etc. until the ground beneath him gave way, no geek alert here (He also isn't a geek because he studies less than a history major.). His abilities allowed him to skate into a SEAL billet — his dream shot. He added to the SEAL challenge by ripping his knee open on the turf, but he fought back in record time as expected. He's a good friend and will undoubtedly become a great SEAL warrior. Thanks for keeping Khe Sanh strong, Dave, remember the bet. **KCC**

Todd Alan Kiefer
Brea, California
Physics
Naval Aviation

Todd came from Ca. with many radical views of life. Plebe year strengthened his faith in God, as he watched three roommates separate and hovered near a perf. board himself. Youngster year brought new roommates, strangers from the other side of the country, who soon became close friends . His curiosity and singleminded concentration led him to pursue his wild brand of thinking in his major, physics, and though his grades may have suffered, he finally figured out angular momentum, geosynchronous orbits, and wrote a computer program to find his perfect class schedule. Though not an EE, he has done more wiring in the co. area than A.G. Bell. Todd works hard at whatever he does, and is eager to help others. His strong and growing relationship with God and his work in the Navigators will bless him as he pursues his career as an airdale (even if he can't use his experience with the silent service). May God bless you. **RAM**

Eric Gregory Kukanich
Winchester, Virginia
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

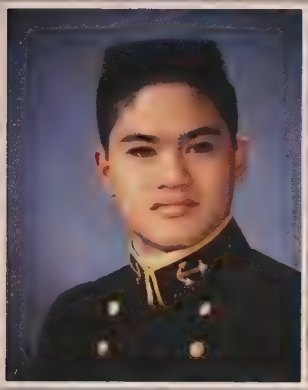
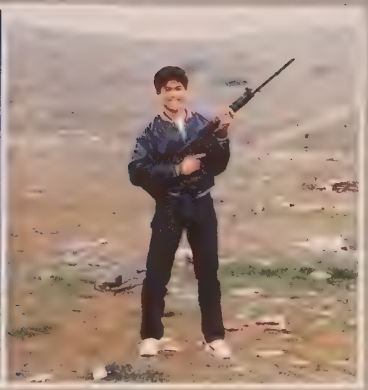
Plebe year at USNA was a big shock for Kuke who came straight from God's Country. After leaving No Nuke 19, with his Commodore 64 in hand, Kuke headed for his new home at 8th Company. He quickly took his major by the horns and probably doubled his QPR. It wasn't long before he became known as "Karp"anich. After enduring a year and one half of late nights arguing about Physics and EE, he finally got a semi-normal roommate. He pushed youngster year to the limits — getting caught on a Zebra and at the 5th wing barbershop. Him and Dougie stretched things out one night coming back from Cinderella liberty but they made it o.k.. He got the NFO slot he worked so hard for and is going to have a great time at Pensacola. THE BOYS' **TEB**

Rodney Alan Mills
Cordova, Tennessee
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Rod brought his academic brilliance to USNA from the state of Ohio. His parents moved away shortly after he left, but he eventually tracked them down in TN. His four-year adventure on the Severn has left its scars (his forehead was surprised by a low flying transom while playing Bancroft B-ball, and his knee lost a big one to the ski slopes), but his self-discipline and sense of humor have always been up to the challenges. Though ranked higher in the Brigade than in his company as a plebe, he has never earned the coveted "stars." He joined D&B to see the world, but got to see some of Smoke Hall along the way. Yet, his perseverance has paid off with an NFO billet and a class rank in the stratosphere. He has been a faithful friend to all who know him. As long as T-34s handle inverted maneuvering better than his ex-car, Rod should have nothing but clear skies ahead. May you soar on the wings of eagles. **WGSC**

Patrick James Porter
Queens, New York
Naval Architecture
Naval Flight Officer

Pat came to Uncle Sam's Yacht Club from Flushing, New York. Because of his rigorous and strenuous training at The Bronx High School of Science, he was fully prepared for life as a plebe. He spent many fine times in Smoke Hall before he even wore the stripes of a youngster. His fourth year in Annapolis brought a new light into his life. His twenty-first birthday gave him new birth. He was now the "man" he always wanted to be, or so he believed. January came and Pat had not played his cards right. Pat was finally the "real man" he always wanted to be. Only for a month though. The Marine Corps only served as a method for Pat to lose the highly coveted championship belt of the WFF (he still remained in second place). Soon after, the good Lord smiled in Pat's direction. His opportunity to fulfill his dream would soon be within his grasp. Good Luck, Pat. May your skies always be clear and blue. **DTA**

Jon Christopher Quimpo
San Diego, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Four years later Jon-Jon has hardly changed. An initial year in Thirsty Third was full of plebeness, with laughs and friendship provided by the Sass Man and Cooch. "But Dude, don't be comin' down on me or nuthin'!" A brief flirt with Aerospace ended in General, but it did give him time to conquer Dahlgren, unnecessary as it was. His babes came from places like New Orleans and San Diego. However, he still wanted a piece of the action whenever anyone had friends of the female persuasion visiting; "Dudefish, hook me!" Sometimes those blind dates would turn out to be jukes, but Quimps took 'em all in stride. The Filipino Palomino has a body of iron, Solid Gold moves on the dance floor, and a face girls find, well, irresistable. Most of all, he's as solid a friend as anyone could hope to have. Jon, good luck, keep the faith, and show'em what surface warfare is all about. Remember, "We are just too wild for this place!!" **RSH**

Christopher James Verdoni
Racine, Wisconsin
Physics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Behind Chris's peaceful, subtle, smirkish grin, lays the Italian Tiger of USNA. Chris came to us from the University of Wisconsin. He played varsity volleyball for two years at Navy. He will be remembered, academically, by many midshipmen as the 'mid' who made the gouge. Many future mids will benefit from the academic labors of Chris's work by being able to complete homework on time and still rack eight hours a night. However, some will remember him as the roommate who wouldn't turn out the lights 'til reveille. Chris did spend time relaxing. He regularly returned to Mother 'B' toasted after a night in D.C. After three years of strict adherence to the military discipline and the academic grind, USNA elevated him as 8th Co. CDR. Chris will realize his purpose in the Navy when he is in the DEEP, SECLUDED, ICY underseas of the North Pole. In the depths, he will realize the reason for subs, Bancroft, and four years at USNA. **MTZ**

Brian Keith West
Charlotte, North Carolina
History
Naval Aviation

The only thing that no one doubted about Keith was that he was a Southerner. The Confederate flag that was a permanent fixture in his room make that certain. Another certainty about Keith was that he was always easy to find, in the rack. Stories of his prowess at this sport spread far and wide. He even claims that he completed the Academy in two years since he spent half of the time asleep. Academics were more of a nuisance than anything else. Not until 1/c year did he discover that TV was the missing term in the equation of good grades. He became a weekday regular in the wardroom and his QPR soared. Keith will also be soaring soon despite the fact he was lauding the advantages of surface until the moment he said "Navy pilot." Hopefully in Pensacola he'll find himself a Southern belle and finally end the search for a beautiful woman who'll take him. No matter what he does, Keith will be great one day, at least in his own mind. **MOS**

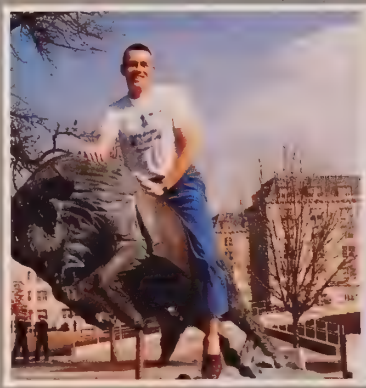
Michael Tone Zimmerman
Long Beach, California
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Mike came into 8th Co. with quite a distinguished background. He tried his luck at Long Beach City College, enlisted in the Navy before USNA and the Severn. Plebe year found Mike on his way to academic boards, mandatory summer school, and then meeting his wife-to-be. USNA continued to establish itself as a yacht club to Mike as three years in Skate-8, a 3/C cruise on VA Beach, and an all-expense paid 1/C sailing cruise to the West Indies can testify. Mike's only desire at USNA was for a red sports car which showed up 1/C year with a red 4-door family car and a diamond. Never one to turn down a good time, Mike managed to go out with his roommate twice in three years. He claimed devotion to the wife-to-be, but many a Saturday night was spent with his computer. Couple that with a receding hairline and it's no surprise he chose a submarine career. According to Mike, somethings are meant to be (we'll see, we'll see). **CJV**

9TH COMPANY

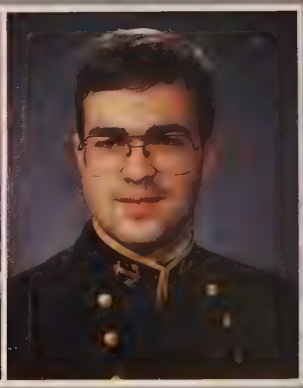
Thomas Eugene Arnold, Jr.
Tyrone, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Captain Intensity came to us from the small town of Tyrone, Pa. It is rumored that when he was born he was wearing a pair of combat boots and throwing floppy disks at a Zenith computer. When youngster year rolled around, he was proficient at observing Academy life from new heights in Cloud Nine. Through the years he gave us many memories — the Army Week Ho Chi Minh trail excursion; smashing a stereo to study EE331; Tecumseh with geekers; falling asleep WHERE?; the bald man, trained to kill by Ninjas. By first class year, Tom had learned to deal with real challenges: Batt Staff, company commander, and the Comp Sci department. And don't forget about early morning PT and academics in the late (early?) hours. Amazingly, he still comes out on top. This biography is dedicated to a great friend and roommate who endlessly dedicates his time and effort to the well-being of others. Thanks for the memories. **RBT**



Eric Schuyler Block
Greenwich, Connecticut
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Blockhead came to USNA with the typical I-day worries. However, it didn't take long for Eric to show the world that he had a lot less to worry about than most of the rest of us. Taking on the Academy seemed to be a pleasure for him, as he proved that he could do it all. Eric was often the center of our curiosity, and for good reason. How did he juggle Water Polo and 3.0+ average? What really happened on youngster cruise? Is this guy for real? Believe me, Eric is a genuine human being! For the first five semesters, the hardest thing he had to do was to find only one career interest. Unfortunately during this time, his roommates were as fleeting as his career interests (sorry about the Zoomie, buddy)! But none of this kept him from his famous late nights at Krypton's or his mid-morning "catch-up" sessions in the rack. Thanks for being a good friend, a great roommate, and a loyal fan. Good luck and Semper Fi, Eric! **JMR**



Martin Marshall Cade
Dubuque, Iowa
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Martone had a rough time at USNA, until Spring Break plebe year brought his beat-up old guitar to keep him company. From then on, the decks were never silent. Martin may be unique in USNA history for his habit of getting a bad performance grade each semester, then getting placed on the Commandant's list after mid-term grades came out. He may also be the only plebe in USNA history to give Statics EI to the second class in his squad. Christmas 1986 brought a new girlfriend. As a firstie, much of his time was spent abusing the credit limits on his Visa and Mastercard. April 1988 brought the end of his much-discussed romance. First class year also brought a new sense of priorities, as Martin began forsaking his studies in order to spend eight to ten hours a week in the weight room. Firstie-itis struck especially hard after five years of engineering. Here's to memories of all the times, both good and bad. Dat-da-da-daahhh!!!! **AMF**

Julie Steele Chalfant
Arlington, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Don't let those big, green eyes deceive you. While everyone always wondered if Julie was really there, she showed them her intellectual brilliance. Many times Julie was more quick-witted than she realized. Providing entertainment with her well thought out statements, she'll always remember that the ground is obviously where people land regardless of performance. Here's to climbing gates in torrential rain storms for Steve's ice cream. Beneath the quiet facade raged the real Julie that all her sailing buddies learned to know and love. Beware of the terrible Jaegermeister and fateful Thrifty van rides. Julie will always be the sweetest and most loyal friend, even if she was a heartbreaker. Remember the fun times: sailing, Bailey's, hot tubs, Chinese food, bike-riding, Fishing Bay, to name a few. Jules is a genuine jewel. Lookout California and SWO — here she comes. Success, love, happiness. Sail fast and have fun! **JEA**

Lydia Kay Derrington
St Louis, Missouri
Physics
Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

Checker's life at USNA began with youngster year. She was an avid Lacrosse fan and you could find her at all the games — actually, all the tailgaters. Whoever did win the '86 Maryland/Navy Lax game, Checker? Second class summer brought the "Chevettes" and close friends that will be hers forever. Pensacola and Combat Town will never be the same! First class year highlights include the 150's game vs Princeton, Army-Navy in Cherry Hill, St Patrick's Day, and the man. Checker will find herself in Jacksonville, Florida after graduation. Lydia will always be remembered as a friend who always had time to listen, gave great advice, and who was always willing to party! Love, the other Checker. **DMR**

Salvatore Albert Dipaola
Baltimore, Maryland
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Sam entered at 200+ lbs., but 4 years of 150 lb. football, no fantastic Italian cooking from his mother, and the Marines made him a new man — although we kept a scale in the room to keep close watch. After a "fun" year in 25th, Sam came to 9 and quickly made a name for himself. Youngster year saw him doing moonshine shots with his roommate late at night. Never one to be very neat or tell all the facts of a story, he could always find yet another girl (preferably blonde) to take to the Potomac. Sam's friendly way made him new friends all over the the globe, especially in Venezuela. The Marine Corps will no doubt have someone that they will love, and Sam, your mother, father, and Michael will be very proud of you. Good luck! At times I'll wish I was with you. **JSS**

Shri' Jerrene Drake
Columbus, Kansas
English
General Unrestricted Line

The boat school has been quite an experience for Shri' — or vice versa. She found plebe summer quite amusing with beach parties and squirtgun executions on 5-4. The rest of that year was truely exciting too, being a native of Stalag 17. She found enjoyment by marching tours or throwing steel balls and spears. That year passed quickly and she was soon in San Diego for 3/c summer camp. We sure did learn a lot, didn't we. Being homesick for 5-4, she joined 9th company, and became the flaming youngsterette. It took only Statics for her to realize her real love was English. What does French have to do with English anyway? Oops not supposed to mention that. First class adventures included discussing life over beer and pizza at Rudy's, making rules, and discovering Antigua. Shri's future will be filled with muscle cars, muscle boats and a muscle man. Have fun. **GREDISON**

Robert Thomas Durand
Lakewood, Colorado
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

The Geester came to Crabtown with a snausaging gambol in search of a career in submarines. Plebe year in 27 found him ranked first among his peers (18 of whom are now civilians). After 30 days of restriction and an 88+1 day sub cruise, Bob had second thoughts about the submarine force, USNA, and life itself. Moving into Cloud 9 youngster year restored his faith in the Academy and gave him a calling: Surface Line. His romantic life was a comedy of errors until he woke up first class year and decided to be lively and non-specific. Quick to smile, friendly as a pup, Bob's "finely chiseled, wind-swept features" are staring bravely into the future. He chose FFs soley for the purpose of destroying all submarines, foreign or domestic. I'm sure he will do well in Norfolk — he always stumbles into success. I'm gonna' miss you, Bob. You've been a true friend through thick and thin. Fair winds and following seas. I wish you the best. **CDG**

Bruce Charles Fauver
Bennion, Utah
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Bruce joined our ranks from the wacky West; Bennion, Utah to be specific. He spent his plebe year in Form Two, grinding his teeth over plebe chemistry. Youngster year he joined the crowd in the Cloud. It was then we discovered a link between his love of watermelons and his ability to sleep anywhere, like in front of a T.V. or underneath a couch. The McKenzie Brothers never had anything on you and Steve! First class year, he somehow cut a deal to get personal showings of the WWF twice a week put into his nuke contract. Why else would he go nuke? Bruce's quick wit and easy going character helped us to keep things in perspective. He certainly helped me through some tough times. Thanks for being a friend, Bruce. Good luck in the Surface Nuclear Navy and in the future! **JRM**

Christopher John Gallen
Wayne, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Quarts arrived at Camp Annapolis in the summer of '83 with high hopes and a quest for excellence. This lasted until he met his company officer, the legendary Captain Cub Scout. Plebe year soon passed, and he found his way into the BSTS Company. 26 agreed with Chris, and he soon was being molded in the image of that paragon of military virtue, the CAM. Quarts' nickname was more than symbolic — his frequent yachting expeditions made him a legend among his contemporaries. YP Squadron added not only to his professionalism and spirit tolerance, but it also added a small craft command pin to his uniform. Midway through his firstie year, he was sent to sea for a year of character building. Thus refreshed, he returned to face a different breed of VMI grad — the Shuppster. Chris occupied his weekends with forays to Philly, breaking several land speed records en route to Immaculata. Good luck in the world of gas turbines and ASW! **RTD**

Carl David Graves
Charleston, Illinois
English
Surface Warfare

Cruising into Annapolis with dreams of a nautical vacation, Carl soon found what Academy life was all about. Living in Skate 28 for a year, he learned to climb stairs and live with a mild psychopath. Carl flourished when he landed in Cloud Nine. With the zest of a true academic, Carl plunged into his studies, falling asleep soon thereafter. He managed to survive, nay, excel as an English major, using his finely honed ability to shovel literature with the best of them. Carl loved the Academy so much that he dedicated six months of his second class year to the study of Smoke Hall. First class year Carl truly savored his freedom; on his youngster Fridays Carl was changed, out of the hall and through the gate by 12:11, disappearing completely until Sunday night, always just in time. Well, not always. Carl, you're the closest friend I've ever had and I will always cherish the memories. Good luck in Japan on the Steamin' Demon! **RTD**

Roger Sherald Grayson
Bronx, New York
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Rog came to the Academy by way of the BOOST program in San Diego, where he learned to love the sun and the surf. Plebe year in 7th Co. was no sweat for him, as his height enabled him to sneak between the legs of his upperclass undetected. Ascending to Cloud 9, where he served as Co. Soul Rep, Roger found fame and fortune in music. As President of the USNA Gospel Choir, he led his group to its most successful performance season, leaving a trail of cheering fans and broken hearts . A talented composer in his own right, Rog recorded a WRNV Top 10 original, performing as MC Jazzy G with MC Mellow D (Dave Albritton) on the smash hit "My Damn Pleber." Roger credits his success to his strong belief in God, the support of his loving parents, and the lessons he learned growing up in the Bronx. After graduation, the Jazzy Pre (his '87 Prelude Si) will carry him to his next adventure in the sun, aboard the USS LUCE in Mayport. Good Luck! **RTD**

Wenena Kerr Harman
Staunton, Virginia
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Wena was the girl with the freckles, strawberry blonde hair, and the occassional knee brace. "Corn fed" you might say, straight from the home of the Statler Brothers. She enjoys the simple things in life . . . cheap bubble gum and mail order catalogues. Thanks for sharing, loving, and laughing. **RAM**

William Walter Hoban
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Bill came to USNA from scenic Philly to run track and to become a Navy Pilot. He gave up the track idea after plebe year and a few run-ins with good old Al. Instead he concentrated on his major and on living life to its fullest. Somehow he survived the wrath of Rocket Reed and some other pathetic profs. He even survived a fifteen round brawl with a computer table, although he lost the conduct system and nearly spent his Junior and Senior years at Penn State. His financial situation has always been anything but stable, especially after he drove a borrowed car back from D.C. in first gear. Bill never really got along with the military professionalism here. He must have always been thinking of where he was happiest, on the beach in Sea Isle City, New Jersey, with an ice-cold Bud in his hand. Good luck in the future Bill, cause you'll always be a true "Shipmate." **DPQ**

Warren Hamilton Jernigan II
Pensacola, Florida
Economics
Naval Aviation

After spending one year as a partying "frat boy" in Florida, Warren came to USNA with visions of being a "Nasal Radiatior." Maybe it was only natural considering that he hails from Pensacola, with a few detours in the D.C. area along the way. Originally an Aero geek, he decided that Econ. was more conducive to his penchant for narcolepsy. How he could spend so much time confined to the rack and yet still become closely aquainted with Bancroft Medical is a mystery. For his sake, let's hope Pensacola grants unlimited sick leave. Harassing his 2/c summer roommate (EPF) . . . "Outside!" and watching him stagger around on his knees chasing blondes in NW D.C. is etched in his memory. He took such a strain by taking two research seminars his final semester. All those trips to Washington to do "research." We all wish him the best of luck with flight school, his white picket fence, and 2.2 kids. **ATW**

Joseph Frank LaSala
Wayne, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power

Joe LaSala (just hearing the name makes you chuckle) never ceased to amaze us. No matter what he did, he always seemed to use the back door. We first met Joe youngster year with his glorious rides back from D.C. (Hey Des, hand me that seat belt?).Joe had no problem showing his prowess with women (whatever their ethnic origin). He would talk with them for a few minutes and then wouldn't leave them alone for a few months. He has always been a fun guy to be around, until he falls asleep on his bar stool or behind the wheel. Joe would have never made it through the Mech E program if it were not for his keen awareness in class. Nowhere is this more manifest than in his 6 PCR scores. No wonder he got Nuke! Or was it Air? Wherever he goes, Joe will always leave his heart on the Joisey shore with his speedboat and a pretty little Italian. Stand up straight and look back now and then, Joe! Good luck and may God go with you. **DPQ**

Michael Sean Leary
Beaver, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

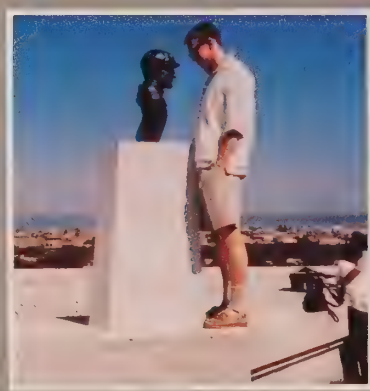
Hailing from exciting Beaver County, Mike came to us with his charming personality and mild temper. Mike never bothered anyone in the company, actually some people didn't even know he was in the company until second class year, except our fearless company commander who wouldn't let us room together and made me room with MUD"eye." Mike always seemed to have the knack of meeting psycho girls. He received hundreds of messages, volleyball schedules, and even had his car monitored on the weekends. Mike is best known for his fine taste in music and his slam dancing at the Ramones concert. His microwave, raisin jack, and the tug boat queen who showed him what to do with a computer table (If only BH was so lucky) kept us all amused. Well, SHIPMATE, I've had fun rooming with you for 3 years, good luck as a Navy pilot. **JFL**

Joseph Robert Maguire
Kinston, North Carolina
Political Science
U. S. Marine Corps

Joe comes to us from Kinston, NC. Four days prior to entering the Navy, he was offered a fun filled year at NAPS. The good times ended I-day when he was sentenced to Stalag 17 for a one year term. The amusement resumed when he was paroled to Cloud Nine. Youngster year had Joe climbing fences and wading through lakes on his way to the near fatality of EE second class year. After a "great time" in the Orient, Joe found himself as company commander. This was a memorable position, in particular the march over following a visit to Marley Station a few hours before. First class year ended his Naval Aviation career but asked him to be one of the few, the proud. Thank you for your friendship. Good luck in the Marine Corps. **BCF**

Craig Arthur McCarter
Joliet, Illinois
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Originally claiming the beautiful town of Joliet, Ill. as home, Craig came to Navy after a year detour through Tulane University. Plebe year in "Sweet Sixteen" was not exactly the same as the streets of New Orleans during Mardi Gras, but the "overly motivated" plebe with the good haircut took on the rigors of military life with ease. Excelling academically, CJ demonstrated his physical prowness while churning the waters of Lejeune Hall and gave a new meaning to the "whole man" concept. Second class year was rough for our hero, but with a minor major change from EE to General E. , he managed to come through with the rest of the men from 5451. After a summer of surf on N.Carolina's Outer Banks, first class year found the letterman without any colegiate eligability left. The extra time on the weekends was well spent with the B.H. in E-City. The Marine Corps is getting a good man. Keep up the PMA and the warrior mentality. **JAV**



Sarah Mary Michael
Livermore, California
Mathematics
Supply Corps

Sarah came to the Academy from the Bay Area, the only place with more unpredictable weather than Annapolis. She carried on the California attitude throughout plebe year on the sailing team, but by youngster year, she decided to do a REAL sport and joined aerobics. From the start, she set out to prove that aerobics IS a real sport, and more mids than ever are doing aerobics thanks to her. She is truly an inspiration to all who come to her class, but she is even more inspirational as a friend. Hard times seem a little easier when Sarah is around because she can find a silver lining in any dark cloud. We'll never forget Hoiby High, Friday night at Maggie's, Raspberry Margarita Toasts, Brunch at Jason's, summer in Halifax, and rising Mastercard bills. Maybe the Supply Corps will help us get out of debt. If not, Living Well Health Club needs some new aerobics instructors . . . Thanks for being a great friend. Kiss JA and someone else for me. **DRW**

Ruth Ann Miller
Goshen, Ohio
Chemistry
General Unrestricted Line

Goshen, Ohio could not have picked a better representative for USNA than Ruth. Likewise, I could not have picked a better roomate. When I think of Wooty, I think of our 60-mile bike ride before our bikes were given to charity; John Denver and Suzanne Vega; long talks about life and getting questions and no answers; sympathy cards and flowers we exchanged when we had bad days; long nights of chemistry derivations, predictions, and calculations — who would pick such a major? Ruthie will be remembered by all for her open-door policy. She has the incredible knack for taking on her own problems and the rest of the world's too. Ruthie deserves like no one else the promising future that lies ahead. Good luck to you Ruthie. May God's love follow you wherever you go. **WKH**

Desmond Paul Quigley
Matawan, New Jersey
Economics
Naval Aviation

How could anyone forget youngster year and seeing Des. Most of us expected to hear a brogue to come from him, but instead we heard,"I'm from Ma-a-a-tawan, New Joisey!" Des always had a knack at making friends wherever he went. Who could deny this happy dwende their friendship? Most of our mothers wouldn't have minded adopting him as one of their own. Des even managed to make friends with a certain D.C. caretaker and one New Jersey state trooper (106!). Des never made the Academy the focus of his life. In fact, it was usually the farthest thing from his mind. This was never more apparent than in Des's cheery moods when returning from leave (This place ——). Through it all though we always managed to have a good time whether it was a road trip somewhere or going down to Catholic. Good luck as a Navy Pilot, Des, from your SHIPMATES forever. **WWH**

Steven Ross Rasmussen
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

The Raz will probably be best remembered for his all-time record of ten parking tickets and two FORM-2's for unauthorized parking. The Jimmy Legs certainly won't forget him or his black Porsche. Steve was the originator of the towel abyss, and he was a master of the last-minute cleanup before room formals. ("The Black Hole is in operation again . . . ") A few weeks of restriction during first class year led to a severe case of loneliness and many nights in Baltimore's Sports Bar looking for a cure. Unsuccessful at his first priority, Steve took up playing pool for beers. His enthusiasm for the game led to many study hours spent in Smoke Hall perfecting his shots. Long live the Albert Michelson Memorial Pool Tournament! We hope you manage to do a better job of keeping your stateroom clean than you did with 5421. **MMC**

James Michael Rossi
Bethesda, Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviation

When Jim Rossi wakes up in the morning from unsettling dreams he finds himself changed into a monstrous slug. When we speak to him he answers, yet we cannot understand him for his reply is in slug language. Soon he is transformed again into a sometimes brilliant electrical master who has even built a metal detector. This is just another intermediary step in the final metamorphasis. Batting next for Navy and playing left field, Jim..Jim..Rossi..Ros.si! There's the pitch and it's outta here! Jim has now blossomed into a butterfly, or at least he will soon be flying something which looks more like a butterfly than he does. It's been a long time since I-day together four years ago but we still have a ways to go; there is more beer to drink, more Redskins — Giant's games to watch, and more women left to scam on. Stay away from stranger's houses while under the influence, and remember, wherever you go, there you are. **ESB**

William Joseph Schmitt
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
General Science
Naval Aviation

I always used to look forward to Sunday nights after Rugby games, when Schmitty would tell me his horror stories from the weekend. Those womanizing days ended, though. First class year brought a steady girlfriend and a new Mustang. Hearts were breaking in high schools all over Annapolis and Severna Park. Snowstorms and Mustangs don't get along very well, and after his second wreck, Bill spent most of second semester without a car. ("Anybody wanna buy half a Mustang?") As a General Science (Rocks for Jocks) major, he never had any homework to speak of, and his lack of transportation hit especially hard during Cinderella Libs. Bill exercised his skills to the utmost by borrowing his roommates' cars. There's no doubt he was the champion moocher. All kidding aside-good luck Bill, you'll be a P-3 man yet. **MMC**

Jeffery Stephen Sheedy
Atlanta, Georgia
Economics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Jeff was the only person I know to graduate from the Naval Academy without actually going there. If he wasn't spending his time cleaning the weight room, he was being chased by ladies of the night in Georgetown or finding monsters in the closet. In his quest for the Military Triple Crown, Jeff spent a fun-filled night in a pizza truck, and many a night with future stripers. His love of greenbacks earned him the affectionate name of Ivan. Senior year we found Jeff trying his luck with a sword during the day and a swizzle stick at night. Jeff always tried to help the less fortunate, especially the deaf. Honestly though, good luck in the Submarine Force, stand tall and remember to look back now and then. To us you will always be a SHIPMATE. **SAD**

Alan Todd Sitlinger
Valley View, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Alan's high school ambition was to "go to Penn State, get rich, and drive a Porsche." Instead, he came to USNA with the hopes of earning those Navy pilot wings of gold. Alan spent most of youngster year travelling home to socialize with the underage females of the valley. When his reputation was finally shot, he turned to frequent trips to the "Glepper Zone" of Washington, D.C. These excursions allowed Alan to practice (unsuccessfully at McDonald's on one memorable evening) hand-to-hand combat and the art of dumpster camouflage. He spent his remaining time at the Academy in pursuit of blonde women, Mr. Daniels, and Popeye's spicy chicken. Nevertheless, he managed to earn a spot in Navy Air. Better hope they don't learn about your 21st birthday. Good luck at Pensacola, you'll do fine. **MSW**

Brian Edward Street
Crofton, Maryland
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

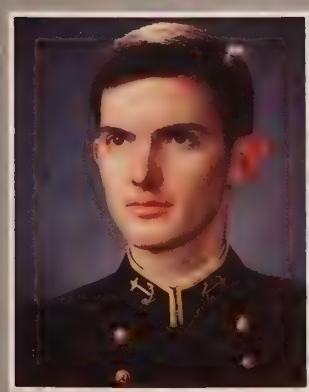
Brian was a commuter student from Crofton who spent most of his weekends at Maryland and VaTech. Brian was always a stickler for details, right down to the numbering system for his socks. Veterinarian, Squash, and the Bent kept him too busy to go out with his friends, but when he did, even Skippy would be proud. To get on Brian's good side it is important not to put his towel on a wire hanger, for future reference that is. Although Brian rose to the ranks of striperhood, he never was afraid to break the Regs. In fact, he was more nervous about his father finding out about our refrigerator than Lt. Aten. Brian's high grades kept us all studying out loud. This annoying habit made his all-nighters less than memorable for Mike. Well Brian, good luck as a Bubblehead. Too bad the sleepwalking didn't work!! **JFL**

Robert Brian Tomiak
Springfield, Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

It hasn't been boring with the Tomahawk around. Plebe year academics challenged him, and everyone knows he loves a challenge. Mids above and below him felt his flames. Opponents in soccer and on the track watched him flash by. Building the world into water would not stop him either, as overextended study hours mixed with metal mania, mini-rumbles, and wierder antics to keep us sane. Eternal youth took him to G-town first, but old friends and new flames kept him coming back. His cut-off tee may have brought us reg PE gear, and his professionalism brought headaches to those who didn't care to hold top standards, but his sense of humor and undying perserverence to always do the best and the right kept many of us from losing sight of our purpose. Rob came to Annapolis with his goals and never looked back except to help someone else along. I dedicate this small tribute to my special friend. Ooh-rah, SeaBees! **TEA(CI)**

James Alexander Vohr
Northfield, Massachusetts
English
U.S. Marine Corps

Hailing from the deep woods of Northfield, Mass, Alex had to shed his work boots and flannel shirts for pro-keds and the dreaded smell of new white works. Lt. Aten first noticed his professional bearing and demeanor when Alex emerged youngster year at Army-Navy. That was a year of ups and downs, as Alex won his first varsity letter with Navy crew, but he ran into the double "E" gauntlet as life started to lose its old linear qualities. Second class year Alex hung tough as a member of Force Four of 5451 by winning the IRA Championships in a four man shell to go with the three N-stars won by the other members of the force. It must have been the training trips to the Wharf Rat. As a four striper first class year, Alex gave the rest of the Brigade a taste of the "Vohr Factor," and now it's off to the Marine Corps. Keep massing, attacking, and presisting, Ralax! **CAM**



Andrew Thomas Waters
Holtville, California
History
Surface Warfare

It was a warm sunny morning on 6 July 1984 that Andrew "T." Waters began his long awaited naval career. He "Hit the Deck Plates Running" and never looked back. "Muddy," as he was affectionately known, overcame periodic bouts with Heinz Lenz and the sustacal-wielding doctors to become the "Admin King" of Cloud 9. Other significant positions include Captain of the Varsity Rack Team, chief wardroom rat, and Company Ops Boss. Although his varsity sport kept him busy, Andy still found time to enjoy some of life's opportunities. In fact, his first Friday night liberty was just one of those occassions. Andy celebrated Navy's victory on the court by experiencing what it is to be a kosher Vlasic pickle. It is still unknown why he was the only middy to beat the Dreaded Rack Monster, but he was an inspiration to us all. Good Luck in the Fleet, "Haze Gray and Underway," be careful of those Big Blue Magnets, and Ames clones. **WHJ**

Mark Steven Wierman
Salisbury, Maryland
Naval Architecture
Naval Flight Officer

Mark came to USNA from Salisbury, Md. for lack of anything better to do. Once here, he decided to eat, drink, and be merry. In fact, he loved spicy chicken so much that he set the record for the number of tailor shop visits in one semester. His tailor shop problems weren't lessened by frequent trips to D.C., where Mark would indulge himself in fine women and spirits — the more the merrier. It was in D.C. where Mark became an "Ambassador" and an inhabitant of the Glepper Zone. Who could ever forget the Glepper Zone? As a member of the 3 a.m. Sandito Club, he was a participant in various unforgettable evenings (more on that later). Never one to be too concerned with the Navy, Mark finally realized that he would eventually have to "graduate and do something." Luckily, he saw the light in Pensacola and decided to head south. **ATS**

Ford Alan Williams
Minnetonka, Minnesota
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Back in '84 Fordo decided to follow in his brother's footsteps, so he packed up his bags, left Minnetonka and headed for USNA with high hopes. After a month of school, he came to the conclusion that the Navy wasn't for him after all. Fed up, he packed up his bags again, called a cab and checked into the nearest hotel. After a chat with his firstie brother Chris, he decided to return to school and give it another shot. Struggling his way through, he finally got past plebe year and the rest was history. He has always been a fun person to be around with his great sense of humor and his unbelievable knack of taking and dishing fun loving abuse. Being no stranger to the sauce, Fordo never passes up a chance to hit the bars or take a road trip in search of good clean fun. Playing hockey for four years, he definitely earned the distinction of being the team's answer to "Charlie Hustle." He is truly a class act. Good luck in P-Cola. **PJM**

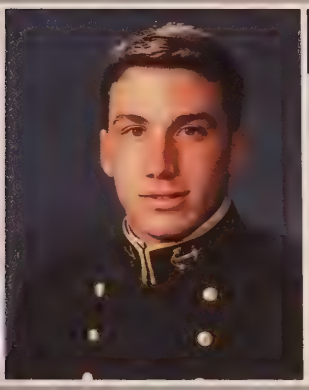
10TH COMPANY

Robert Edwards Banker
North Stonington, Connecticut
Computer Science
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Bob came straight out of high school from the land of true maple syrup and pitching horseshoes. In Serene Eighteen, Bob knew all his rates until he was asked "the definition of love." The start of youngster year he brought back THE STEREO that nobody could match and ended with a case of beer, a wrecked Catilina and a 6000 series. Second class year brought about his first trip to KITTIE'S PLACE where he was dubbed the STORYTELLER. First class year finally came and with it came increasing trips to Morgantown, West Virginia. Bob's pride and joy is his 1980 white corvette and his challenge is THE ROAD. Bob will always be known as Mr. Wild Turkey, the GAAASHer, and Rack Monster of room 5223. GOOD LUCK SLICKIMUS! **AAV**

James Pius Boland
Charlestown, West Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Special Warfare

From butterball to BUDS this 5'7" inbred worked his way out of Morgantown and into restrictive life at USNA. Jimmy went to the movies quite a bit plebe year. He can't remember most of them. We quickly learned of his ability to kill Wild Turkeys. Sometimes his friend Jack would beat him to the point, and he was left praying. Jim was under the powers of . . . as a youngster. His loan went into a non-refundable relic of metal. Second class summer Jim took up woodworking and "talking." Jim was the master planner of all outings, including Rehobeth. He spent the rest of the year floating in and out of Morgantown to "talk." We went along to protect him from lock jaw. Jim was smooth, as he split from his woman the day after the Ring Dance. With his car on its deathbed, Baltimore became a new rest stop for his liver. If Jimmy really is a fish he should have no problem at BUDS. **JJH, ECR, JCM**



William Richard Bray
Natick, Massachusetts
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Bill Bray, alias Big Willy, came to the Academy from HOC, the Home of Champions — Natick, Mass. Whether it be golf, basketball, or skiing, Bill always found time in his life for sports. From endless babbling about Byrd and the Celts to the time the Sox lost to the Mets, Bill has always been a diehard Flutie, I mean sports, fan. Through championship wrestling, U.S. Steel, picnics on the fire escape, and "You guys have it so easy! When I was growing up . . . " Through endless and pointless arguments about anything trivial, sloppy rooms, classic rock, and touring rock bands — Bill has been a good roommate. Now it is time to get "ready for sea" aboard the USS FIGHTING FORT FISHER. Good luck, Bill, and fight the good fight. **FXH**

Kenneth William Caraveo
Turlock, California
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Bubba, Budda-belly, Gooney-goo-goo . . . we thought he followed in the footsteps of his brother (minus the extra responsibility); did that girl really bake the bread? And just how long have you known . . . anyway? How many dates do you need for an engagement? Perhaps he wasn't a varsity athlete either, but he joined the elite as a victim of Stiff's cutting crew — along with several other NAPSters. But he didn't go into total retirement; rather, he became 10th Company's version of Billy Martin on the softball field. Oh, and were you company commander or sub-commander, we can't remember! Your 23rd birthday was successfully celebrated on Wednesday Libs. Remember the late night chit-chat sessions as a member of the minority gossip group with MRG and MAD. We will all be talking about you for a long time to come. Good luck at P-Cola — fly straight. **MAD, MRG, TMS, RCV**

Michele Ann Daley
Allentown, Pennsylvania
English
Cryptology

Michele came from Allentown. Michele came from Allentown Deja Vu? She liked plebe summer so much she went twice. She quickly adjusted to upperclass habits. She continued her talents in basketball — or was it baseball? Talks with her in the basement locker room were more precious to me than she'd believe. Look out, Plato; we've figured it all out. 2/c year: Mich, did we have a 2/c year? EE study sessions, and Dew to keep awake. Attention on Deck! Capt Morgan's. First class year saw Michele ready to party! From tailgaters to St. Patty's Day (How many guys did you kiss that night?) What inspired platoon drill? (Those eyes!) We were two outsiders in the English Dept. No one ever understood how close we were. Good luck in crypto. I'll miss you but that's what phones and planes are for. God Bless You. Sis, thanks for all the late night talks, Trivial Pursuit, class, and all the gossip with MRG. Wonder if MOM still thinks we'll get married? **JLKKWCMRG**

David Paul Dawson
Haslett, Michigan
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

After a year of real college life at Mich. State, Daws was thrown into the jaws of 25 and Carlton Pierce (all your rates, go). Hanging with Sal, TJ, and lifelong roomie Chuck made the year dangerous but interesting (Little Green Deuce Monster). Third class year: the big 21, the comedy/drama "Dream's Landing" (directed by JR), decorating Christmas trees and colliding with traffic cones at Army, Florida with CL, TSH, and Neon Leon. Second class: the underclass wardroom (Love Connection and Amerika), brigade softball champs, MWC, and fame with the WUB"A" gang (lots of laughs and restriction). Firsty cruise for Daws was touring Hawaii in an F-4 (callsign: Dawg). First class: the Black Beast and The Road (mach 2 with your wheels on fire), WVU, Dr. Chi (you all get D or F), a new nickname (W), the Vouz (the blue wall doesn't give up), and, of course, A (those scenic rivers). Don't give up the ring, and go for the three wire. **SFG, TSH, WTL, CWL**

William Scott Dickson
Alex City, Alabama
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Scott "Bud-row" came to us via NAPS with his Jimmy Buffet music. After surviving plebe year in 23rd company, he spent his youngster cruise aboard the USS Nimitz in the Med. Third class year was rather casual for Scotty, but did you ever figure out who done that to yer bear? Second class year brought a big change to Scotty's life. At the International Ball, Scott met his future fiancee. They will be getting married in Buenos Aires in June. Scott enjoys scuba diving, hunting, and traveling. He will be leaving good ol' USNA for Philly and the USS Patterson, FF1061. I hope the Patterson has large enough storage rooms for all those coffee beans you'll need. **CWL**

Donald Irwin Dracon
Littleton, Colorado
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

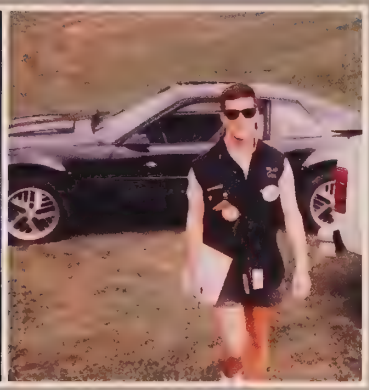
Sea Cadet "BIG DADDY" came to USNA from the land of losers — Broncoville. His Auschwitz ID indicates the rough transition to military life during plebe summer. Slack SIX and permanent "carry on" set Don's attitude toward the next three years. Born a diehard nuke, Don opted for marine engineering. Second class year Don, WVU, and party beverages became best friends. At this time the "great glass collection" began. Don's failing investments and sporty Satellite roadhog have helped him to remain in abstinence. After nibbling from his mega-chow packages, Don would sleep with his designer booties in order to ward off the evil toe monster. Amazingly, he kept five grease uniforms, managing life in a set of white works. Unfortunately, true roommates have been replaced by true sweats. Best of luck and keep the rad level low. **JFM & STE.**

Sean Tyler Epperson
Alexandria, Virginia
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Sean is from a typical bourgoise family in Old Town, Alexandria. Ep-T came to the USNA following a "real" cub scout retreat at VA Tech. He picked up cadence with the help of "left, left, left" from his beloved summer platoon Cdr. Third class year, finding the EE load about as much fun as a Nazi concentration camp, Sean looked to the math department as his saving grace. Blessed with our infinite wisdom for the next two years, Sean would excel in all the challenges at USNA. In return we were blessed with his nocturnal grunting and snoring. Sean had at his disposal the 74' special edition Laguna prototype. When he managed to get this beast out of the Fairfax mud pitts, he was off to see . . . After getting engaged 2/c year, we thought Sean may be suicidal when he had to suffer through those two-week separations. Admiral McKee's high-five convinced Sean to grab the Nuke bonus and head to Orlando. We wish you all the best — **JFM & DID.**

Stuart Scott Gaudet
Middleburg, Florida
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Coming to USNA straight out of a Florida high school, Stu brought a laid-back, beach outlook with him. Not a particularly useful trait plebe year, Stu found a home for himself in Tenth as a 3/c. He was the first Class of '88 WUB"A" gang member. Always striving to improve himself, he soon discovered he didn't have to study to keep his grades up. At least not until after midnight! He also was particularly adept in turning the floor into a general-purpose garbage can. Weekends found him either at Catholic U, in Morgantown with his cousin, or driving at some ungodly speed in his baby blue '67 Camaro. A truly classic car, Stu equipped it with all the modern conveniences, except working door handles. Always proud of his French origins, Stu displayed amazing tolerance levels until Army-Navy '87. The wall at Stouffer's is still recovering. But, all in all Stu, its been fun. Good Luck. **REB**



Scott Franklin Granger
Millbrook, Alabama
History
Naval Aviation

Straight from high school in the deep south, our confederate friend found himself in 22, roommates dropping like flies. After his arrival in Ten we soon realized that Scotty was a collector . . . of female friends. Third class year: backmasking, ping pong, global domination, the comedy/drama "Dreams Landing," (directed by JR), and the start of the flock (P,J,R,K). Second class: "dain bramage," the Jersey shore (R), the beach at P-cola (M). Once academic year started along came MWC (A-zzzip), the fame of the WUB"A" gang, fieldball, and the brig softball champs. His year culminated in Smoke hall (OHIC . . . oops) and putting on the ring (the right one) with H. First class: Scott hit his stride (M, J, K, P, K, T, etc. — must be why he got three stripes), stay away from the Commodore's wife, WVU, the Pulsar roadster, Vouz (are you all right?), and Brig P-judge (darn computers). The fun is in the hunt not in the kill, see ya upstairs. **WTL, DPD, TSH**

Michael Rodney Greene
Boston, Massachusetts
Economics
Surface Warfare

Buddha came to crabtown ready to run for USNA. He established himself and wasn't afraid to admit it (I'm the fastest man at the Academy). Although a heavyweight when it came to running, Mike was a lightweight with a drink. (I wanna go this way, I wanna go that way.) Second class year brought Mike an NCAA record, Star (and several stars on his sweater), and The Gold Card (you're such a Momma's boy). First class cruise made Mike realize that large ships and partying were for him. (Sorry about the dent.) First class year Mike really got into his major and demonstrated his love for paper-work as Academic Officer. DAHLING, cease the chatter, shopping at the midstore, and long talks. Can you believe we made it through EE and Steam? Don't dance on the flight deck like you did between classes! Thanks for trying to drown me. "Hi, Honey — I'm Home" made you our extra roommate. But we love ya . . . you're such a peace-maker! **KWCMADMJWRCV**

Edward Clyde Grinnell
Los Altos Hills, California
Economics
Naval Aviation

Rugger, AKA Grinch, Edge . . . it began in SB straight to the stalag. Got your black N, vagrancy, sleeping in the gutter, restriction squad, ATTEN-HUT, you're in 24, too, H? Could be trouble . . . it is trouble, E. Maazzaa! CREW-BO-MO-FO! Get that varsity letter. Beat Army, oh well, let's pick up some beer and golden grahams. Army 1985, room 1934, fear, repo man, slam dancin' at 4am, crazy 3/c, crazy roommates, the big fry, restriction squad, ATTEN-HUT, again? scrambled, again? bye E. party's over. A summer in A, Swedish girls, out of jail, almost. A night in P. singing rock lobster, H, are you in trouble, again? Ring Dance! the boat, bye, Mazza. A summer in Europe, back to jail, almost done. Hood girls are . . . out! Nice yellow lude, dude. Spring break in D, rugby, the SC girl, wow! Cinderella libs, chillin' at the B's. JUEVOS RANCHEROS! I got my flight billet, no I didn't, yes I did! E. we're back! Wingmen Forever. **TWHH**

Jeffery Joseph Hahn
Tampa Bay, Florida
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

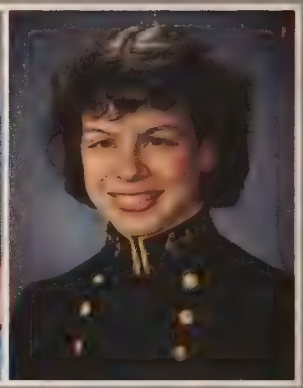
Jeff had a first class brother with a 3.8; too bad only one of them was blessed with brains. Jeff had a real talent for fixing things, as long as he could do it with masking tape. Tape could not fix windows. Along with Jim, he master-minded many practical jokes. His favorite pastime was reading while he took a hot-cold shower. He choose from a selection of sports: the first was wind surfing, then he took up wrestling the big blue monster, and finally baseball. Baseball was not good to him; with Jamie pitching, he struck out twice. He and Jim became "Brothers" after one eventful trip to Morgantown and continued the tradition onto the Vouz and the Valentine dance. Bliss was defined as laying in bed and being able to work on the computer at the same time. Now that his ship is in San Diego, he can get back to the sun and beach. We are sure that Jeff's calm temper will carry him to success in the fleet. **AMF, ECR, JPB, JCM**

Francis Xavier Hall
Port Jefferson, New York
General Engineering
Supply Corps

Fran came to the Naval Academy straight from Port Jefferson High School. He played two years of varsity football and two years of 150 lb. football, in which he earned two varsity letters. Academically, Fran didn't set the world on fire, but he always distinguished himself as a hard worker. More impressive about Fran is something that can't be measured on a report card, something that comes from the heart: genuine selflessness. Fran was more giving of himself than anyone I've ever met — a true friend. When one of life's cruel realities slaps you in the face, true friends can be hard to find. In Fran Hall, I know I've found one. **BRB**

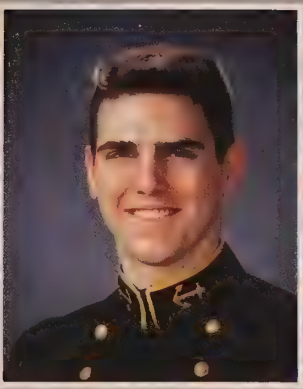
Pamela Lee Hilton
Cincinnati, Ohio
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Coming from Cincy straight to EZ-25 (all your rates . . . go), Pam soon learned to tell one billiard ball from another. In an attempt to escape, she became a rah-rah. (Why do people keep yelling 'boom'?) It's a good thing she got scrambled into Good Times and better care. Youngster year found her with a tree named Gloria, finally looking life straight in the eyes. And where was the guy department? Wake up and smell the coffee (you drink it enough!). Personality of a doorknob and the character of a wet paper towel, yes, 'the fisherman', 'the nose,' etc. She has one thing going for her — she hasn't broken her arm yet this year (knock on wood). Hurricane Hilton will long be remembered by fledgling 91ers. USNA is the guilty party for wanton destruction of character, but I'm sure she will get on an upswing once she hits the fleet (running, of course), as long as she contiues to wear those slinky nightgowns. **KBP, MAD**



Tucker Slocum Hite
Littleton, Colorado
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

After MMA, Tuc breezed through Seven with volleyball in hand. His activities increased upon his entry into Ten; his emphasis shifted from professional to social. Third class year: the big 21. Second class year: the underclass wardroom (Amerika). First class: Hawaii cruise. A series of female interests contributed to Tuc's academic standing. These companions could be counted on to supply his friends with blind dates who had "nice personalities." A born social director, Tuc orchestrated numerous "nasty little soirees," usually with incriminating results. Tuc was one of a select few mids who appeared in the comedy/drama "Dream's Landing," directed by JR. Tuc fit the Califorinia "beach volleyball" mold: tall, blond, AWESOME hitter, and tall. His only respite from varsity volleyball was fieldball 3/c year: the scoring machine. At our 20th reunion, just look for Tuc on his memorial stool at Griffins. Good luck in the Corps. **DPD & SFG**

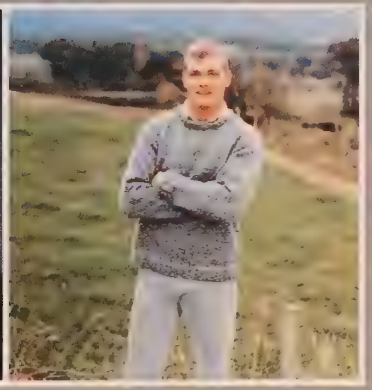


William Trevor Lennard
Papillion, Nebraska
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Trevor "There's no place like home" Lennard came to USNA skipping along the Yellow Brick Road (from some AFB out west). Skate 8 was kind to him, and he made it through with his respectability. This he quickly lost upon entering 10, when he met up again with his 4th grade classmate and three year roomie, Grange. Third class year brought the Voyager, ping pong, and numerous trips to Va. Second class year: more trips, 2 for 7 (a bite from the forbidden fruit in a can), and USAFA and the big sunrises. (Strange things happen to him on AFBs.) At the end of the year, DD and SFG finally convinced him to drop the truckster for the Z (they saw him test-drive a TA with tire-roasting results). First class year found Trev wearing down the Black Turnpike of NJ, visiting his own personal Oz. The ring went on in Fall of '87, without the ring. Get married soon, so we can have a Mom in P-cola. Do some of that NFO stuff. **DPD & SFG**

Charles William Lochard
Trinidad, Colorado
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

After his demotion from Sgt, USMC, to Midn via NAPS, Charley found himself surrounded by snot-nosed kids who needed his help to survive 25 (and Carlton Pierce). Third class year: Chuck and his '67 Camaro ragtop arrived in 10. They both appeared in the comedy/drama "Dream's Landing," directed by JR. That same year, the '67 rag had an allergic reaction to Florida sunshine. Second class year: he watched a close friend leave (TJ), but also unloaded some excess baggage after Christmas. He also introduced a 17th Co fieldballer to his knee, bringing delight to our team and ejection for himself. First class year: he hit Mr. Morgan's wife with his Jeep. Charley spent all four years at USNA playing rugby, lifting weights, shooting pool, living with Daws, and searching for the sacred Moosehead. We know he had a good time, even though he'll still deny it. Good luck in the Corps . . . exACTly. **DPD & SFG**



James Frederick McKenna, Jr.
Dover, New Hampshire
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Jim's first peek at civilization occurred when he ventured from his hometown to USNA. He discovered that Serene 18 was not so placid when chowcalls were required through the shower ventilation ducts. Starting 3/c year, Jim took courses in his major. Shortly thereafter he began suffering from chronic EE psychosis. The first symptom was night-time personal conversations, revealing secrets the Soviets would pay for. Secondly, over 3/c Christmas, suffering from EE psychosis and against the better judgement of his contemporaries, Jim took the first step towards fatherhood by becoming engaged. Adding to the financial burdens of his AT&T and US Air stock, Jim found a new love in his '67 red Corvette. Even though he told ADM McKee "I'm doing it for the money," Jim was accepted into the Nuclear Program. Never forget all the good times you've had, and look forward to all that's ahead — **STE & DID**

Domenick Micillo
Brooklyn, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Ominous Dominous, THE BOY! Yes, the Italian racquetball threat of 10th Co. has been a joy to all of us. His dances of victory, infamous Aero-gouge file, and rackosis trances truly signify Dom's highest priorities. Dom came to us as a tiny young bambino from the heart of Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, NY, and his spunkiness is always evident — from cussing out Brigade Drill officers at 0615 to his fiery burgandy Camaro. After 23rd Co., a bout with Capt. Peele, some 'striction, and shovelling snow, Dom finally moved in with the robust characters of 10. Changing Nando's entire vocabulary, engaging in bubbly convo, and living with the MPO GOD were true triumphs of his years at USNA. Yet a few of the memories we share with him are golden: white works, DAWG, Moo-Goo Gai Pan, Sinatra, and, of course, Bruce. When they made Dom they broke the mold. You're a classic, buddy. Best of luck Italian; fly straight, and always check your six. **FOM**

Jamison Currier Moore
Los Angeles, California
History
U.S. Marine Corps

He started as a hamster and enjoyed the benifits of being on the tennis team. He got into debt and into shape. Tennis was cut short youngster year due to lack of interest. It was always "overcast." Then he went through a short stint as a stereo REPO man. Hormone knew every starred mid. He was always deeply involved in plebe indoctrination. Something was seriously wrong at the Valentine Dance under a full moon. A little later in the year Jamie threw Jeff his second strike. His Ring Dance date was late for dinner because she had to fill the pool. Jamie decided to spend the summer continuing the pro dev at Mother B. First class year saw Jamie arriving with three stripes and full use of the tennis center. He got the second to the last MC billet, but the morning workouts only lasted two weeks. Jamie's other interests include: . **AMF, JPB, ECR, JJH**

Frederico Orlando Morales
Prunedale, California
Physics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Fast Freddie became a Boat Schooler the hard way, via enlisting and BOOST, but his laid back Prunedale personality lives on. His life really began third class year when LB came around and he took up bartending. A little restriction, with stars, put the damper on second class year, but his Lithicum weekends and new vocabulary (thanks to Dom and Rich) livened things up. First class year found Fred everywhere but USNA, practicing with his honey-bunny for their coming marraige. Eventually LB was introduced to the gang, and we all realized just how lucky Fo Mo had been. Fred's nuke decision wasn't influenced at all by money (or was it?). We wish him the best of luck in the world of the deep. The sub-squad will remember him as their drill sargent, the Physics majors will remember him as Madonna's buddy, but the Tenth Co. will remember him as a zesty hombre. **DM**

Galen Robert Negaard
Dayton, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Grrr . . . Negaard is from a small town in Ohio named Dayton — whoever heard of the Reds, anyway? He has mastered the art of Mech. E, bowling, long-distance running, and harnessing the power of the blue monster. He is an expert on the Ark of the Covenant and is a dedicated fan of Harrison Ford: "Good evening, Fraulein." He has boldly volunteered to serve UNDER(?) the sea and will aggressively further his engineering degree in Orlando, Fla., along with his fiancee (no kids, yet . . .). Fortunately, the Academy and his weathered roommate have ingrained in him strict discipline that will make him an admiral striker in the fleet. G has coined such popular phrases as, "Beat you up?" "Crush you like sand?" "How are you doing, C.O.D.?" Go get 'em, B.C.! **MJW**

Karen Beth Povlock
Unadilla, New York
Physics
Naval Flight Officer

Little did Karen realize, when she left partying Unadilla, she would be under the critical eyes of so many men! Yet, her own crew coach was the only focus of desire for her, and despite various colorful rumors about herself and certain physics classmates (ahem!) she maintained control. Spending her hours pulling for Navy on top of academics, parties, LK, and honors, Karen was not as accessible to the CO as she was to everyone else. (Hmm, TZ . . . Z but not touch!!) Yet Karen did show quite a flare for bringing aTTention to herself. When she was not studying Physics, dressing in Madonna outfits, or cruising in her Beemer she was enjoying the company of her many close friends. Karen never could resist the oportunity to chat and burn time. She is an incredible gal and a great friend to all of us who know her well. We wish her the best of luck in her naval aviation career. Take it easy KB, and if it's easy take it twice. **FOM**

Eric Christopher Ruttenberg
Lake Oswego, Oregon
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

First Smutty (G.D.) had the distinct advantage of having his brother living downstairs (did plebes have cinderella libs back then?). He continued the easy life by living in a two-man room for the rest of his career. Eric and FoMo shared a bottle collection with "Pete." He obtained his nickname on youngster cruise in P.I., where things were cheapy-cheapy. He spent younster year on restriction due to his fetish for firing "cannons" along with Dean and Mike Hunt. Second class summer was spent at the Academy improving interclass relations. Romance soon got the better part of "alphabet soup" Eric, winning over throngs of women. When it came to cars, only the best, an Alpha Romeo Milano (Melon?). His driving career began with a bang. First class summer found Eric returning to elementary school. During ac year he had a rosy time at Regatta in Charleston and then a long dry season. Good luck in P-cola with soup and jets! **JPB, JJH, JCM**

Timothy Matthew Salmon
Landing, New Jersey
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Everyone's favorite jarhead reported to USNA direct from the NAPS playschool and the snake-ridden Parris Island. The word brace never meant much to 4/c Salmon, and he brought a whole new meaning to the phrase "bad attitude." Second class year brought an end to baseball and a lifetime membership to Stiff's Cutting-Crew. Three years of invested time and money faded with the Dawn. After his jilt, Tim joined the Honors program and became permanently attached to a computer. Recovered, our Irish knight rode fearlessly into his womanizing future, conquering many. And "the gland with a conscience" marches on. Three parking tickets weren't enough for Tim so he earned his fourth in April and gained Second class parking privileges. After four distracting years at USNA he will be returning to his beloved Corps. We hope your career flies smoother than your love life. Good luck from the boys. **DJH, MJR, KWC**

Gregory Robert Shimp
Owensboro, Kentucky
History
Marine Aviation

Gregory Shimp's four years here at the Naval Academy can best be described as a prolonged identity crisis. A native of Ohio, Gregg (Don't ask where the second "g" came from) has maintained that backwoods spirit by persuing his long term dream of someday dethroning the fishing king, Jimmy Houston. Gregg also sports a fine collection of cowboy boots, and often relaxes to the sweet sounds of Hank Williams, Jr., while reminiscing of his days at the rodeo. Gregg, who spent seven months of his life in the Carribean, is also a closet Rastafarian, and he maintains his status as a Bruce Springsteen groupie. As far as his plans for the future, Gregg intends to be the first Marine Corps Aviator to win the Mr. Olympia title. Best of luck, Shrimp. **DUS**

David Udell Simon
Westport, Connecticut
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

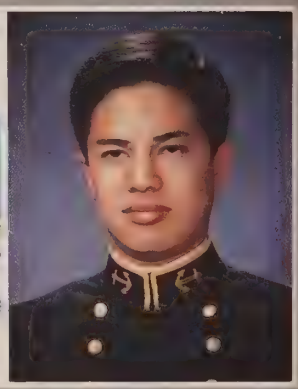
The last four years for Dave (alias David V. Simoni, Dave Mackintosh) have seen a long list of new activities: ping-pong, Nerf hoops Wednesday nights at Fred's Place, radio cars, and following in the footsteps of Bertil Fox. The guy who shaved an "N" on his head remained a Deadhead throughout. Although he gave up on tie-died shirts, we still hope someone will teach him how to dress. What will he do when his parents quit buying him things (such as the car, and Bermuda)? I'm sure we'll all get to see him on the winner's dias at the Olympia someday . . . (MS?) either that or in the Blue Angels. Whatever, keep on "truckin!" **GRS**

Richard Curtis Vaill
Staten Island, New York
English
U.S. Marine Corps

Staten Island threw Rich out and gave him to us. After a difficult year in 20th Co., he found easier times in 10th Co. Youngster year saw his QPR rise above 2.0 but the sweat continued to flow. Second class year lit the dormant flame, and EE fed the fire. With first class year came the black Formula and frequent trips to the Black Garter. During his stay at Canoe U. Rich proceeded to spend most of his time on crutches due to his weak ankles or a lack thereof. A true lover of music, Richie Valley is a wild man both on the dance floor and with his guitar. The Mach 1 maniac, the ten megawatt madman, the man who never needed to use the on ramp to get into the fast lane, is going to be a true asset to the U.S. Marine Corps. "Semper Fidelis" — keep it on the red line. **KWC & MRG**

Anthony Astilero Villanueva
Oxnard, California
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Coming to USNA from NAPS, Tony had to adjust quickly to lower midshipman pay. After all, hour-long phone calls to California were tough to manage on $60/mo. Even after a long plebe year in Serene 18 and "requesting permission to be drilled" after every meal, Tony was determined to keep the laid-back Californian image alive. Third class year found him patenting the "Villanueva look": tilt back the cover, insert hands in pockets, and stare blankly at nothing. Second class year found Tony of legal tender, and since he didn't often partake, his tolerance stayed low. One Saturday night he slept with all of the room's dirty laundry, stray shoes and loose books — courtesy of DPD. By May, he found himself in the ranks of the married — not that he ever wasn't. As a 1/C, "We're going to Maggies" became part of his TGIF vocabulary. But we all know he won't have any problem settling down, so good luck, Slick! **REB**

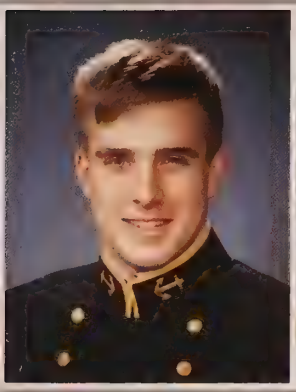
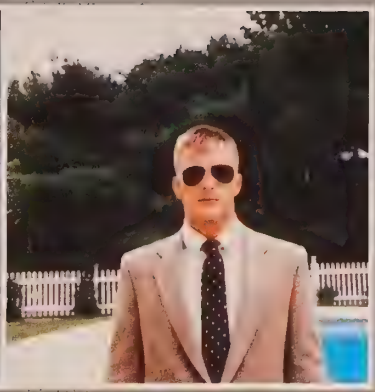


Varanda Kelita Williams
Poway, California
Economics
Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

Booty, lil' black troll hangin' under Fitch bridge, V, Messy Marvin. Oh, by the way, how many blotters did you buy? How many times did you sweep the floor? Don't worry, Mickey won't bother you! Varanda came to us from the west coast, a bit confused and a lot spoiled. Youngster year found her rooming with her nemesis from NAPS, MJW. The company was never the same; late nights met early mornings, and neighbors were feisty when kept up. Speaking of feisty, how about that power breast stroke in the forty-year swim. We know why that stroke works for you. First class year and the info. gained from reading all those magazines — we can't overlook the wedding plans — how did you find time for homework? Oh yeah, you didn't!! The love affair that budded at NAPS from pure denial has blossomed into a life-long committment. Good luck; we'll miss you and your lovely dancing!? Luv, your roommates. **MAD, MRG, MJW**

Michael James Wilmot
Annapolis, Maryland
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Mike is a man of humble spirit, but don't think he won't trounce you (you pick the game). An athletic natural in body and character, Mike didn't have it so easy at academics. As for so many, the Rocket proved to be the Waterloo of an arduous war with the books; but Wilbo again proved the winner in the end, gaining the prized mameluke that eluded so many. Don't ever let it be said Mike isn't emotional; under his usually reserved demeanor awaits a child with a deep desire to tip a canoe, zap you with a water Uzi, or 4-wheel his way up the nearest mountain. Rarely does he express the profound depths he thinks and feels. Got a problem? No problem, Mike will hear it out, no matter how bad he's unsat. In Mike I have seen that "greater love has no one than this, that one lay down his life for his friends." Mike is a true warrior in that battle that is callled life, because in all things he gives his life to the Victor. **TAP**

Chet Hilburn Woolley
Towson, Maryland
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Chet came to Tenth Company a virtual hometown kid from nearby Towson. His parents soon saw fit to desert him, however, and left for New England. Always one to make the best of any situation, Chet soon discovered that skiing and having no state taxes made the move worthwhile. In the meantime, he set about to prove that it is, in fact, possible to keep one's head well above the academic waterline while at the same time making numerous trips to D.C. and Baltimore and keeping fit enough to run pretty much anyone else in the company into the ground. Although Chet experienced enough of the highlights of Pensacola to select Navy Air, he was finally punished for his past hedonism. Yes, penance in the form of a tall blonde from Hawaii was due. Chet rapidly established a path from Annapolis to Tarrytown, and life as he knew it was over. Tear 'em up down in Flight School, and see ya up top. **WTL**

Matice Jeanean Wright
Annapolis, Maryland
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer

Moody Matty(Tice) Well it is a good thing she didn't have to travel far to get here because she certainly would not have made it on time. Speaking of time, doesn't reveille go at 0700 vice 0725. We certainly wouldn't want to interupt that 15 hr. sleep day. How did you ever find time for class? Oh, You didn't! During your waking hrs., you did manage to get in 5 hrs. of Spyro Gyra and at least 5 boxes of Kudos. Navy track will never forget you; your leadership, your records, your private cheering section, and your arguments with the coach. Never forget rooming with VKW, you were the perfect mixmatch. You survived the PCR (psyche), Navy swimming, and academics. P-Cola will be a breeze. Don't worry HY will be the first Nuke plane commander. Good Luck we will definitely miss you luv your roommates P.S. why was the door locked? !#$@%$#@!

11TH COMPANY

Brian Thomas Alexander
Richmond, Virginia
Physics
U.S. Marine Corps

From out of Virginia the man known as B.T. sailed on a quest to command one of the Academy's elite tall ships. His goals were simple: to be able to identify any brand of rum by smell from ten feet and date women as loud as he was quiet. Our hero never could park a car as well as he could drive a boat — one more ticket and his car would be banned from Hotel Brancroft's grounds forever. He wanted to fly but a greater calling brought him down to earth to pound and grunt with the best — his leathery hands grasping the barrel of a M16. We'll remember him as the "Ethiopian" and "Ectomorph" — Eleventh Company's most aggressive bodybuilder. Together with his favorite roommate he survived the Curt Hughes incident (The Man who could not Peel an Orange). Thanks for the years and best of luck in the Corps.

Michael Lawrence Beno
Socorro, New Mexico
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Mike came to us from the little known and seldom heard about podunk of Socorro. He tried to be an ocean engineer, but thermo wrecked his life and he went general. He still thinks he's in a real major and still carries "The Combat Briefcase" and HP. He's had no female relationships at USNA that we know of, but he carries the picture of a certain member of the class of '89 in his wallet. Other than this, Mike's loves have been his car, his Becks beer and his cowboy boots. Have a nice deployment in March of '89, we'll drink a few for you. Fair winds and following seas, your roomates. **EGC & PFCB**

Paul Francis Cheney Bertholf
Altomonte Springs, Florida
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Never a dull moment. From 14th Street escapades and fights at Maggies to all night Airborne gunge sessions, Dutch always seemed to have more going on than he had time to do. UNSATness was one of the few things that Dutch managed to master while at USNA, outside of bilging his roomates of course. His high personal standards earned him the honorable position of being permanent ICOR. Little things like all night beaconing and his nightly snore-a-thon earned him several appropriate nicknames. Permajam, Constabilge, and Bilgemaster are just a few that come to mind. First class year saw Dutch trade in his old car for a brand new family wagon. Keep your fingers crossed Dutch, maybe after PV1 gets through with Army basic training you'll be able to put that wagon to use. Out here . . . **MLB & EGC**

Joseph Patrick Brennan
Brentwood, Tennessee
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Jumpin' Joe Brennan will have to temporarily shelve his lifelong ambition of driving an Anheuser-Busch truck for a living as he heads west to join the Gator Navy in San Diego. Joe's dominating presence on the offensive line could be only surpassed by his continued presence toeing the restriction line. His talents weren't restricted to athletics. One of his greatest talents was his wide-mouth bass impersonation that he often performed down at "The Hill." This won him a lasting place in the hearts of the patrons and a place on the softball team. Barney will be best remembered by the captain, crew, and passengers of the "Rebecca Forbush" for his undying affection for a 30-gallon trashcan. He showed his affinity for the surface community at Ocean City: Joe Brennan, the story about a man and his raft. Nobody will ever forget dollface. To the king of beers: May you one day have your own team of Clydesdales. Good luck from the boys. **BFD**

William Gregory Cook
Tupelo, Mississippi
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

Who geeked the most, yet racked the most? Who got more chow packages and letters than any other mid? Whose girlfriend spent more money on him than he made? Cookie! Hailing from the birthplace of Elvis and center of the universe, ol' Gregory probably never guessed that Em, who ran the track meet to her front door on their first date, would fly up for every Army/Navy game and Easter, send three letters a day and one chow package a week, and "buy daddy a new pair of shoes" when she wanted to spend more of her endless supply of money. The only time his blue jet flame was not on Geek Row was when he was mutilating buzzards with Em (when he didn't lock the keys in his car). Taking over Curt's position as 11th Co. GQ rep., Will tried out a beerdo, tactfully kicked over full bottles at parties, threw bottles from moving cars at road signs, and echoed his southern drawl through 5th wing in retaliation for an Army week recon on our room. **GARC**

Eugene Gerard Corrao
Whitestone, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Huge spent his USNA days proving that it is physically possible to sleep more than 12 hours a day and still graduate. While this led to some academic difficulties, anything over 2.0 is gravy anyway right?! School was never kind to Gene, and he soon became one of the last members of the Brotherhood. He will now be able to use his Phi-Sci knowledge at EOOW school. Geno is a New Yorker by trade and, after three years of living with people from civilized parts of the country, has managed to grasp the English language and has learned to control his childhood urges to "collect" hubcaps. Fast cars and crying women have always been among Gene's pastimes, too bad the car was always on blocks at home and Aplesmack didn't get emotional. Watch out for the salt spray on the bridge wing. Turn and burn. **MLB & PFCB**

Robert Edward Curran
Redwood City, California
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Rob was Eleventh's airborne representative. After tours at MCRD San Diego and Newport, he was assigned to USNA as commander of ATU. School was the only obstacle in his way. Rob and academics were like oil and water. Neither Wally's steam e.i. or an academic board have helped. Gramps epitomizes "2.0 and go." He meets and exceeds the Airborne Training Unit's standard of having its commander unsat by having been unsat every semester the last four years. Because of his limited weekend eligibility, Gramps was never interested in love-life outside of Bancroft. He confined his area of operations to the female members of the brigade (as anyone who saw him rappel out of 5th wing youngster year can vouch for). During 2/C cruise Rob signed his life away to the class of '87 and then to the U.S. Marine Corps as a firstie. Yaa-hoo!! "Semper Fi." **DWM**

William Earl Daisley
Coudersport, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Wild Bill left quite a track record during his stay here at Canoe U. Intent on becoming a pilot, he would let nothing obstruct his path — not even a mailbox! Bill kept a good head about him, whether he was conducting air ops off Mike's rooftop, moshin to thrash, or rockin in the stadium parking lot, St. John's by the river, and even in the Hall. A true lady's man, Bill knew how to treat them right. If he wasn't pounding with P, he was pushing champagne on C, or mauling M. He always did like giant jugs and hugs, but I don't know if anything could compare to his passion for sugar fixes. Fortunately, his voracious appetite for food and drink was offset with over 800 outer perimeters. From Annapolis Jacuzzis to Anne Arundel General, and from the halls of Goucher to the shores of Pensacola, Wild Bill Daisley leaves his mark. **MEF**

Danford Rogers Deakin
Reston, Virginia
Physical Science
Special Warfare

I CAME, I SAW, I GOT FIVE BLACK N's . . . I LEFT . . . I CAME BACK AGAIN . . . AND I'M STILL HERE!!! Ah, come on Dan you love it here, otherwise you wouldn't be looking for a roommate for next semester. I wonder who will get stuck with you next semester. You were always good with the women. Good for a bum with no class, but anyone can pick up bims when you wait till everyone else gets drunk. The SUNSHINE stud, BUDS should be no problem maybe you can get that school right this time too. Good luck, Secret Agent Man! **BTA**

David Michael Donnelly
Oxon Hill, Maryland
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

During his stay at USNA, Dave Vader got quite a reputaion as someone to have around when the party starts (coincidentally, he was always there when it ended). In order to keep this reputaion untarnished, lord Donnelly stuck to a strict training schedule, using every opportunity he had to stay in shape — he even created a few such opportunities (a fact that cost him a couple of days on restriction). Like major leaguers, Dave usually trained in Florida during the spring — unlike some less professional partiers, he did not waste time sunning himself on some white sand beach. This is not to say that Dave's only concern was with partying. A major amount of his time since sophomore year has been spent with R. She is the only female that could keep up with him and, for that matter, would want to keep up (or put up) with him. The remaining time was spent tearing up the rugby field. Good luck in Pensacola, Dave. **BFK**

Stephen Charles Ellis
Walnut Creek, California
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

"Bulky D." came to us from the land of sun, and spent the next four years closing the windows behind his northern roomies. The only engineer in a Group III room, the "big blue blob" kept irregular hours, and soon he was correcting other people's "adverb abuse." His time spent on the town was inversely proportional to his record (and later disc) collection. Steve's taste for music on the leading edge left his roomies confused, was it music or was it a construction vehicle? Stumbling from his rack to the sports page, at 7 A.M., he could be found indulging in copious amounts of raisin bran supplied by his overzealous roommates. His hobbies included wind-up toys, late study hours, and pursuits in the field of resource management (gouge). What spare time he could find in his matrix was spent in trips to Moxie so he could buy stamps for his postcard collection. "Psycho Killer," Steve, and good luck! **CBM & AOM**

Mark Ernest Franke
Sterling, Virginia
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

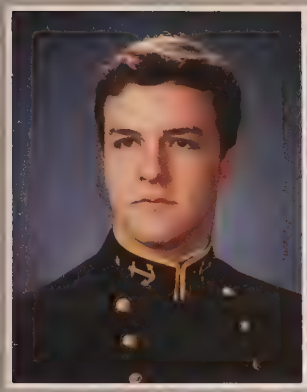
When Frark first appeared at the Boat School, we weren't sure if he'd come from Sterling, Va. or planet Claire. Psycho set his sights high, vowing never to miss another final and to only "watch" the dancers of the K-Side Inn. If we ever needed to find him all we had to do was follow the 100dB guitar licks to their source. His musical exploits were many from introducing a new sound in guitar to 11, the dance of the "Mad Dog" to the east coast (not to mention Chippendales), and a new meaning to the phrase, "warming up backstage," on the party boat. Frank had an extremely diverse taste in women from the icy D to the warm hearted C (let's not forget A), but he seemed to prefer his dates to the stadium parking lot the best. He was often laid back but would get wound up sometimes and get off on a high five or two. We can only hope that the walls of a Trident can contain this dynamic space child. **WED**

Daniel Lawrence Garcia
Cypress, California
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

The Mone blazed in from SoCal ready for some of that east coast action. Intent on being an airdale/physicist, Garc began a quest for wine, women, and song. His odyssey pitted him against the Dish who left him stranded at Veteran's Stadium, and the Drag who taught him to scuba dive and water ski in the same room. But Dan weathered the storm like a true Trojan and his victories were many. He and the White Ghost Sled smoked D on Rt. 2, gave MB whiplash, and explained ergonomics to J. Always looking for adventure, "Yak on my Back" has skiied the mountains of Vermont, fished in the Pacific, hiked in Virginia, wrestled in California, and boxed at Hood. It's been a true adventure and the east coast will never be the same. E doesn't love him, but he's M's favorite. This liberty hound is going to take Pensacola by storm. **AGC**

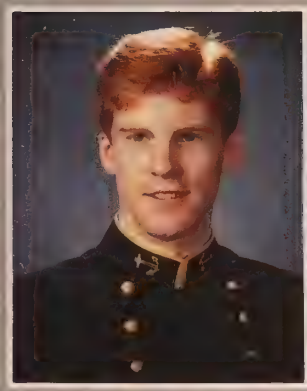
Brian Kent Gummin
Pound, Wisconsin
English
Naval Flight Officer

Brian comes to us from Pound, Wisconsin. Pound, Wisconsin? He enjoyed USNA so much that he spent more than half his time asleep. The only things that kept him awake were playing racquetball and phone calls from L. Oh yeah, L. That little ring got him into debt with half the company and too broke to drive his car, but as always, he pulled it out . . . or did he? I guess there's no reason to take the final if you don't turn in the research paper. But that's a minor set back. As a matter of fact it's impossible to sweat almost anything if you're short timing it from 500 days. We love you as a brother; somehow we just couldn't picture you as a nuke, but you definitely fit the bill as a backseater. Good luck — we know you'll be happy wherever you can lay your sleeping bag and put a picture of L. **WJS & CRH**



Daniel James Hebert
Appleton, Wisconsin
Oceanography
Medical Corps

Dan Herbert, no it's Sherbert, no it's Hebert with an accent somewhere in there. "Can you peel my orange for me, Dan?" He left the lowly peons from 11 for a lofty title. Was it regimental sub or sub regimental? No one really knows, we never saw him work, "Going to drill today Dan?" — "No, I think I'll go to a med school interview." Are you sure you've enough recommendations? "What's all the sweat — you're only 18th in the class." Dan was much more than an academician though, he was a philosopher as well; yet, Hebertian theory seems much more palatable after a half-dozen margaritas. How did he ever get B to listen to him? I guess it was when she found a diamond instead of a pearl in that clamshell. Well, at least he's got someone to trust his car keys to now. Good luck Danny-boy, no matter where you go to med school you'll go far. **BTA & TMS**



Michael Joseph Hogan
Little Rock, Arkansas
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Hogie began his stay in 11 by playing darts, getting acquainted with Hood girls, St. John's woodpile, and pursuing debutantes. Despite his hard work, commendable class attendance, and legendary punctuality, round two at the ac board nearly had him joining his former roommate. Smooth talking in round three kept up Hogie's hopes for a repeat appearance in Dossier. Although it took four credit cards, Hogie always managed to dress one issue ahead of GQ and became a regular at the Brickskeller. He survived numerous bouts with Jose, trips with Scooter to Clearwater and Gettysburg, and Pit Crew outings to the Voo and G-town. We'll never forget Hog's offering to drive back from the Thorogood concert, dancing with the wall and the girl that "could have been mine" at Fishmarket, "I'm not drinking tonight Bill," or rappeling with a garden hose at M's party. You've been a great friend, Mike, and we wish you the best always. **WED & BC**

Charles Robert Howsare
Bedford, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Medical Corps

Coming from the back woods of Pa, Charlie's biggest battle was learning to speak the language. But there was no challenge big enough for Charlie, so he soon overcame that obstacle (well — almost!). I've often wondered how Charlie made it through plebe year without huntin' or fishin' every weekend. I guess reading every issue of the Bedford Gazette, five times from front to back, pulled him through. In every thing he does, Charlie likes to "get among'st 'um," whether they are rabbits in the briars or plebes in the passageways. Charlie is the type that seeks out leadership roles (maybe because he likes to have things done his way), and he found one leadership position as company commander for first semester. Charlie always tries to do his best at everything in order to "do everything as unto the Lord." Charlie, you're a good man and a good friend. Medical school is yours. God bless you and L and your life together. **BKG**

Michael Robert Lowe
Anaheim, California
History
Naval Aviation

Well, lets do this, no this, no, maybe this, but I want to be a SEAL, no, a Top Gun pilot, I liked that movie, no, that isn't it, what I really meant was . . . but she's great, she even likes me. I should marry her, did I say marry?! No, that isn't what I meant, what I realy meant was . . . Life at USNA has been a confusing proposition for Mikie, in fact so confusing that he went to Georgetown for class for half a year before we set him straight. The stud who wanted to quit to be an enlisted SEAL his plebe year (until a youngster set him straight). So what will it be Mike? Sea, Air or Land . . . or all three? We know that from 50,000 feet up to 165 feet down under you will do well. Surf's up dude!!!!! Ha! **DRD**

Charles Barend Marks III
Branford, Connecticut
English
Surface Warfare

One could always find Chuck in his rack with a cup of tea and a good book, and thus it came as no surprise when he changed his major from poly sci to "single E" early in youngster year. Of course, this change allowed him more time to aim lights and blow up speakers over at The Booth. Speaking of time, always being the last one around for finals gave Chuck plenty of opportunities to meet lovelies like P.F.B. First class summer found Chuck driving his Saab, and teaching the plebes our pre-drill motivation song. Chuck also experienced the wrath of the pay system, becoming the only midshipman to receive a bill instead of a paycheck, and be granted the privilege of paying for his ring twice. Despite numerous attempts at Marine Corps recruitment by his father, as well as offers of preferential selection, Chuck chose his own path, and decided to go Surface Line. "Psycho Killer," Chuck, we wish you the best of luck in your future. **AOM & SCE**

Henry Nicholas Marxen
Williston, North Dakota
Physics
Naval Aviation

Exactly where is Williston, North Dakota anyway? Known as Chickenhawk, Hank was a different bird. Definitely not a "sweat" (though he could lose more weight in sweat than a person twice his size), he never bothered himself with money, homework, or even studying for tests (when he remembered them!), but he always managed to get that crossword puzzle done! And what about his racquetball game? Besides his ability to sleep through any class, or his affinity for conduct action (he had the company's third highest demerit total!!), Hank was unbeatable on the courts. But it didn't end there. Hank was a lady killer as well. We'll all miss Hank. But memories of company parties, incense, late nights, Georgetown "oogling," and the candy jar will live on forever. Good luck in Pensacola Hank! (or is it Henry?) P.S. Got any dip? **TMO**

David Wayne Maxwell
Portland, Oregon
English
U.S. Marine Corps

David "Rax" Maxwell, came to us from Portland, Oregon. He developed a deep love for his rack and as a result became an English major. During his youngster year he discovered a new sport, bicycle crashing. It was this same year that he discovered how to take care of blistered feet, bruised arms and shave his legs. He came to the fore front of the company second semester first class year, and as a result lit off sweat pumps five, six, seven, and eight. Dave has kept up a long distance relationship with a woman which has chased him from coast to coast. Yet he still is saving himself for the right woman. May the right woman come before DSB gets him. **REC**

John Michael Meighan III
Annapolis, Maryland
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

John is the first person to graduate from USNA under the new Local Schools Exchange Program. He entered the Academy during '88's freshman year from AACC and was allowed to continue in his music major. John's real education took place downtown attending lectures by such greats as Billy Price and Frank Sinatra. The most important thing in his life, however, was his relationship with his true father, Ray Charles. Always the rebel, John insisted on driving around in an old convertible (a 1963 Ford Falcon Futura), wearing clothes from the portly section of Goodwill, and drinking Pennsylvania's finest export. Senior year, John found a substitute for his rack in the company of a girl after his heart, his Falcon, and his family name and fortune. Although he has more experience in placing orders than giving them, we are sure that John will do great in the Gator Navy. John, remember us and the summer winds. **PLT**

Robert Alan Miller
St. Louis, Missouri
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Bob hailed from St. Louis with the drive and determination unmatched by his mere mortal peers. Plebe year brought a varsity letter and stellar grades despite the adverse conditions. Youngster year Bob found himself in the tiger company, and this new environment bent him toward the aviation community. It was only after three weeks at jump school, a week at Quantico, and 1st class Marine option cruise in Pendleton that Bob was finally sold on Navy Air. Although Bob chose the flying major and sacrificed many of his weekends so others could study his solutions on Sunday night, he still found himself at the mercy of Rich on several weekends. He is the only person I know disciplined enough to save money each month of plebe year yet spendthrift enough to go broke flying Cessna's over U.S.N.A. Best of luck in the Fleet Bob, we know you will go far. **PLT**

Allen Ormand Mitchell
Forest Hills, New York
English
Medical Corps

Al is a product of the "Big Apple," a true paradox. New Yorker to the core with a personality that doesn't betray it, a quick wit covering the sensitive side that only "bug-eyes" could love. The women of Al's past are many and varied, including "hips" and the only girl to send metro fare to insure her date. Of course, the only true love of Al's life is Juliet: black, sultry, sleek, fast, and with dual exhaust. Juliet is, obviously, Al's Alfa Romeo CTV6. His affair with her extended to multiple photos of her interior, exterior, undercarriage, etc. Consumed by the exhausting passion of this relationship, Al felt compelled to retire every evening shortly after the commencement of study hour. This combined with constant consumption of diet-Pepsi and a Nostromo hat, Al managed to be the only English major to build his own mainframe from scrounged EE Dept. refuse. "Psycho-Killer," Al. Good luck in med school, we hope you never operate on us. **CBM & SCE**

Todd Michael Odegaard
Eden Prarie, Minnesota
Physics
Naval Flight Officer

This Norwegian from Minnesota, far and above the biggest bachelor of the class, was never able to find that elusive, tall, blonde girl of his dreams. He made up for it with his acquisition of a sleek Grand Am, in which he escaped from prison as often as possible. His major brought him happiness in many forms, including the JOY of a wonderful roommate. The gougemaster of the physicists excelled in his art, and not til first class year did he realize that the less work he did, the better grades he got. His efficiency and experience with the admin-conduct system as "the CDO from Hell" (his motto: Fry or be fried), landed him conduct officer, having already tried his hand at sub. TMO, the epitome of efficiency, inventor of the Beer-do and model for murder victim, if you earned one thing from your class, it is our respect. Somewhere in that carefree, laid-back demeanor is the man who did what had to be done, always. **HMI**

Carl William Peterson, Jr.
Ledyard, Connecticut
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

He started out with stars and finished up wondering what life was all about. One of the few who found years of happiness (and confusion?) one night in Dahlgren, he used his nuclear financed escort to take him (along with his books) to Pa for the weekends. His first priority was academics, or was it basketball, or was it her, maybe it was . . . No matter, he did well in every area, even with only one chest hair. With his sights on an SSN, he covered every conceivable base: Nuke this, thermal that, ultimately becomming president of the American Nuclear Society. He created the Goon Squad and his calves got drunk during his second plebe summer as part of the SWO Team. One of the late-night-study-buddies, he graced the fortunate few awake at zero-late-thirty with his strange insights on life. Seriously, a man with hope for the future, he was a man with 20/20 vision but Coke bottle glasses. Amazing. **ARM**

James Albert Protin
Charleroi, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Nuclear Power — Submarines

It has always been hard to pin a label on the Electron. On the surface he seemed to be nothing but a Don Juan — breaking hearts all over the place (even if they were not awake). It is a relief to all of us that he is graduating — it was getting pretty crowded out on the window ledge. This is but one facet of Jimbo's character. He found an outlet for his athletic talents on the football field. Being the computer whiz that he is, he served as the mainframe for educating the team, as well as his roommate and friends. When it came time for everyone to buy cars at the end of second class year Jim could barely contain his pride in his, so he decided to show it off by doing 360's in the middle of West Street at 4:30 in the morning. Good thing he was calmed by the steady nerves of his only passenger, Big Fred. It was in Ocean City that we found out what a truly fun loving guy Jim was, however. Good luck from the boys, Jim. **DMD**

William James Stites, Jr.
Phoenix, Arizona
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Jim, or Will, as his closest pals know him, is mostly from sunny Arizona. Being an Air Force brat, he has seen his share of other parts, including foggy England. Jim should have grown up in the fifties. If he did we wouldn't always be listening to the oldies station, and maybe he could have passed his eye exam. Now the Surface Navy has him, and I've never seen a more gung-ho sailor. When people ask him, "Why surface?" Jim says, "Surface Warfare, it's not a question, it's the answer." And when anyone offers a complaint about being nestled in the bosom of Mother B, Jim is quick to pipe in, "I love it here!" and of course we all believe him. Jim, I don't know what you're going to do without me and my advice on women, but I'm sure you'll manage. It's been a good year, and you know that's saying a lot! Any time you wanna open a big can of Kick-Butt, you know where to find me. **BKG**

Edward John Strasser III
Fairfax, Virginia
English
Nuclear Power — Surface

E.J. Strasser, the man known for his dedication, interesting ideas, and booming voice, is perhaps best remembered for his run-ins with the admin conduct system. If he wasn't driving in the yard, he was late for taps, class, or dental. His term as Wardroom Czar introduced eleven to EEJ-onomics and wishful thinking. (How about that new VCR, eh?) He played company cheerleader, when flaming on section 107, and maintained the REAL Far Side room for three years. A photographic memory enabled E.J. to ace his EE classes despite sleeping through them. His first-class switch to English major has revolutionized classroom discussions in once-peaceful Sampson Hall. He always took care of his plebes (when he wasn't losing them), especially when he fixed the head door with Al and Steve and tape or launched midnight assaults on Ft. Myer. E.J. it has been educational. We will never forget you! **WGC**

Paul Leonard Tiede
Triangle, Virginia
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

When Paul was not running, lifting, or swimming, or hiking around in the woods dressed in Marine Green just for the fun of it, he was concentrating his efforts on girls. With Paul, if she wore a uniform, she looked like Kelly McGillis. This may be because he spent his early years following his father around to a series of Marine Bases — when he dreams of this period in his life, instead of color or black and white everything is in olive drab. Although Paul is an intelligent person, and has done well academically, his memory is a bit shoddy — to such an extent that he decided to get a permanent reminder of what his Social Security Number and blood type are. Paul has excelled in sports as well. There are men without countries and Paul has been an athlete without a team. This has not stopped him from becoming known as one of the best all around athletes in our class, however. Good luck in the Corps from all of us. The Boys. **JAP**

12TH COMPANY

Paul Michael D'Alessandro
St. Clair Shores, Michigan
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Pooky, a Wolverine at heart . . . Go Tigers, Red Wings, and Pistons! Doin' the Wilmington bush-boogie, John says, "What a mess!" George's best friend, the guru of aero (designer of the great drug-busting airplane), gectus-maximus. Sailor extraordinaire, Canada & BYC Team Navy, Spock of the sail-ship Enterprise, Dark and Stormy Bermuda passages. Biggus's better half, sister, anyone? Why did it take you four years? Blind dates are not his thing. Unforgetable trips: Lake Placid, European Vacation III, and sporting his grippers and only his slippers. Always on fashion's cutting edge, Dirk is a jerk, whoops, Mr. Nice Guy, "I'm sorry." Look out, P'cola — here comes the Three Musketeers! Duker, Lusch, Rich, JT, Paul, and especially Goose, thanks for the memories. Dad, Mom, David, and Heidi thanks for being there through the good, the bad, the forgetable, and the unforgetable, I owe it all to you. **PMD**

James Joseph Darcy
Brightwaters, New York
Political Science
Special Warfare

His friends call him Darc, but in company area he's known as the Invisible Man. This mild mannered Lax player from, where else, Long Island disproves the idea that only model mids make great leaders. Just ask the team. May have gotten away with more extra-curriculars than any others I know, but when you run around with Tierns that's expected. Wanna ruin Jim's pleasant disposition? Just ask him about Syracuse. Somehow he maintained the highest grades in the room while still contributing to the anti-study atmosphere. Let Darc D.J. your party, and you'll be dancing to "Summer Tunes." Just let him show up, and you'll be dancing. Can't resist mentioning his temporary youngster year fling with another, uh, youngster. He'll deny it. First class year brought adventures in USNA parking, the Vu, and . . . Where's Jim? Call Econo-Lodge. Will serve some serious beach time in Coronado next, then who knows where. Been my pleasure, James. **SLK**

Anthony Wayne Eaton
Pickerington, Ohio
History
Marine — Flight Officer

Had Tony been a dog, he would have been an Irish Setter without papers. Subsisting on a diet of Pepsi and chips, our friend spent his waking hours either as couch spud or preparing for sleep. Kudzu was the man of impossible realities like 25 out of 24 hours of sleep per day! But don't form a preconceived idea of Opie, for this fine institute taught him just how to use those few precious moments of free time; he never let a deadline interfere with David Letterman. Varying his wardrobe from the jeans he wore in 8th grade to those of 7th grade, Kudzu was not what you would consider a clothes-horse. A true athlete, however, this carrot top often fartleked along his favorite route to the soda machine. The adrenalin created, however, wasn't enough to keep our driving narceleptic awake — as his car can attest. An Ohio native, this Marine will serve his country well and never let his front seater down. Good luck and God speed. **GGDL**

Jeffrey Edward Forte
Slatersville, Rhode Island
Computer Science
U.S. Marine Corps

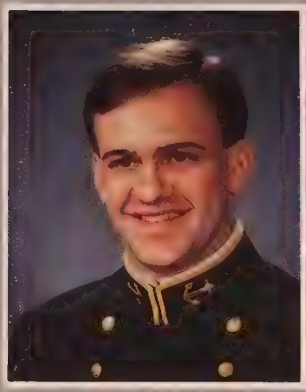
Jeff started the last semester with a renewed commitment to excellence. Within a few days, however, his focus properly switched to more worldly virtues: wine, women, and debauchery. Going out with Don Juan himself was worse than plebe rates. "This is Chris, and Susan, the bartender is Julie, Kim is over there, the hot blond . . ." Slow down Jeff, I can't write that fast. Spring Break 88 found Jeff at play in Florida. He watches too many beer commercials. When Kathy ordered a Lite at the Tiki Bar, Jeff showed her the moon. When last seen, she looked dazed and was still singing, "You light up my life." And what fate awaits our hero? Will the next batch of sea-monkeys live longer than 10 days? Only time will tell. USMC "Bark!" **MAM**

Glenn Robert Gay
Dumfries, Virginia
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Have you ever wondered what it takes to create the total package — you know, that pinnacle we all dream of, but few reach? Well, we think your prayers have been answered, at least our's were. G, the cultured man of the 80's proved himself to be the master of every situation he encountered. Socially, Glenn started with a rock-solid background — you know the effect Dumfries can have on a young man. His social graces were evidenced by the statement muttered by his first and last blind date: "He looks great, but does he speak?" He finally found bliss with . . . Athletically, Glenn had it all, especially a true-to-form hard body which experienced nary a day of drill. His future looks bright, with clear skies and fair winds. To find our stalwart friend, you'll simply have to peer skyward, and if he's not there, try the beach. **T & D**

Sean Michael Hamilton
Newport News, Virginia
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Sean "Pod" Hamilton came to us from a big military family, and chomped at the bit to follow his brother P.J. into USNA. After a brief stint Brassoing pipes under his sink at the Stalag, he moved on to join the Dirty Dozen, where he quickly became known as "the maid." Although shy, he soon became a woman chaser, his passions torn between many. In his efforts to win the attention of the opposite sex, he subscribed to GQ, wore expensive clothes, bought a BMW, and even shaved his legs ("Hey, I like how it feels, ya know?"). But all this didn't help, and he was forced to turn his attention to crew. Here he flourished, despite a busy load as C.C. and self-appointed rack-stripping watchdog of newly renamed Tool Shed Twelve. After he had memorized the big letter on the eye chart as an "E," they let him go NFO. Too bad there aren't any oars in an aircraft, Sean. Good luck to ya! **JPL**



Donald George Holl
Erie, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

The still of the night is shattered by the snap of fingers and a burst of singing. It could be none other than Dandy Don Holl passing by. When he first came to USNA, things weren't exactly smooth for this SWO-Pop from Erie-sistible, Pa. Ever the extrovert, Deeg wasn't satisfied with simply finishing 4/c year. Instead, he made a point of meeting with the Supe & Co. to explain why he wanted Navy in his future. Finding a home in 12, Don settled into a life of football, classes, socializing, etc. Second class year was hi-lited when he was named MVP of the Army/Navy game. Despite a heavy 1/c year of spudding to the "Dating Game," Don will graduate with flying colors and take his place among the finest of Surface Warriors. The future looks bright, with marriage imminent. We wish #21 (the hands that ate Syracuse) the greatest of success. Take care of yourself, Don; you're one of a kind. **T & G**

Robert Christopher Jackson
Irmo, South Carolina
History
Naval Aviation

Xerox, RC, Stonewall, arrived from Irmo — where? He breezed through plebe year in Dawson's Company. First cruise was to the islands, where sun and waves gave desire to sample brandy. Youngster year found him torn betwen majors (both cat III, no big decision). Joined a "Man's Sport" — the bowling team. Affection for cookies and gedunk began. The Wedge was quick to start a new workout "next week." As 2/c was lost in the Shrubs. Ring was purchased only to find him barking up the wrong tree. His true loves were Boston sporting teams; the Washingtonians made him seek refuge on Batt Staff his last semester. As sub-commander, he attempted to take control. The 4/c voted him 10X better-looking than another three striper from first set. He proved his athleticism with company LWT football. His one regret is that he joined the Mustang club vice getting an Alpha. With bat in hand he journeys to P-cola. Good luck! **SMH**

Richard William Kammann, Jr.
Wilmington, Delaware
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Dick, better known as "Biggus," the Delaware Destroyer. Came here to sail. Marine E, Mech E, GE. "Sooner or later, you'll go General." So, this is a weekend! Pookey's better half. The Windmaker. "Where's my laundry?" "He don't care." It just doesn't matter. Skippy Dicky of Conquest! Defender of the seas! "Sailors are not baggits." "My thumb . . . it's a gusher!" Oxford rock star. Should I Stay or Should I Go. Loves Dark and Stormy sails and skiing Mount Gay. "Sorry about your slalom course. Have you seen my skis?" BYC stud member. Racquetball champ. "I can't play, I have to work out." Bam me, Pat me, Sand me, please. Can you read between the lines? Care Bear, you're always there . . . We'll be back in a minute. Early Honeymoon. Bladda goes to court. NFO but almost SWO. P'cola — three musketeers. Couldn't have dunnit without family, friends, and Care Bear. More Kammanns to come! **RWK**

Scott Lawrence Kisch
Maplewood, New Jersey
English
U. S. Marine Corps

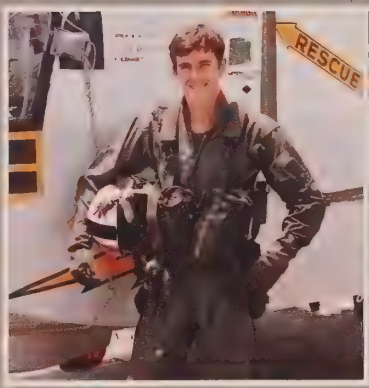
It took the Roundman, the music-man, four years at USNA to get what he wanted in life; USMC and a steady girlfriend (the Admiral's daughter, no less). Not one to have studies interfere with Letterman, Scott proved to be an asset academically and entertainment-wise. One of the more creative mids from North Jersey, he spent his free time pondering (out loud) how to improve the world of entertainment. Round progressed from playing the Marine Corps hymm on the harmonica plebe year, to drilling naked youngster year (KBTR), to serenading in a London piano bar first class year. Recruited for baseball, then cut, Scott found his niche in the Glee Club and packed around with them. Luckily, his roommates managed to drag him away to Catholic and D.C. for a little excitement (like crashing in a BMW). We wish Scott the best in his endeavors to replace David on Late Night in ten years. Aaaah. **BRW**

Erik John Knutila
Bourne, Massachusetts
English
U.S. Marine Corps

How do you say that last name? No one is really sure what to call ERIK, but it is true that he has not gone unnoticed in his years at the Academy. EEK has developed his own style of being a midshipman. It all began plebe year when everyone knew who KNUTILA was. With a little freedom, NOODLE continued to develop his off-the-wall ideas ranging from heavy metal rock-n-roll to the eroding mountain that always appeared from his locker. We always had to live in a big room in order to have a little floor space on the weekend and to keep the killer socks at a distance. It is also quite obvious that K-NUTE was successful at sleeping through every financial lecture, and his spastic actions have helped him to live up to the name NUT. The NUTE came to the Naval Academy with very little military bearing and is graduating with even less. Watch out, Marine Corps; here comes ERIK KNUTILA. **MDS**

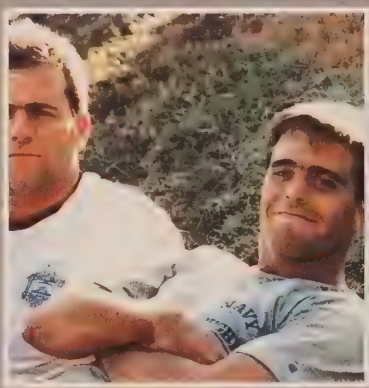
James Palmer Laingen
Bethesda, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering.
Naval Flight Officer

Bone, a resident of the D.C. area and a graduate of Mercersburg, attained his appointment solely due to his A-type personality and not because of his Dad's influence. As a former member of Form-Two he became Barbon's apostle, and a year later, he set off on his gungho crusade in the dirty dozen. In his perpetual quest for the holy stripes, he ventured into Falcon lands in his beloved Bimmer. He returned a semester later with his medulla oblogata fused to his glutious maximus, only to stall in areo. With the help of Mac he was able to smooth out the turbulent flight, but Mac had no words of wisdom for his BMW's $2700 fuel pump. Bone had a minor interest in girls, especially ones with bones in their noses. A teetotaler, Bone drank once, just once; passed out once, and had one hangover. Well it seems that the pirates' dream will be soaring the blue skies in the back seat again. Good luck. **JCO**



Frederic William Malek
McLean, Virginia
Economics
Surface Warfare

Fred had a rough plebe year. His hardest time was keeping a straight face at tables. As a plebe, he played tennis and squash (those sweet team tables!). The tough plebe year made the upperclass years even better. The women, the Dive, and Johnny Cash are certainly memorable. Who will forget Fred's twenty minute stay in the Marine Corps on Service Selection night. We will always remember you, brother, and may our paths always cross. — JPO and Big "G." Fred arrived into 12th Co mid second class year (his third company). He did a fine job and eventually became our adjutant. Fred never seemed content unless he was living on the edge. He is the only person I know who could consistently make taps with seconds to spare and never be late. Always spitting one out and looking for a "doyup." We'll miss him, all right, and I want a ride when he gets his sidecar. — Toe Kicker from Tuscaloosa. JSW. **JPO, GJF, JSW**

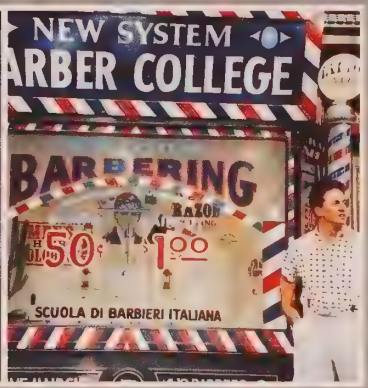


Erin Eileen Martin
Lockport, Illinois
Mathematics
General Unrestricted Line

Erin arrived from the Midwest as a track recruit, and, as usual, she didn't know what she was in for. The 25th Co. Army/Navy fling still didn't help her to learn upperclass names. Unfortunately, notorious 1/c Pierce selected Erin for his remedial squad. "All your rates — go!" soon became a dreaded phrase. Erin's suffering soon took a back seat to her newly found "study" partner. This converted He-man woman-hater (aka "chubby") became a permanent fixture in Erin's daily life (and mine). Erin found that EE required a different type of student; a new major was no problem. Erin's diet consisted mainly of motrin, which can't be that bad since she's held the Navy pentathalon record for three years. Service selection created a difficult problem for the USNA couple; however, the intelligent choice was made. So, if you happen to see a petite blonde running to the chapel June week, chances are it's my roommate. **PAT**

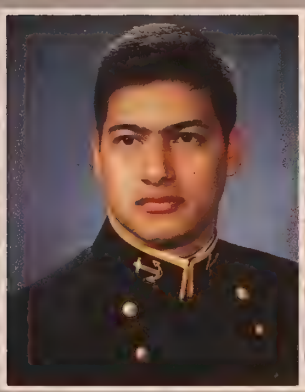
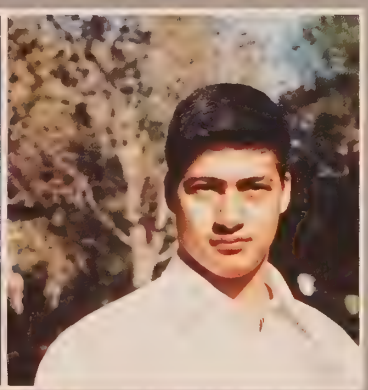
Craig Martin Miller
Mandale, North Carolina
Political Science
Marine Aviation

Craig, the man with no nickname or chest, arrived after a tough year at NC State into Serene 18. Plebe year was easy compared to rooming with Dirkus and Sandman youngster year. He majored in darts, chipping rock, and was unsat for his first and only time. He gave up fencing to be a sailing stud on the offshore crash training program. First class summer was spent sailing the Caribbean, where he formed his own reggae band called The Rat Patrol. Craigmon's party companion is Ralph but a little Chloraseptic helps. Being a Bull major helped this philosophical man purchase a car with no working lights and be romantic enough to get engaged on Halloween. First class year found him in charge of the Dirty Dozen where his drilling expertise allowed him to come up with new commands at every parade. This should be helpful at TBS, after which he'll head for P-Cola after tying the knot. Good luck, wash your mug, and get that Healy. **ES**



Mark Alan Miller
Fountain Valley, California
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

"Sir" ("sick-in-room") Marcos was dropped on USNA'S doorstep, along with some seriously warped west coast attitudes. How many people do you know have pets such as rattlesnakes, rats, tarantulas, and possums? His major accomplishments include mass-murdering our 12 sea-monkeys, obtaining one of the last Mr. Potato Heads — equipped with pipe, and supplying pyrotechnic materials for the 3264 Demolition Team. Mark also had some interesting "toys" — a "speculating" device, a stun-gun, many sheep-skins (thanx Mark!), an assortment of Guns and boomerangs . . . and an electric Viper? His little black book was always stuffed full of numbers. His primary strategy included a catapult launch from the flight deck, a wild (mostly sideways and smoking) ride in his Mustang GT, and then a seemingly innocent picnic with heavily laden cooler in tow. USMC — BARK! **JEF**

Juan Carlos Osorno
San Diego, California
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Juan Carlos "Donde Espana Ichewan Wa-Wa 50 el Caballo" O'sorno, came to us from Nicaragua or Ireland (we're not sure which), via the Fleet and NAPS. Started somewhere in 2nd Regiment, then moved into the Buzzin' Dozen and encountered roomies Tripod, Xerox, and Bone. Spent most of his time on the magic rack, kick-starting the Pod, or watching WWF, impressing all with his powers to do nothing and yet stay fit and SAT. Wanted a "Chevee" Nova SS, but settled for a Trans Am for high speed cruising to N.Y. City on the weekends, to see the wife. Exposed his roomies to many hazards, including TB, Meatloaf, and drunk WWF demos. Not the SWO type, Donde went Corps, where he'll apply his motto: "Delegate everything, do nothing." Plans to retire in the Phillipines with $1000 after serving his time. Good luck, old man, and keep taking those pills. (Via the mouth, please!) **JPL**

Brandee Lorraine Polowy
New Bloomfield, Missouri
Mathematics
General Unrestricted Line

Brandee left her farm to swim and try Navy. Plebe year wasn't tough in 36 unless you count AM workouts and RC pursits. Five days a week at 0500 make you cranky or wall-pounding. Four years of double swims paid off with Spring Break in Buffalo. Third class BP set her heart on three stripes and a hearse. Country music twanged at all hours. The fries for being in love . . . amazing! Sure mids park in cars, sneak out 2/c summer — but only a few get caught. First class year BP earned three stripes and said bye to the Marine. Absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder and 1/c liberty doesn't help either. BP's birthday was memorable (not for her). Mudslides were easy, but the return wasn't. All rooms and racks look alike. First class year was wild — scrubbing showers, getting cultural, dancing 'til dawn, pressing the coast button, and waiting to get out. Next year BP heads to Colorado and ski slopes. Good Luck. **KMT**

Bernardo Benjamin Roig
San Cristobal, Dominican Republic
Systems Engineering
Civilian

BB, as Bernie is affectionately called, is an ESL (English as a Second Language) student. His favorite response plebe year was the "Excuse me, sir?" The language barrier forced him to spend many a night studying by candlelight, and such hard work and dedication enabled him to emerge as a survivor of plebe year. His grasp of the English language vastly improved, BB faced a new obstacle: his major. Studying day and night, weekday and weekend, he again pulled through — at the expense of countless hours of lost liberty. But when BB did venture out on liberty, he did so with a vengeance. Described by some as a "dancing machine," he lit up area dance floors and showed us Americanos some of his Latin American moves. Bernie has been a great friend and a source of inspiration to all. His work ethic has provided a shining example and will lead to a successful career. May he get his BMW soon! Go4it! **FJS**

Michael David Samuelson
Pleasanton, California
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

We didn't know Mike plebe year so can only assume it passed by without event. "The Scam" started his career in 12th virtually undercover. It took a semester to discover we had a roommate, but since then "Yoda" has served with distinction, showing new facets every year. Third class year Mike had a unusual affinity for cigars and strange late night chants. (God, I hope she calls.) Second class year Mike was the wardroom sportscaster, drawing upon his sports knowledge. (fifth down?) First class year Mike came into his own and made his mark on the Academy and on furniture items. (Why is that rack wet?) He remembered to lock his car door, even when leaving the window open, and left his class ring in the "safety" of the car instead of his finger. Fatal Attraction wasn't his favorite movie, in fact it stunk. Now he is headed west via Coronado. You've been a good roommate and own the happiest toothbrush around. "Whatever" **EJK & PRS**

Eduardo Sandoval
El Paso, Texas
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Sandman slipped into the Backdoor of USNA via Newport Junior College, dodging plebe year on the Football Manager Program. Third class year Scamdoval earned his reputation radiating with the ED-1A from San Diego to St. Croix, finally finding a post to stand by in Annapolis, without built-in kids for once. He was the best hostess at the Stockdales, the sandwich supplier in 3212, the dancing fool in the islands, the best gardener anywhere. He held the Key To Life but even that could not save him from summer school and being UNSAT; his roommates were no help — they were UNSAT, too. Ed he was quick with the comebacks — at least the three he knew. SCUBA is his hope, "after all, Ed, boat handling isn't your forte." Come Fling, Ed rides the Little Mule west to play stanchion on an Oakland Oiler. We will miss you Ed, but maybe, in some foreign port, we'll see you and let go a thunderous EDLUND!!! Adios and good luck always, my friend. **CMM,DNH**

Fred John Severson
Moorhead, Minnesota
English
Naval Aviation

Fred, a friendly, shy boy. Hockey was his best friend. A knee injury prevented him from playing much plebe year. Nimitz was then the next stop. Youngster year, all of a sudden, the shy boy became a playboy. Girls were falling for him like leaves from a tree. Until one night he had life's best experience when he met a girl who never left him alone. Fred, in keeping with his adventures and trying to develop a new way to refrigerate his corvette's engine, suffered a minor accident that left him wearing a suit to help heal burns for six months. But not satisfied with missing two weeks of classes, he decided that he needed another tour at Bethesda, and a second operation. Fred's wild life came to a stop when he met a little girl from New Carrolton, MD, and an old, friendly boy with many women was changed forever. And so he ends at the altar. And then on the road to Pensacola. Fred will surely make it big, with the constant help from . . . **BB**

Patrick Richard Steele
Manteca, California
Chemistry
Nuclear Power — Surface

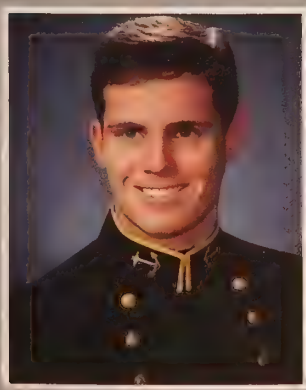
Pat arrived plebe year and earned the title BMF4. Pat continued in the forefront of life in 12. George "the Animal" (Yes, there is a resemblance) ended 3/c year with an event of epic proportions. Although never a gourmet many were suprised when Pat declared the St. Johns turf edible. In a strange turn of events, he then rode upon the shoulders of the football team. Arriving in the room, being of a religous nature, he felt he should pray. Yet there was no god in sight. (Who did that?) Second class year fivehead brought his 350ci machine east which he loved to drive, but it was difficult at times, as his keys hated him. First class year there were many people who could attest to his generosity as owner of free midnight auto parts distribution. (Bring your own wrench) Yes, into each life a little rain must fall. Too bad it's when you want the top down. **EJK & MDS**

Kathleen Mary Toomey
Milton, Massachusetts
English
General Unrestricted Line

Kathy, a model BIC, came to USNA to find what Navy life was about. Plebe year didn't phase the happy-go-lucky Toomer. Her Boston accent and smile were always a source of attention, good or bad. Third class year came — fun times, dancing in G-town (via Rudy's), parties, Lax games (putting on the right jacket was a problem) and getting away with more than luck should allow, but still, KT came out of it smelling rosy. Second class year KT enjoyed sailing and M&M's. First class year she had a blast, dancing, widgiting showers (?), and tailgaters! Whatever happened to the Army/Navy game? Where's my car? What tailgater?! Winter was time for ski trips (did your car actually survive?!) and fun with D.C. Spring fever caught KT with a passion via the Spring "moon" in Key West. KT's USNA life can be summed up in two words: partying and studying. After two Europe tours, KT will be off to work and to explore Japan. Best of Luck. **BLP**

Patricia Anne Turney
Berkeley Heights, New Jersey
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Patricia needed a break from the all-girls prep school she attended in Jersey. USNA proved to be just the place. Muffy's ratey attitude and fencing buds helped her through her disciplined plebe year. She and a few cohorts then climbed Herndon a little early (at night and with a different cover). Youngster year her fencing began to pay off; she made Nationals for the first of three times in her Navy career (fence intense). The Mech E. Dept. soon became a distant memory, when Muff decided Math was more her-speed. Regs were only a guideline was the attitude that landed her in Smoke Hall. A serious relationship for Muffy never lasted more than a month. Then there were those who were persistent, but never made the grade. Good luck, Muff-pilot, but please . . . get a new cover! **EEM**



John Stephen McRae Watson
Charlotte, North Carolina
Economics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

John the Ripper, Maker of Morning Noise. Do not enter the Dirt Road! Carolina cowboy: everybody else talks funny. She had BOY-GUNS! Sanibel, come and see my dinghy. I was only going 35 — $4000 later and my car pulls to the left. I'd like to thank all the little people who made this possible, but I can't because I did it all by myself! Pookey's nurse. Mo-light mascot, are we winning yet? How do the running backs look, Dick? Oxford rock star. You lose the races, Skippy, I'll win the parties. Woody the Woodpecker wigs are in, man. Spit one out! Wanted to dodge bullets, instead he'll dodge bubbles. Leader of Snowshoe Gripper Brigade. What's a Varmit, he's a candidate, sir, really. What's the Moon Man doing with a cracked window on his Benz? Ireland's missed chance at romance. Thanks to: Mom, Bro, Bigmama, Varm, Moon, LDH, ASH, JC. **RWK**

Bernard Raymond Werner
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Political Science
U. S. Marine Corps

Ram-Bern, the Little Giant to some, came to USNA from the Iron City via Texas and MMA. If he got nothing else out of four years at the Academy, he at least developed an ability to sleep anywhere, anytime, and in any position. Showed a child-like fascination with disecting and burning any object within reach while at his desk. Bern epitomizes the "2.0 and go" academic condition. If he tolerated my wackiness, it was because I reminded him of the girls he was seeing. Let's talk about the one he started USNA with and the one he finished with. If he wasn't the president of the "Catholic" midshipman club, he was at least the liason. If you're looking for a carnival ride, just get into a car driven by Bern. He's the only person I know of who could rear-end somebody at a green light. "Speed deBern" found the perfect sport for his mentality in rugby, and naturally became one of the best. The Corps has him now. **SLK**

13TH COMPANY

Julienne Emily Almonte
Fort Washington, Maryland
Chemistry
Intelligence

With her infectious smile and colorful personality, Emily always saw the brighter side of life while remaining JUST friends with everyone. While sacrificing precious weekends, she became an All-Star crew again and again (what do you do with all those cups and bowls?), all the while familiarizing herself with beat (?) sailing parties. Then came 1/c responsibilities??, major discoveries, bar hopping, fufu drinks/iced tea, Wed. Libs, hot tubs, Spring Bk. at ODU (lights-n-JB), St P's Day, more special times. Nor will she or her roommie forget all those chem all-nighters, the EDP-shredded wheat-n-fruit, all the roses, pasta salad/cashew chicken feasts, sailing trips in the Thrifty Van, a certain crew regatta, gymnastics meets and tanning in SD/Sarasots while people in sweaters went by. I wish you all the best as a spook. Look out for your KNIGHT. Thanks for the memories. I'll treasure your friendship forever. Keep smiling, Keep shining. **SMH**

Roger Wayne Bivans
Titusville, Florida
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

Fresh out of a lazy Florida orange tree setting, this man's best contribution to USNA was his Jimmy Buffett collection. His major flaw: he refused to the end to greet his loyal roommate in the A.M. with a fresh mug of java — except when his mother made him. When his plebe year iniquities faded into legend, and the computer game disks were hidden away from him, Grog's performance caught up to his grades. Don't be fooled, though, he still doesn't know the meaning of hard work . . . Of course, Jean-Claude surprised us with his downhill skiing acumen; but bored with incessant 4.0's, our boy found his true talent in boot-hill bob-sledding, although he lost his memory a while (whatever happened to those 24 hours?). He has an irritating tendency to schedule R-ball games for his roommate during precious free periods — with the Co. Officer — but, nevertheless, his folks offer 5-star accommodations with a pool and fishing. **KMF**

Paul Hayes Chrisman
Richmond, Virginia
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Paulie-Wog seems like a quiet boy who once was his class Co. Cdr. However, we in the know have experienced his misguided transgressions. Paul jumped, or should I say fell, into 3/c year with a dramatic triple axle off the top bunk. He recoverd to find himself more than face to face with Spud's steady. 3/c year found Paul playing with that "trouble fluid"; he joined his roomie trying to draw LOP's on the Nav. final. After a 3/c year spent hell bent on life, he began to concentrate on his studies. Studies slowed the man but didn't stop him. He found himself in Smoke Hall more often than he liked. Paul found his 2/c treat more of a trick and struck out on a mission. Women with alpha numbers, and babysitters are a speckle of his catch. He replaced his quest with a new love of "Hitting the Brooklyn side." Remember, Paul, if in need, there's a good chance a "Little electric thing will come up," and save ya. Buddy 4 ever, Billy. **WPC**

William Michael Collier
Norwalk, Ohio
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Bill's nuke pipeline brought him to USNA, where he thought he would return as a EE, but he soon realized that rack and wardroom beat all-day labs. His inability to hear the reveille bell was surpassed only by unreg haircuts; "Mop" had his own reasons — black hairs hid the grey. A nicer guy you'll never find. He never said a critical word; his music said it all. Bill's penchant for progressive rock brought his roommates kicking and screaming into the 80's. For example, one dark and dreary morning the room arose to "Life's hard and then you die," by It's Immaterial. He is one of the most responsible persons ever met unless he's behind the wheel of a car. We urge him to sell his T-bird and buy an old clunker that can afford to be wrecked twice in six months, and which cops are less likely to pull over. However, we know this won't happen; so, as you drive quickly off into the sunset, may you have fair winds and following seas. **ESG**

William Patrick Conley
Westwood, Massachusetts
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

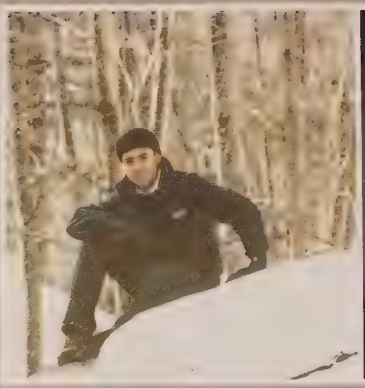
Fourth class year had a hard time finding Billy at all, as he hid from it at every opportunity. Having been a Rook at Norwich U., Bill decided he deserved a battlefield promotion to youngster j.g., and thus the festivities began. The edge Bill walked 3/c year was so sharp most people would have been cut. Pursuing the fine art of debauchery on Wed and Sun nights led to LOP's that looked like contour lines on the NAV final. Not one to be overcome he bounced back by bringing in a private nurse to treat him. All was better after a photo session and a hot shower. 2/c year was spent mostly asleep to recover from 3/c year. He awoke momentarily, half way down a hill at the A-N game, to finish the march-on and 2/c year. First class year was spent as the resident expert on the TV guide. When not in the wardroom he could be found preparing himself for a future centerfold in the "Men of the PBA" calendar. See you in Newport! Love ya. **PHC**

Ronald Curt Copley
Hacienda Heights, California
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Curt has been a dedicated submariner since I-day. There is no one more willing to defend the submarine force during heated debates with those who will be able to see the light of day. All of his abilities and actions at USNA have proven that he will make an excellent submariner. In prep for future lack of port calls, Curt spends his every weekend remodeling the dark and dreary abyss of his sponsors basement. The fact that Curt is absorbing every bit of sunlight that he can now is the only logical explanation that ALL of his plants have died — including the cactus. Curt, on your way out, please accept some advice. Think before you loan a girl your car, money, and ring. Take extra batteries for your walkman; no one else will want to hear country music. Last but not least, if you are going to drink, please learn how, the real Navy does not give three days SIR for a hangover, not even the sub corps. **ESG**

Mohamed Roddy El -Afandi
Winona, Minnesota
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Listen: Is this man Nostradamus' third badman? Nietzsche's Ubermensch? Or is he just misunderstood? Facts would indicate the former. An ex-roommate, current wherabouts suspiciously unknown, assured us that Mo is the Dark One. Mo is given to a dark and morbid form of humor unfathomable to the rest of us. Stable people don't submit themselves to marathons or submarines. The recent wave of Appalachian Mountain disappearances correspond to Mo's hiking trips in this area. No reasonable man should doubt the sincerity of TV evangelists, yet Mo does this and more. Engineers don't write poetry, and Mo has broken his wrist in two holy places: Quantico and the Sea Wall. Coincidence? We don't think so. Always remember: Quantico carnival rides, USMC Marothon, Chili's, Irish Times, "Death before restriction!," Granger's Tornado, The Rocket, '86 Army "date," "Pull my hair and slap me," "Ain't you got a home?," and "What?" **JCL**



Dwight Deane Fontilla
Champlin, Minnesota
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Well, DWI, you actually survived this place. Some of us weren't sure, what between the knee, shoulder, etc . . . You didn't exactly start out very well, either, what with the D&B. But we let that one pass. You did eventually come to your senses, or had the sense knocked out of you with Mudworms and slow pitch. Hell, you even marched in a real parade like the rest of us. But, the walls of Bancroft won't be the same without you; the maintianance men are thankful, too. I wish you luck, Bonzai Dude, and remember to take it easy on the slopes and dance floors. I expect to hear about lots of trouble being caused in the sub world but I don't want to hear any names, OK? Oh, if I get slapped by any strange girls in bars, I know who to blame, Mr. West. I hope the Twins do whatever you want them to do, and, last but not least, ARF! ARF! **JRW**

Kevin Michael Furr
Van Buren, Arkansas
English
Naval Flight Officer

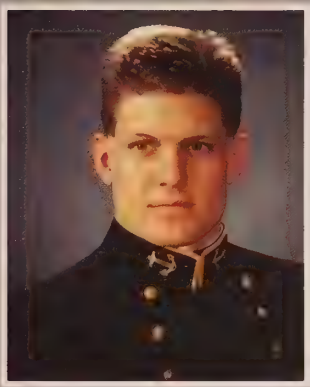
Stubby the Furrball came to USNA armed with a coffee mug. Kevin spent his four years in an endless quest to eat, sleep, read, and workout simultaneously. Youngster year we never knew for sure if Craig was under that blanket. After two traumatic experiences with girls back home, Kevin learned to appreciate the Comfort of the South in large quantities. Too bad he ended up a casualty in Tony's backyard. First class year brought driving trips and unlimited credit, both of which he enjoyed to the fullest. After all, isn't life a quest for the Hemingway experience? Kevin hopes to become the ultimate renaissance tough guy in Maine. Living with a poet has been an experience, but one day his hardback book collection will be legendary. I'm sure Europe was fun, but he still hasn't taken his eating journey across America. Hopefully, he'll learn to have normal sleeping habits and wake up to a steaming cup of brew daily. Till then, good luck, Kev. **RWB**

Ephraim Spencer Garrett IV
Gautier, Mississippi
Political Science
Surface Warfare

He came from "Ole Miss" with a grin on his face, a glare in his eye, and mud on his shoes. He brought with him all the determination and expectations of former naval greats but was soon awakened like the rest of us. He changed his name due to many murderous pronunciations and came into 13th Co. as Spencer, but Ring Dance weekend, his real identity appeared — 'lil Ephie! A down-to-earth good guy willing to do anything for you as long as you don't cancel his Post subscription. Known for his ultra conservative viewpoints, Eph's always ready for a discussion on politics, sexism, or religion. Following the footsteps of those who have made our Navy great, the sun can be seen setting on Spencer as he drives off in the Buccaroo, leaving behind EE, headed for the last bastion of naval masculinity, the 16 inchers of the USS IOWA. **WMC**

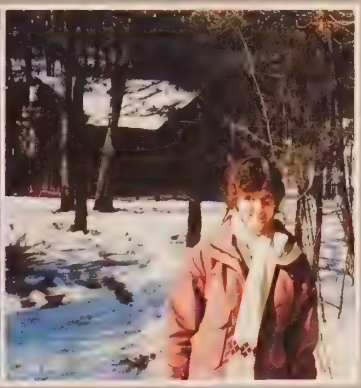
Kurt Blair Hauer
Yardley, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

He came to USNA as one of Gary T's best recruits ever. Third class year Kurt succumbed to the pressure of carrying the team to concentrate on his professionalism. His professionalism rubbed off on his roommates — future 4 & 5 stripers. Kurt also found himself looking at his reflection in the Smoke Hall floor after some misguided classmate loyalty. Second class year found Kurt with new roommates to be influenced by his professionalism. Although he failed in helping these roommates, he did emerge with a strong and lofty recommendation for 1 & 2 striper billets. Kurt realized that after such a possibility of major stripes, he would need to slow down. First class year was spent in Smoke Hall, in his room (not Ted?), in a stint with Rugby, and in developing his "cone of power." Kurt kept his secret of success close to the vest for four years but I let out his profound words "If you don't know it, act like you do." Luv, Billy. **WPC**



Todd William Hanson Hickerson
Camarillo, California
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Hick, 6, 24, 25, 13. Acts include: the boys, Ed + Rugby Team table, Bustin, Biness, Going Back To Cali, Nanny: Zowie Wowie, Duke Debacle, Radio Races, Wieds, 21st Celeb, repo man at Philly, defective shoulders and blood that won't fly, backroads football run, cow at the Barn, Padre Island and Miracles of Sun, La Familiars and the Fan CLub, sleeping on barstools, Chinese food and the Wall, from eternal restriction to Company Commander, Hick vs. Marine Corps Option, Hathaway, slam dancing to X, Rocky, Biscuit Head, Sun: where dat at, 4.0, hosing down the rack, left hook, the Vein, making the big decision, Tau Phi Beta, Ridges, Hix Mixes, Coast Guard Parades, thunderstorms in Pensacola, St.Patty's Day formations, Daps, papers, papers, limos + ledges, you've got a nice ... Good luck to a future Top Gun, as a roommate, teammate, and friend, you were definitely bigger and defer. **ASG**



Sandra Marie Hill
Rome, Georgia
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

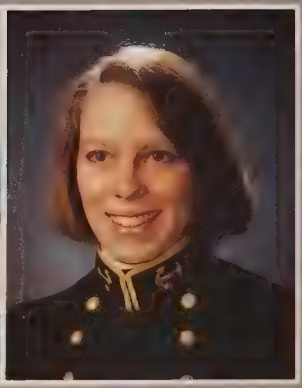
We all thought Sandra was a quiet southern Daddy's girl, but she proved us wrong. She was always up to no good, in thoughts, actions, daydreams, and nightmares. Her list began 4/c year with an adorable youngster, #69. She challenged her roomie's professionalism: rum-and-cokes, NC, long night in the wardroom — but lonely room formals made up for it. Remember Army's Kit Kat, MMJ's apt, physics final, and decadent Dead Week ... is he tall? Second class year was spent running into glass doors and off the deep end. First class year she REEEEPORTed as a batt striper, battled between SWO & CORPS, ran THE marathon (despite her caffeine fixation), and still tried to corrupt her roomie with pitchers of Margaritas and White Zinfadel. CLUB-MEDing in Martinique "just to dive?" (boom-boom-boom). Always giving, sharing & willing to listen. California/Hawaii bound, Sandra will be the best ship driver around ... RASE it up! Aloha and beware of 0300 phone calls. **JEA**

William Russell Hittinger
Danville, Illinois
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Willie, Cheeks, locked out 3/c year, I don't rightly understand the technicalities, the woman from Hood, Duke road trip, Switch, Norfolk Nymph, Yoda, Center Screens, Russ has been up and washed his car, knee exercises, Bon Jovi, the Wagoneers, 3rd Batt Cmdr, Raquetball Champ, an Uncle, again?, plenty of rack, the mile, rapelling, serene plebe year, Ft. Lauderdale, Sambo: nicknacks, EE, Rivkin's package, nice ring, my personal alarm clock, Caps games, Boots: 89.5, Australia, VTNA Board, UI frat parties, "Go way down, take a right and you're ...," sheckles, Austin-Danville road trip, sidelines coach, sports photography, Word Up,two-man room for a day. A future Marine who seems to do everything right and the kind of friend who is as true blue as the Illinois sky, Russ was one of the guys who made the Academy tolerable. He is on his way to the top in anything he does. I don't know how I'll survive without him. Good Luck. **ASJ**

Mary Marcella Jackson
Wimberley, Texas
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Mom and Dad didn't expect "What the hell am I doing here?" from the apple of their eye, but that was just the beginning of Mary's transition from shy, quiet, and innocent to "ACTION." KB and PH helped her survive "all your rates, go" in 25 with Army-Action, sunning at CAPT C's, and G-Town. On to a summer of sailing with slimey ham, Diet Pepsi, no showers, and THE O's. In the Stalag, Mary knew the 1/c better than they knew each other. Fuji, the Beemer; Wabbit; Bike wrecks, Short Stuff. 2/c: professionalism? She can't walk on water even after "The Book." 1/c: San Fran on KIS-YA for SWO MOM training, hoppin furniture at the DC pad, ski slopes, funky boxers, Docs, physics teachers, and sunning in Martinique. Mary was born with a prestamped passport (Saudi fiancees, ambassador's sons, and rare diseases). Four years and twenty countries later, still won't eat with her hands. Her sights are set on rolling seas and Hawaiian sunsets on the 180. **DPM**



Andrew Scott Johnson
Austin, Texas
Medical Corps

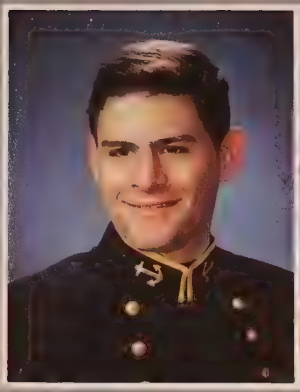
Andrew Scott Johnson . . . the long, tall Texan. The Legend of Seven, indoor luge, a real plebe year? Navy Crew, Navy Rugby . . . Who's this new guy we have to room with? WHFS, nice music, won, too, cartoons, the Tau Phi Beta Duke weekend, the basketball worked, car stompin, I swear my brother is a Beta, just let me talk to him, and please, put that gun away . . . Yoda! Joe Weider's anabolic megamen, get ripped, bustin is my binuh, get that ring, nice Corvette, San Diego summer, Miramar . . . clean that dashboard! Home to Austin . . . life guarding, going back to Cali . . . L.A. — Cambodia, a night with Nanny, pure entertainment, San Diego margarita parties, let go of it! One more year . . . A side, killer B's, turbo diesel, just push Jonhson! I hate Maryland! A rugby five striper? Spring break, Austin, Tri Delts, Sting, on the roof, South Padre, incredible times, incredible friends. This is not the end . . . Hick. **TWHH**

Carl John Kolek
Boca Raton, Florida
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Best known for his Carlisms, T.T.'s beau helped put life in perspective: "One bad day and it's PMS on a 5 in.-54" (after the new conduct system came out), "I could be on restriction with alcoholics and conduct cases" (after missing reveille), "Catholics charge $100" (baiting Mo). Ever conscious of his origins he remains a loyal Redskins fan. He reminds us that 'Boca is not Miami' as he scurries to the wardroom to watch 'Miami Vice.' The Digital Man was known to fawn over his 'Big Money,' straight from Japan, stereo system. Seeking the zenith of stereo performance, he dedicated his EE project to it. "Musical taste is essential to roommate compatability." Remember Rush, the Police, the Fixx, reggae night. Destined to be a bubblehead: Carl slept in his socks, racked away the afternoons, took the hardest major, and aced the PCR. Keep up those boat dreams. Ja Mon! **CEL**

Jack Cagle Likens, Jr.
Longwood, Florida
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Cactus Jack, wake up, this is your life! Picture a man who may shift identities at will. THE FACES OF JACK: SuperJack (Ubermensch), Fu Manchu (Grasshopper-gone-wrong), Freddie, make-shift mid at Army (nice shoes), Uncle Jack's Cabin, Father Jack, The Color Purple. Jack's academic pursuits have been less than conventional. QUOTH THE SENSEI: I slept through what? What are all these italic d's? Herr Likens, you are being combative. Ich habe eine grosse Hunger! I know what to do, I will call your company officer. I'm bored, I do not wish to study. In a quest for ways to relieve boredom, ALWAYS REMEMBER: All-nighters, comic books, Rock-n-Roll library, dip, soda $, Rackology 501: Dream Control, Death before restriction!, The Revolution (What is an autonomous collective, anyway?), Chili's, Armadillo's, Very Fast and Very Strong, night noises, "NO!" If only it were a different world. See you on Visigoth Day. — The Bad and the Ugly **GBU**



Charles Evan Litchfield
Houston, Texas
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

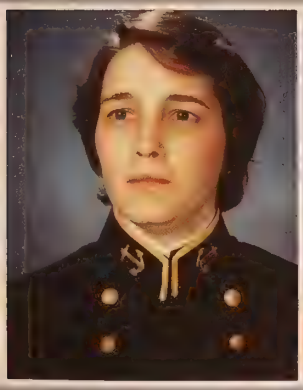
Persecuted by the Gods? Paranoid? Does Fate have it in for you? Don't panic, call 25/5-Grad. Don't worry, Litch, Luck doesn't know we're working on this one. THE PROS AND CONS OF LITCHHIKING: Tuco, battery checks, sensitivity, ornamentals, the VAX, LBFM, Symbolic Stack Dump, Princeton and Pooh, Chili's, My Girl, Back to Groton (awwwman), the five minute bladder, persecution complex, stealth plebe, drive through rate window, beer bottle squares, a feared coup for a puppet regime, situational gentleman, chips and hot sauce, RHIR — accountability, night noises (Brightlight), Maggots! In his time, Litch has given us many good words to live by. FAMOUS PAST WORDS: "Say Grace before you eat." "Education!" "I don't care." "I'm just a gigolo." "I'm afraid we do." — The Good and the Bad **GBU**

Luis Ahmad Maldonado
Isla Verde, Puerto Rico
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

The surfing Bob Marley fan rode a wave to USNA from PR to start his Navy career. Louie was quickly instructed on the evils of music by his upperclass, but he stuck through plebe year. Youngster year Louie found his two favorite recreational sites: Uptown and Eastport. He was seen there many weekends discussing Naval tactics. He decided phy sci was a perfect major for rediscovering the lost art of rack and so became a consciencious objector to reveille, a moral stand he kept 'til graduation. Second class year, a ring on the way, Louie took his car loan and bought a timid little economy car, a Trans Am GTA. First class summer he hocked his surfboard and headed for Hawaii, only to fall for a California girl. Then he discovered what good gas mileage his car got and how expensive trips to CA were. Louie's off to San Diego to be a SWO. Good Luck and Left Full Rudder, Paco. See ya around — probably in a family tree or something. **MBS**

Randall Harold Martin
Simpsonville, South Carolina
Economics
Surface Warfare

From Simpsonville, SC, to SES-200 in Pax River to Coddington Point Community College (NAPS) to USNA to the Philippines . . . what a story. With so much time spent on the "pre-SWO" pin and conditioning squad it's no surprise that he didn't study much. Being CO of YP p4E made him the first in the class to command. Spring Break he went to Norfolk aboard the "Gus Boat," COMSAG's first gray ship U/W. Randy liked the good things in life: stereos, CD's (lots of both), bass guitars, cigars, chocolate, coffee, and . . . Cars were another story: a '76 Civic whose first gear doubled as the brakes and a '75 Comet with an exhaust so loud that it could raise your QPR — Goooood night!!). An occasional temper tantrum caused the death of several coffee cups, a mirror (care of his steam book), and a speaker. Well, the Fleet and Olongapo better beware; Randy is on his way to conquer. **DBS**



Donna Patricia Murphy
Miami, Florida
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

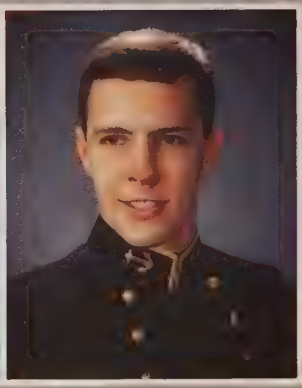
Earth to Smurf . . . it must those percocets. Donna braved the knife five times at USNA, and just had to watch the last one. Be good to those knees, Murph! She had difficulty keeping roommates plebe year; I suppose her prior professionalism was too intimidating. Then the little matchmaker introduced KM . . . before or after Herndon? We met Murph 3/c year. A year of studying in the rotunda, coffee breaks, M&M's (GC has been here), and partying policemen. 2/c year brought geeking, untimely visits, MacMurphy, last year of "What a mess," and a falling out with NARC (sooner or later . . .). After 1/c cruise, even the Dant was interested in Murph . . . Was he nice? It was a great Army run . . . the longest leg for the gimps (You WILL pay). Weekend trips to Norfolk (can't you find the right bar?), ENS C, the little man's bro, and of course AR. Now that you can legally be in O Country, BE GOOD! The MONO will treat you well! You'll be a helluva SWO. **MMJ**

Gary Charles Peters
Las Vegas, Nevada
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

It appears Gary is USNA's only living sandpaddy, but he is. He arrived via Vegas — someone's loquacious, no, just LOUD red-headed child. Sort of a smile with curls. A virtual paragon of academic excellence, only the trivial points of errudition entrammeld him (grades, classes, ac-boards, etc.). A master of first impressions, Gary established a close working rapport with the 13th company officer in preparation for an Ac-board the first day back from the summer hiatus. Next our nubile young adventurer sprawled heart first into the sweet bliss of a romantic entanglement with a young native. The remaining years have been typical of a Mid betrothed; no car, no money, just warm fuzzies. Gary will always be remembered for the 13th Company poster child, morning flatulence, many faces of pain, helpful drill instruction, and Queenie. Basically, Gary, you are sick, twisted, and perverted. It appears we like that in a person, but we do. **GBU**

Scott Thomas Peterson
Dallas, Texas
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Scott, a glutton for punishment, just couldn't get enough. After a year of hazing at Texas A&M, he came to USNA. Scott was easy to find. He was either studying or commuting to Texas. We just had to look for his leather belt, fastened by a buckle which could double for a hubcap, his cowboy boots, and his redneck shirts. Most weekends were spent going to Chili's with the gang or drinking Lone Stars at Fuddrucker's. Scott was a Mudworm, and this tradition will continue as he enters the Marine Corps. Best of luck Scott, "Semper Fi." Memorable moments: Why Rivkin why? Shut up, I'm talking to a duck! Country "Music?" I have to work on a paper, mudworms, chips and sauce, pushups, trips to Waco, Colorado Ski Trip, I'm afraid we do, Mr. Happy, Calvin and Hobbes, belches and slaps, nice girls, bad girls, Snookywookums, electric blanket, throwing shoes, paper airplanes, the special table, Willy and Clint, etches and diminushuns, and stealth plebe. **RDS**



David Brian Shanes
Honolulu, Hawaii
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Dave reported aboard from the 50th state. His off-duty pursuits have included proprietorship of a fine kosher foods distributorship, "Dirty Dancing" at Margarita Maggie's, where he collected a stack of phone numbers (though he was rarely known to dial any of them) and once brought back a birthday cake with big pink headlights (which he promptly whammoed), and being a skate guard at the local roller rink. Dave managed the varsity sailing team for three years, becoming head "hippity-hop" handler and even earning the coveted Boston Whaler qual. After learning of his altered career path, Dave wandered down to Norfolk with his roommate over Spring Break to board the "Gus Boat" for a week of AGI ops, BECCEs, trying to find good chow courses, "Jungle, Ensign Beaver," "Thanks, Love," and getting thrown out of the wardroom by the Captain. His path starts in Pearl Harbor, where Dave is sure to show 'em how it's done. **RHM**

Robin Dexter Shoop III
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Rob Shoop? Oh yeah, Rob's the reclusive, nocturnal computer creature seen rarely during daylight hours. Sort of a Company Raccoon. Easy to find during the day, Rob perfected many techniques in Rack-time maximization. Twenty minutes before formation was plenty of time for the Blue Beast if you knew how. Rob firmly believed that 12 hours sleep a day implied only two years' time at USNA. Rob is a biological anomoly; he undergoes a daily metamorphasis flowing from the morning cocoon stage (morning chair rack sessions completely covered by his blanket), to the semi-conscious daylight larval stage, to full adulthood at night. Rob always was a night person. Things to always remember: The Log, Chili's, Loyal Roommates?, ski trips, pellet pistol battles, chips and hot sauce, the Captain's morning wakeups, TIS, Tri-semester PT (PE tests), Mr. Happy, and Mudworms. **STP**

Michael Brent Steinbach
Garden Grove, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Mike came to good old USNA from sunny southern CA to become an engineer and naval aviator. His first two years went rather smoothly except for a few episodes youngster year. At the Eastport theatres, he discovered a new way to decorate the inside of his cover and had the unforgettable encounter with the evil forces of the Eastport natives. Second class year he realized he should have never gone Aero but somehow survived the Rocket. Being the only one in the company without a Ring Dance date, he invited an old h.s friend in a desperate attempt to save his pride. Little did he know that she would steal his heart away forever. First class year his entire existence was dominated by her and it definitely reflected in his grades and financial stability. Mike's wedding bells will ring in October, and then it's off to P-cola. Good Luck. Maybe I'll see ya at the Steinbach family reunions. **LAM**

Edwin Galantin Veazey
King George, Virginia
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

"Sleazy Veazey" — it's not just a name, it's a way of life. This phrase, which has been carried worldwide and translated into countless foreign languages by the scores of girls that Ted has wooed, aptly describes our hero. (Just ask "Leather.") Ted is only the latest in a long line of Naval heros. He spent his formative years on the Parade field, but it was the thought of life "down on the farm" that drove him to the Academy (via NAPS). How he survived plebe year is a miracle (with roommates like Coop, Hawkman, Jeff, and Kirk, how could you not get in trouble?) It was such a traumatic experience that it forced him to drink — who do you think made Mr. Ashford his millions? McGarvey's almost proved his undoing, however, when he ran into SECNAV at the bar. Just remember: some men are born to sleaziness, others have it thrust upon them, but there is only one who defines it. Good luck in P-cola, Theodore. **JMMIII**

Jeffrey Raymond West
Owensville, Missouri
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Dear Maggot, Well, wild-eyed Southern boy, it has been different being your roommate. I've never been accused of so many things that I didn't do. I wish you luck and hope you learn to fly in the wild blue as well as you have learned to study in it. May your RIO do better with maps than you did in DC. We hope you can keep from getting your car blown up, since the species is near extinction. May fewer girls in your passenger seat be adorned in Chili's T-shirts. Keep skiing but beware of small children screaming "Be Free!" Do remember when in a dogfight that the Mudworms always had the best defense. Yet we were never quite sure what slowpitch had — except fun! Always remember to cause trouble — don't get in trouble. Please watch out for Mimie's moving furniture and strange girls who know your name! Guess What — I'll tell ya' at the reunion. Lastly, I hope you survive better in life than you did in my dreams. Go Cards. **DWI**

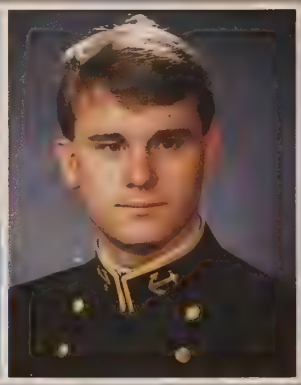
Harry Matthew Wingo
Lothian, Maryland
English
Special Warfare

Having read your journals, we felt obligated to make additions. FLASHBACK, A 30 SECOND RIDE: Peaches, Mighty Mouse, Lawrence, Anchor Windlass, Ceiling Ghost, Princeton & Pooh, My Girl, Groton, rock-n-roll remedial, Uncle Jack, dip, body fat %, Europe (dirt cheap), rack injury, Alabama, slalom, the block, Pink. LESSONS LEARNED: The real world won't be impressed by a pathetic look. Deep meaning isn't found on jockey shorts. Contradict yourself, you are large, you contain multitudes. Somebody's always cleaning up after the French. Nietsche probably hated Dickens, too. WE'VE STILL GOT SOME QUESTIONS: Is the view from 7-4 any better with two moons? What happens when you loose control in a psychodelic dream? And, by the way, which one's Pink? In retrospect, one incident reveals the quintessential Wingo: As you gaze off into the sunset, she asks in awe, "Do you know what that makes you?" "Alive." — The Good and the Ugly **GBU**

14TH COMPANY

Matthew Bradford Aaron
Snow Hill, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Matt's come a long way since that fateful day in August of '85, when I found him lost and destitute, seeking a role model. He's learned that the Fat Boys are not the "have all, end all" of music; that alcohol may not be our friend, but our enemies need love, too; and finally, there's more to pushing the envelope than what they taught him in his Aero Dynes class. Coming from that cosmopolitan mecca in eastern Maryland, his laid back "warterman" attitude won all his classmates' friendship; his good grades and his insidious good sense won him their envy. As company commander, people actually obeyed him willingly — a record of sorts among the brigade. I happen to be one of them. Despite those nagging traits of his — intelligence, cleanliness, and always being right — I've never had a truer friend. Matt, I wish all the best flying those things you've spent four years studying. Fair winds and true sailing. **CJS**



Philip Lee Barnett
Phoenix, Arizona
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Enter . . . A tall, blonde, Teutonic warrior with one quest in mind, the ominous rack. Although not an exact facsimile, he does have dirty blonde hair, a medium stature, and a small but substantial set of love handles. He seemed to have his own guardian angel and his luck seemed to rub off on any of his companions in their never-ending quest for extra three-striper libs. Second class year, Phil acquired a flashy red Porsche (pronounced POR-sha) which he treated like his first born until one stormy night, he increased its seating capacity from two to seven. First class year The Boat School's warrior tradition finally broke through Phil's mellow exterior in the defense of a not so innocent friend at a local bar. Good luck Phil and thanks for keeping me out of trouble our last semester here. **EFM/EJB** P.S. Help me make it through Nuke School! **EFM**

Walter Thomas Baugh
Ellisville, Mississippi
Systems Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Tom came to wonderful USNA from the swamps of Mississippi. He is 50% of the weird room, 33% of Zogco and 100% Good Ole Boy. When he arrived for youngster year, he brought his Piuddy along with him. He spent his weekends with Piuddy doing Turtle things and his weeks at USNA doing anything except studying (4.0 and go). He spent many nights as a Weird One attracting attention from the Jimmy Legs, spreading poisonous gas on 7-3, making space shuttle simulators, and devising new and interesting ways to defend a nuclear retreat. His extreme lack of tact often got him in trouble but combined with his often psychotic demeanor and an unusual passion for fine firearms proved to be a useful deterrent for nosey company officers. Having adopted the motto, "Don't be one, breed one," he went into the Marine Corps to do what he enjoys most — destroying things (well . . . second most). Good luck. Hope to meet up with you in Tennessee. **TAH**

Eric James Buch
Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Eric left Milwaukee, America's brewery, reluctantly to come to USNA. Our favorite cheesehead, Eric distinguished himself as one always willing to sign his name to any mail order, Ed McMahon giveaway, or mastercard charge. Like Marco Polo and Genghis Khan, Eric always returned from foreign travel with knick knacks and suprises. Although Eric always thought he was driving no matter which seat he was sitting in, he was copilot during his most famous sightseeing tour of the yard. Liable to attack his desk, locker or shower at any hour, keeping a clean room was always utmost in Eric's mind. During second class summer Eric and friend Tom failed a class in symbol identification, and his cruise group never forgave him. Finally, our jolly doughboy from the North always found a way to put youngster and plebe boxing classes to use whether it was a Maryland icer, Bill the Goat, or his loving roommate he hit. Good luck to the short one. **SHD**

Eugene Andrew Burcher
Alexandria, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Andy left his sheltered life at the all boy's school, for the adventurous lifestyle the Navy promised him. Since he had only a few romantic encounters prior to USNA, Andy is on a quest for the girl of his dreams. His hopes were highest first class year when his high school dream girl mysteriously became his lab partner. Unfortunately, during their late night "study" sessions, academics was the only thing on her mind. He entered the 14th Company and has been affectionately known as "Burch?." His third class year was spent taking road trips to UVA, Richmond and heart to heart conversations with CDR Fry. Second class year rolled around and Andy discovered his fondness for subs. Thus, his professionalism grew so much that he insisted on taking plebe detail to help a friend stranded in Europe. Andy has a promising future ahead of him and I'm sure that he'll find the girl of his dreams with out getting juked. **JSH**

Bryan Patrick Burt
Pensacola, Florida
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Bryan arrived in 14 after a stay in E-Z 25 plebe year, surviving football, two great squadleaders and the academic load of a real school. He quickly distiguished himself by playing on the JV offensive line, doubling his CQPR in a semester and being named 3/c company commander. As the years progressed, Bry found himself at the top of his major, easy-ography. He became the Oceanography club president and his quest for power began. He organized numerous OCF picnics, retreats, banquets and prayer breakfasts and culminated his power quest by securing the position of Third Batt Adjuatant. Throughout his Navy career, Bryan's parents have tried to lose him by moving five times since youngster year. Bryan, however, following his idol, me, to flight school will end up in the same town as his unfortunate parents. Well Bryan, we're in the Navy now and they'll make the rules and we'll follow 'em. Best of luck in Flight School and in your career! **PRM**

David Allen Clausell
Mobile, Alabama
Physical Science
Supply Corps

DAC came to the Academy from the south with a tremendous ability for finding untapped credit, but with an atrocious memory for the name of his girlfriend. Was it Karen, Nellina, Tawana, Odessa, Harriet, Emma, Ursula, Wanda, Sheila, or that one-in-a-million girl at the '85 Army-Navy Game that still gives Andy Burcher nightmares? It never ceased to amaze me how any person could get so much mail from so many people without ever writing back. Along with the only Dole and Chiquita collection in the company, DAC brought his own version of the Rotation Diet to 14. During weigh-in periods, pure starvation and sauna visits were required with a seefood diet for the rest of the year. And, we can't forget the Black Max (DACSTER) which put DAC into his financial crunch. Just how did the DACSTER get on top of that guardrail? Best of luck to you in the future my friend and I wish you great happiness in your life. Keep in touch. **CEK**

Nelson Jose Delgado
Altus, Oklahoma
History
Surface Warfare

Nelson Jose Delgado is the only Puerto Rican to fight at Dien Bien Phu. Nelson (alias Juan Valdez or Fernando Valenzuela) survived exile from his beloved jungles of SE Asia through a strict diet of glazed donuts and chocolate chip cookies. He needed to be fit since cars were impossible to drive in the rugged terrain of Oklahoma. This man among men exercised inhuman discipline in the rack, dreaming of ways to conquer with his wit (How many foreign countries have you been to? or Let's talk politics). He did not need to trick his one true love. The Spanish belle Nelson won Europe for, knows him too well. Mr. History wrote manuscripts destined to be world renown. He made his presence felt around the globe. During 1/c winter he taught Argentine Marines and soap stars. He did earn his own gold wings, but the pseudo-Marine outflanked Chesty Puller. Mi companero chose to teach sailors to train waves. Viva Nelson! **MGH**

Ralph Albert Dengler
Bronx, New York
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

A native of THE BRONX, Ralphy-boy came to USNA to join the brotherhood of the USMC. Through two flamer squads in SERENE 18, RAD proceeded to Ca & BB-62 with JD, BC, & GD for Cruise. 3/c yr brought new experiences with OTW in GT, rugby and Barbara. 2/C summer with Camel, Mark in FRG, and old women in P-cola, resulted in six mo loss of 1/C driving privileges. CumM + CumR = 2.13 caused a major change for RAD. After signing a few mustercards for his friends as MCMO, RAD found himself in front of the DANT, and his own restriction card, so he volunteered his leave and joined the X-mas Club. All was not lost, however, thanks to two blizzards and the one for one deal with the MSRU gang. 1/C cruise with the ROYAL MARINES. Day one of 1/C Yr. RAD with a six grand and a member of the five for four Club with Cheese and DAC. Spring Break, Capt. of the Rugby team-Pot Rug. CHAMPS-BRIGADE BOXING CHAMP. An awesome roommate & best friend. **AMF**

Steven Harold Donnelly
Hudson, Ohio
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

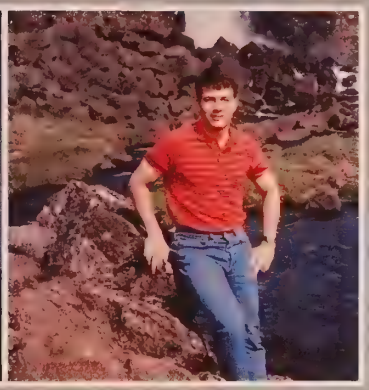
After joining the hallowed ranks of midshipmen, Steve found the priceless commodity of sleep, therefore, he chose the major that gave him the most free time, math. In his last few semesters, Steve had a rough overload of 15 semester hours and occasionally had to creep out of bed in his quest to keep his dazzling G.P.A. Several ways Steve was able to avoid bed sores was through his participation in hockey and batt. LAX and in his never ending search for intellectually stimulating sci fi books and computer games. Steve is a naturally mellow and laid back person which is reflected in his self styled quote, "No violence, no violence." 1/c year Steve found a new passion, girls! He also was given a squad in which he tried to carve out his own corner of Penn State at the boats school. Because of his high G.P.A. and class rank, Steve was able to choose the mighty Dahlgren at service selection. Steve was a great roommate and friend. **EJB**

Mark Blair Dunleavy
Sanford, Florida
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Mark is from all over the world. After NAPS, he took his leadership position in F-18 and excelled through plebe summer. Ac year thrust him into a flamer squad, but his toughness paid off as he coasted through second semester. Youngster cruise was on the Nimitz, near his lifelong dream: naval pilot, then the year had its ups and downs, with OTW and scheming. During 2nd class summer, Mark was a plebe detail squad daddy and ran into a SAM. 2nd class year churned through with more scheming then unsatness, and after too good of a time in B-more with Cheez, Mark got the blackball and restriction. A snowstorm and MSRU-10 got rid of that, but the year ended without 3 stripes. Firsty cruise was on the Coral Sea, then Mark rocked and rolled through the year as a stellar platoon and squad leader . An awesome athlete and best friend, Mark was always there. Good luck and God Bless You as you launch into the sky and dance through the clouds! **RAD**

James Ernest Dyer
Sumner, Washington
Physics
Surface Warfare

The quintessential D & B God, Jim had the pleasure of rooming with a former classmate that had a penchant for reverse peristalsis and Judo. Then he was forced to seek company elsewhere, and it was south of the border that he looked, finding solace in an individual who could quote Star Trek reruns in Spanish and identify every constellation in the sky. The bugle-blowing "Dweebs" came to the boat school from Washington state, and has dazzled the Physics Department with his Einstein — like logic, although anyone watching him in his room would think that he's an Economics major. Estimated right now at having only about half of Rockefeller's total income, Jim timeshares with Smith & Barney in order to keep his accounts in line, but relies on his Zenith hard disk system to plan his daily schedule. Jim's career future lies in the Surface community, where he plans to show Japan a thing or two. He has been a good friend and will be a great SWO. **EAG**



David Earl Finley
Lawton, Oklahoma
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Dave will always hold a place in my heart, as well as in that of all those girls who got a taste of his chronic condition of cold feet. With an eventful first class year that included a broken hand, two vehicle accidents, and a forever calling female, Dave exhibited great stamina. I'll never forget the night he spent in the sink after the Supt.'s reception. Then, his deep involvement in the Mech. E. clubs forced him to spend a weekend in Atlanta where he saw our old friend Rich. Dave got moved downstairs during second semester to serve as Batt Sub-Commander. Finner finished first in Airborne training third class year, and then crammed five more jumps into first class year to become the first man in the company to earn his wings of gold. Now Dave goes for the wings he has always dreamed of, the wings he well deserves. With a great future in store and memories to cherish, I say one more thing, brother, Good luck and fair skies. **JPO**

Andrew James Frie
Fairfax, Virginia
Electrical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

By the volumes of books that the Zog consumes, one would think our hero an English major, to which he grimaces, but the Zog being a junior mad scientist. He had contributed immensely to the social habits of his peers with a knack for always having a friend or cousin in some sorority or with an apartment at away FB games. His Johns Hopkins connections made even home games weekends exciting, not to mention watching his special talent as a Zogmeter self-Breathalyzer. Hiding beneath an intimidating exterior and his biweekly copy of Shotgun news, one could always find a Levi Garret chewing Zog to explain the Greek of blackmagic EE or tape some tunes on his wunder-stereo. The future will find our good Ol' boy first atop any hill his men take or successful in any thing he attempts. **SPM**

Edward Aaron Gomez
San Diego, California
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Taco, after a long and arduous journey from the beaches of Southern California (I still question the fresh water that dripped from his clothes), immediately began to register his presence on those around him. Remembering my initial impressions of "the Gome," I recall most vividly his unconscious reaction to music. He immediately has epileptic fits in his hands and feet which, surprisingly, keep time with the beat. After having known him for a longer period of time, I gained a deeper understanding of his high ethical standards which limited Ed to only one neurotic girl a semester. Being surrounded by the "stupidest smart people" he has ever encountered, Ed easily transcended his peers in all areas except academics. After four years of having his head in the clouds, graduation is finally forcing him to settle down and dampen his feet, or will it? **JED**

Mark Gerard Hakun
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Mark joined up with our company influenced apparently by only two outside forces: baseball and vengeance for rough plebe days in the Serene 18. Destiny allowed him satisfaction on both accounts. The glorious Red Sox somehow blew their lead, and the team from NY won the series. Plebe summer gave him the chance to even up some old scores although,a few long nights far from his place of duty make one wonder if he was getting soft. Women cost Mark more than just a few evenings when he found himself assigned to his favorite abode, the rack, for kissing one girl too many. Recovered from mono he seemed to be falling apart, sore knee there, air apparatus here. By first class year, Mark was back in the fast lane. Forced to abandon the idea of becoming an aerial taxi-driver, he accepted the challenge of the noblest combat arm, Surface Navy. It has been a pleasure shipping with you hope you have the best seas in the future. **NJD**

John Scott Hallenberg, Jr.
Athens, Tennessee
General Science
Surface Warfare

Scott, or "Opie," as he was affectionately dubbed, came to the shores of the Severn from the hills of Tennessee. Joining 14th company from 11th, he quickly disappeared from sight because of being a top member of the tennis team. As the end of youngster year approached, the civilian college applications went out. Was Opie to be a Navy man or not? A change of sport to squash brought about a change in attitude. It became somewhat evident that in his life that he would have more hair on his face than on the top of his head. This would stop all of the confusion which people have distinguishing him from his Navy roomate. Although being away from the prep school atmosphere for three years, he never lost his taste in style. During senior year, Scott's life began to involve only four things: studying, tennis, which he changed back to, 'Cheers', and Jean. After graduation, Scott is off to the "Best ship in the Navy," USS Glover. **EAB**

Thomas Andrew Hole
Wapokeneta, Ohio
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviation

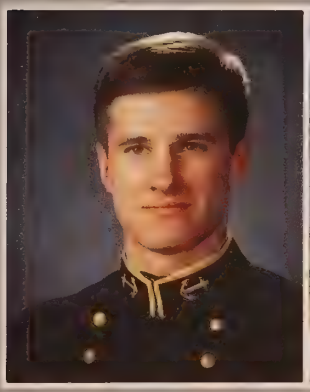
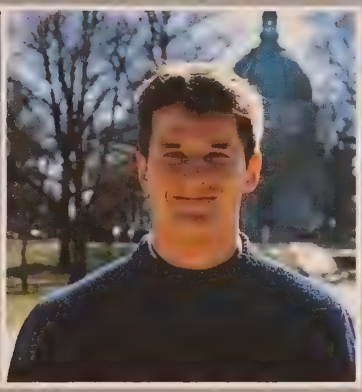
Tom, also known as Fubar, stands out in any crowd due to his "Heat Miser" red hair. Being a well-armed warrior , he remains one of the few true American fighting men, Code of Conduct (mod 1988) notwithstanding. Tom has had his fill of USNA's Conduct System, having spent 40 days (actually six months) on restriction second class year for misbehavior during a lecture he never attended. To the uninitiated, stepping into his lair, the "Weird Room," is a combination of "Apocalypse Now" and "Young Frankenstein." Between the arsenal of lethal firepower (a source of anxiety to the C. O.), the sizzling chicken patties of Steerage Annex (a source of anxiety to the chicken) and the hideous array of assorted hazardous electrical devices, his room standards are a stark contrast to those of the administration. All in all, however, Tom is definitely the sort of person one wants overhead when the bullets start flying. **WTB**

Corey Earl Keehn
Medina, Ohio
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Originating from Burger King Town, U.S.A. (sometimes referred to as Medina, OH), Corey eagerly assumed his role as a midshipman in the Brigade. This thin-framed midwest boy made up for his lack of muscle and mass by using his mouth. Being a true master of orating, he could easily overpower the opinions of any mere mortal mid. To fuel his obsessions, Corey stuck to the strictest of diets — away with green leafy stuff, begone soil infesting plants. No sir, only the highest grade milk chocolate could possibly soothe the appetite of such a giant. Look out Richard Simmons, I think he could have solved the puzzle to good health and longevity. Best wishes in the years to come. You and yours will always hold a place in my heart. **DAC**

Michael James Leidinger
Richmond, Virgina
Oceanography
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Mike hails from the capitol of the Confederacy. He started off in Stalag, and after a short jaunt on a sub he joined 14. He ran on the wrong side of the law 3/c year, but an encounter with jimmy leg quick draw changed his view. After a trip across the pond, during which he learned the secrets of Wis fried chicken, Mike set off for a fun filled summer with the boys and girls of Gr. Seven. More than a BOQ table was broken, and Mike learned free FALL rappeling. That was not the only medical problem 2/c year; it turned out ok; medical would be suprised at the amount of in-room care he received. 2/c year was also a year of the tundra visit, and jeep pull. Somewhere along the line Mike picked up the sailing bug and made a vacation on the per diem boat. Mike's first class year was occupied at a local girls' school, and with trips to Pa. Mike has been a good friend, and I'm sure he'll do well, no matter what path he chooses. **RDO**

Dennis Andrew Maloney
Carmel, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Dennis came to the Academy from a small town in New York. He was the brains behind most of the recons during Army week. He played each of the lower classes against one another and walked away laughing unscathed. These brains were also applied to academic endeavours which qualified him as a permenant resident on the Sup's list. When he wasn't being Professional Pete with the plebes or studying, he was rowing and rowing and rowing for R.F.C., his beloved coach. Dennis's love for his sport gained him two medals a national championship. With most of his time devoted to athletics or academics, you would think he didn't party or go out with women. This man is hard to carry and doesn't row well with a "sleepless" night. I know Dennis will have a good time being a civilian in Grad school before reporting to nuke school. Good luck in the future and happy hunting down under. **DHN**

Enrique Franscesco Marchese
Tampa, Florida
Economics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Our favorite Puerto Rican/Italian hails from the sunshine state of the south. Maybe it was the confusion between not knowing if he was a rebel or a eurofag, but Rick quickly became familiar with Smoke Hall. Fully enthusiastic for the Marines (he went so far as to shave his head for his passport picture), things went a little downhill after he was seen by Taco wearing only a walkman. His entrance into 14 was not the smoothest, being suspected of strange doings in the night. Youngster year was punctuated by a few unforgettable trips to bathrooms in D.C. Rick just couldn't keep out of trouble — while helping a friend who was a little under the weather, he somehow ended up in Medical and had a few more visits to Smoke Hall. First class year also brought the Fox, which after a few small problems seems to be running smoothly. Hopefully his troubles will have stopped with graduation and in the future he'll run silent and deep. **PLB**

Sean Patrick McBride
St. Mary's, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Sean, known as Woofer, left little St. Marys to see and experience the real world for these four years. Woofer really impressed everyone with his stellar tours at the Pentagon and with the Portugese Navy on exchange cruise. This made up for his academics, and he was a poly sci major no less! A "calculator-phobic," Woofer was always much more adept at practical, and hands-on tasks. Sean played rugby for three years and then stopped his firstie year so that he could also get his varsity rack letter. But when work time came, Woofer could really produce. He was the only guy I know who could bang out an essay by threading in the paper and start typing. The Surface Warfare community is gaining a real warrior, as evidenced by his rugby experience. He is truly a man to have nearby, when the missiles start to fly. When needed, just cry, Woof! **AJF**

Paul Raymond McGowan
Rockville, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Paul had the privilege of residing only a beltway away from USNA. He arrived at Annapolis after an academic victory over NAPS. Not learning from his Newport experience, Paul decided to challenge Rickover's medicine men. Upon entering 14th Company during youngster scramble his love of airplanes became known to anyone daring enough to enter his abode. The proximity of home gave Paul infinite opportunities for adventures. Different women entered Paul's life and now the state of Montana has been victimized by him. Rocky IV made its appearance during youngster boxing and Paul tried his best to follow suit. Thus Pebble was born. Paul's soap box cars wound up in wind tunnels and the aero department found this midshipman intriguing. After four years in the Navy Paul, of course, chose to fly Navy jets. With his determination, flight school will also fall prey. He's been a great friend and I wish him luck in all his endeavors! **MGH**

Michael Francis Moran
Cold Spring, New York
Electrical Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

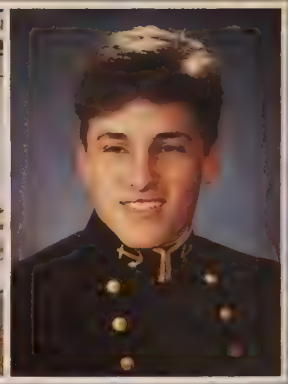
Mike came to the Academy from Cold Spring, NY. with full intentions to fly, but instead will be a proud member of the CEC due to his countless allergies. The man we call Vegas was very successful in his bodybuilding and powerlifting efforts winning or placing second in several meets. Vegas is the master of the EE major after spending countless hours of time studying as we all tried to bother him. The hearts of countless women will be broken when Mike marries his long time girlfriend on June 4th. We wish them both the best of luck and we know that they'll be happy. Although Vegas was always busy with his work, he never turned away anybody who needed help, and the fact that he put up with me for a year proves that he's a good man. Good luck with everything the future holds for you, Vegas; I know that everything will turn out well for you. Take care and thanks for everything — Mosh **CSM**

Christopher Scott Mosher
Pembroke, Massachusetts
General Science
Supply Corps

Mosh hails from south Boston after being recruited by the football staff and his older brother Jeff, but somehow this place wasn't like they said. Ft. Lauderdale and Europe with Tierns saved plebe year. Mosh played football for four years where he started out as a DT until he told the coach he could catch the ball — hence the PPC man. The 3-8 and 2-9 seasons weren't fun but there are some great friends and memories. It was all over after Army but the social life could begin — at Hoolihan's. Joe we're glad we didn't lose ya. C.S. Express, thanks for the pass. Chris spent many a weekend with . . . and plenty of times with the "boys" and now he's off to score for the real corps. Good luck with everything in the future, Mosh, thanks for being a great friend and roommate. Mo power, get some! — Vegas **MFM**

David Harwood Newton
Bellevue, Nebraska
Physics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Originally from somewhere in Nebraska (I think), Dave had some "prior" experience with "the Navy" before arriving at good old USNA. After an initially shaky first meeting (nice bandanna !?) and some eye-opening introductions (you are dating a what?), it was friends for life. Despite some rough times (including marchovers with no neck, living with the CC and trying to make heads or tails of physics), Dave managed to survive and persevere through four years. Much to his surprise, he even managed to have a good time once and a while (esp. 2/c summer with Miss Liberty, Mr. Lopez and the gang! Well Dave, welcome back to the real Navy. Thanks for everything — you'll never realize how much I've learned from you. Good luck either above or below the sea; at least you won't be stuck in a cockpit .



James Patrick O'Brien
Salina, Kansas
Pysical Science
Naval Aviation

"I'm a cowboy and with an alarmclock I do ride," sang the hard drinkin' man from the Kansas Plains. For Jim it was either a life of music or the military, but the call of the sea was stronger than the wail of his viola. Four years together by the Bay has proved more than enough for J.P. who spent those years in 14 rooming with "Salty" (which everyone very much appreciated), Dave and Paul. With Johnny Cash as an idol, a strong sense of priorities was never a problem for Jim — video golf first, homework last. "Be prepared" might have been his guiding motto, never being without his token can of corned-beef hash and enough dirty laundry to fill the closet. Ever the athlete, Jim coached both the light-weight football and basketball teams to record seasons in keeping with 14th Co. traditions. Now he is finally ready to retire his jersey, settle down into the married life and take up bowling in P-cola. Stay close. **DEF**

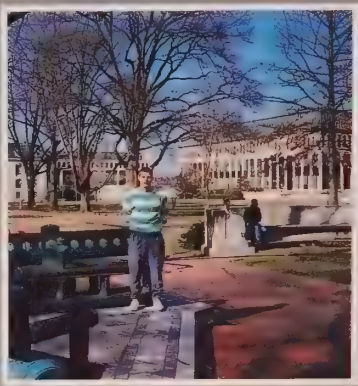
Robert Daniel O'Connor
Glens Falls, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

After spending plebe year confined with an interesting roommate, Dan spent little time in his new home because of frequent trips to Boston. This year also marked his ice battle with the NHL all-stars of 1930, teaching the rest of us how to drive in the snowy Alps, and the hearse. No other car has ever seen as much action on or off the road, at least when it was running. When he wasn't too busy beating up Dave, he captivated the Baltimore high schoolers with his famous grace and charm. He spent 1/c summer teaching the French how to handle their alcohol and developing that famous physique and powerful build which earned him the nickname "chief." It was this year that he also tried to set fire to anything he could. He soon discovered Arlington and became very scarce around the company, much to our relief. I wish Dan the best of luck with the future, and will always remember him as a great friend. **MJL**

Christopher James Simones
Prescott, Wisconsin
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

C.J. came to USNA from that northern mecca of Prescott, Wisconsin, but soon developed a strong affinity for the Chesapeake Bay. He demonstrated proficiency as a math major, but the hidden mechanisms of such devices as an alarm clock continuously amazed him. Always the mild mannered one, the nickname "Poohbear" soon caught on. C.J. rose to national fame and fortune youngster year as he became possibly the most widely televised Navy basketball fan in the Academy's history. Not one to neglect professionalism, he became the company SWO rep during first class year. He also assumed the prestigious duties as "happy-go-lucky" Lucky Bag rep, and most notably as "Log" rep. C.J. was always able to find the humor in any situation which helped make the four years bearable for the rest of us. As he was able to find all the good about his four years by the bay, the future must certainly hold great things in store for C.J. **MBA**

15TH COMPANY

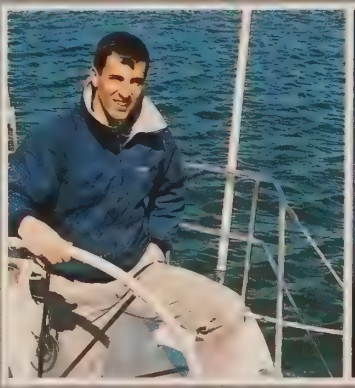


Mark William Bible
Bowie, Maryland
History
Nuclear Power — Surface

Mr. Decisive. Those days leading up to service selection were pretty intense. An airdale would convince you that NFO was the way to go. Then (sometimes the same day) CDR Woodall would get ahold of you and you'd spend the rest of the day drinking out of your "I'm A Surface Warrior" cup. Maybe it's best you finally went NUCSWO; aviators usually don't have a hard time determining if a topless beauty on a Hawaiian beach is male or female. We heard you didn't have the same problem on your 1/C Med cruise. We were all so privileged to be a part of the "Gerardo encounter." Do you remember losing sleep worrying about it? Thank God the system works. Having a home so close was nice — for all of us. Did you ever imagine you'd be spending so many nights on the couch? It was so nice of you to volunteer your room as the company's summer storage area. We really appreciated it. I wish you fair winds and following seas in your future. Good luck. **SEK**

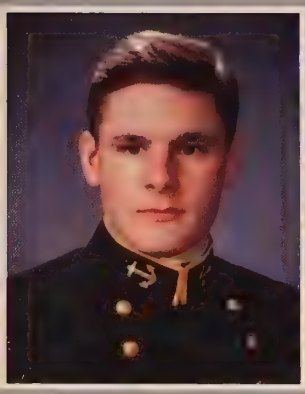
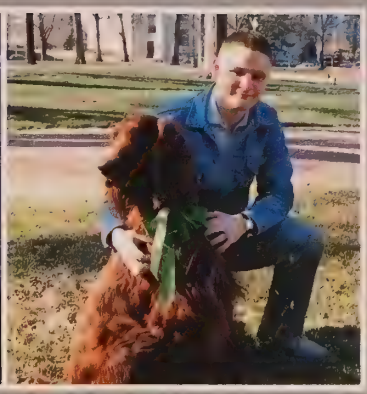
Terry Michael Bickham
Independence, Missouri
General Engineering
Surface Line

Terry laid back in his rack and was soon asleep, dreaming back to that hot July four years ago . . . Arriving here from Missour-uh, Terry came in search of the "ideal military establishment." Instead he found Canoe U. Struggling with himself for the answers to all his questions (and he had some dandies), Terry became involved with hopes of making a difference. But he soon realized he was a very small fish in a very large you know what. Bicks started as an Ocean Engineer, and in two years was "promoted" to General. With his "promotion" successfully completed, he moved on to women and after getting out of a potentially volatile situation, decided to join the ball and chain gang. First class year, how could we forget . . . VW, no VW, slob, up all night, sleep all day, Bick's study habits (or lack thereof), and oh yeah . . . Terry! Wake up — you slept through two classes!!! Good luck and good riddance! **TWQ & TKG**



Anthony Thomas Calandra
Cresson, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

It's not true, Anthony did not resign his status as Vice President of the He-man Club, he's just on a secret, long term assignment. This tall, dark Italian from (you've never heard of it) somewhere between Altoona and Denver has always claimed to be best thing for the new masculine image currently sweeping the nation. The decade of the sensitive man is dead (just ask him). I offer this new officer as the model profile for those who wish to follow in his reactionary footsteps: favorite quote — "Look, just give me a beer and a Buffet tape." Favorite drink — Beer if he's buying, Margarita if you are. Favorite activity — a boat (Sail), a beer, and a woman. Favorite car — fast, blue, and low (TVR — What's that?). Anthony Calandra is and always will be vintage male (Unless he succumbs to the "M" word). **JFE**

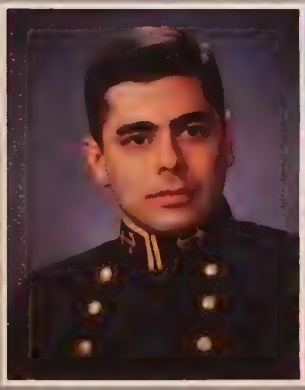



Peter Joseph Callaghan
Braintree, Massachusetts
English
Surface Warfare

Pete came to the Naval Academy wanting to go to sea in boomers. He said you could kill the most people that way. He's always been a bit morbid. Pete's idea of Christmas decorations were red and green shotgun shells suspended from the overhead. He was always cynical, but Pete became a little bitter after cables ruined his chances to be a nuke and a chemistry professor and a lying malingerer almost aborted his career second class year. During detail, plebes came to Pete to get Form-Two's when battalion office ran out, and the mates never were safe from the first set Gestapo adjutant. Pete should have been an N.I.S. agent, for he has the surveillance technique down. Soon, midshipmen will forget Pete Callaghan. Only his rack will remember. The next time a mid hears the name Pete Callaghan, he'll repeat the name as a shiver runs down his spine. Because next time, Pete will be older. He'll be trickier. He'll be Conduct Officer. **DAT**

George Walton Davis II
Quincy, Florida
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

"Gooood Morning Viet Nam!! Charge!!" The king of notable quotables, Dorge, Jorge also took a few tries at being a varsity athlete (was it seven?). The company nice guy's other interests were cars (he had two), basketball (he never won), and blind dates. His hero was Hamlet and his imitations will not be soon forgotten. The "Medium Man" wooed the local women (to sleep) with his approaches, but he was always on time with the tipsy taxi. Whether it was coming to Navy, staying at Navy, choosing a major, or service selecting, George never had trouble making up his mind. Unforgettables included George's White House tours, Advanced Calc (three times), and encounters with the Academy parking police, not to mention the "Chalet." If it was up to George, he'd return someday to surf in Hawaii, eat "shave ices," and live with Saavik. He heads to Pensacola without a fiancee, but his sisters still love him. Best wishes, George, — Officer McCargo **JFD**



Arthur de Leon
Phoenix, Arizona
General Science
Surface Warfare

The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly. This is Art de Leon, a confident man who came to this superb institution from the great "hot tamale" in the West. Tumbleweeds and all, Art was the epitome of a stellar midshipman who was highly respected among his peers. His inscrutable morality and enthusiasm toward our nation's ideals were to avail him in earning a place in his plebes' minds as someone whose footsteps should be followed. That was the good Art. I know Art will never forget the times of trial and even lunacy we shared as roommates. Though never really serious, we both enjoyed trying to put the fear of God into the other guy or even someone else (a plebe) for the smallest things just to get a reaction. Will anybody ever know how crazy you really are, Art? Fascinated with the stars and planets, Art was always looking up with optimism, perhaps toward the bright future that lay before him following graduation. Best regards, Art. **DMR**

John Fitzpatrick Dobbins
Winchester, Massachussetts
Political Science
Naval Aviation

They call him "The Big Man," and it's not because he's strong. John, Jack, J.D, Dobba, Breaker, Beacon got fried a few times even though his nose managed to be on time. Fat Jack bottomed out twice during his four year (actually five) stint: once when the Red Sox blew the sixth game of the '86 World Series, and then when his girlfriend failed to deliver third row tickets to Bruce Springsteen two hours before the concert. He is a legend in his own mind when it comes to one-on-one basketball, but statistics don't lie and the "Little Man" and "Medium Man" repeatedly rejected and fouled him right out of Halsey. He was relieved with the new company officer because he would no longer be called the "Company Buffoon." Whether he is playing golf in Winchester, the piano in Mitscher, or debating hot political issues (and usually winning), one can always find John doing it his way. **GWD**

James Felton Elders III
Georgetown, South Carolina
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

I can remember that day in '85, "Hey Ant, why don't we room together next year; we both like 'Yes,' so we'll get along fine." He was holding his guitar so I thought it would be cool — WRONG — Felton couldn't play the guitar to save my life. But at least the next three years passed without a murder attempt. Felton only attended this fine institution for two years — yea, he went to class for two years and slept the other two. Without each other we wouldn't have made it through here. But there was his 21st birthday: He ended up holding my head in the sink, "Hey Ant, I don't remember you eating that." I tutored Felt through weapons class — he got a B, I got a D. Felton was a well-balanced individual — he wasn't afraid to be professional, he just thought it was a drag. Yea, he was too busy sailing. Hey Felt, I know a place in Pa. where we can get 35 cent drafts, wanna go? Sorry Spanky, I gotta live my own life now. **ATC**

Steven James Erickson
Cedar Falls, Iowa
General Enineering
Naval Aviation

Yukon came to us from the rich fields of Iowa. Although he didn't do much corn work, he soon cast aside his innocence (as if he hadn't already) to do some shucking of another kind. On those DROUGHT weekends our Ericksdotter could be found playing "Norm" and shooting the breeze with Kelly, Frank and, of course, Pete. Usually Willie or Fergy were at his side in equally low spirits. But, when that smoke cleared, the tables were boxed, the balls racked, and the cue sticks broken, he had to find a new and less humble stool. Gosh, how it hurt him to leave that transfigured place in the past. Desperately seeking any suitable ball and chain, we almost lost Steve, but we always seemed to save him at the bell. Or did we? After all he doesn't know how to use the brakes, just ask him about his biggest break-up. Mug in hand, this pal will find his new stool between a pair of hot and fast Pratt & Whitney's. **JCT**

Stephen Alfred Ferro
Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts
English
Marine Aviation

We've all had the chance to room with Steve. If Steve wasn't out running around trying to cut weight for 150's (just five pounds before tomorrow) he was busy opening all the windows in the room to freeze the cactus and the pineapple. A three-hour taxi ride from Boston to the cape was an experience, especially Tony's world politics. Steve did very well in classes. I had one of his classes and I know what they're like: Coffee, hot chocolate, and doughnuts every Friday. Take home tests, quizzes that don't count, and interpretive papers. Wow! Steve selected Marines, the only one in the company, even after going to Quantico during 2/C summer! We wish you the best. God Bless you. "Semper Fidelis!" OOO-Rah! **SEK**

Thomas Kevin Guerrero
Kalispel, Montana
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Arriving at USNA from metropolitan Montana via the Party School in Newport, Kevin gave the impression that he'd just as soon be back on the spit-shined floor at Moose's. Kev stumbled through Ocean Engineering with his dip and coffee mug (or was it a jug) until the Rocket brought on a MAJOR change. He GENERALLY made it through until he warmed up to Annapolis after finding his own heater . . . eh? Their anklebiters may never know about: visits to Johnies place with JD and Tim, the Woody cut, and forgotten nights at Maggie's, but WE do!!! Best of luck at P-cola and remember "To the wall, Kev!" **TWQ & TMB**

Donald Ray Hensley, Jr.
Houston, Texas
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Don brought to the Academy a strong will, colorful personality, and a warped sense of reality. He came prepared with his hair plebe summer short, and has yet to let it grow out, often causing confusion as to which class he actually belonged. Don was of the rare breed that actually enjoyed drill, especially as company commander. Second class summer was excitation for Don; at Quantico he fell out of a helo and broke his leg — well, good story to tell, anyway. He also acquired a cammie mummy sleeping bag and was rarely seen after that. But all of this did not add up to a Marine, for Don excelled at academics and chose Nuke Subs. Don also excelled in his Christian walk; however, it has been difficult for him to live up to being a "boring Christian." Don has been a great roommate and friend, and he will be missed. May God grant fair thermoclines and following tides. How many times do you swish in the morning, Don? **JBS**

Shannon Edwin Kawane
Kauai, Hawaii
Computer Science
Nuclear Power — Submarines

OOOO Shannon! Aloha! Pass the opihi please. You're from Hawaii! I was there once. Let me tell you about it. A red Lawa Lawa? I'll put the sticker on this weekend. Two cookies? Don't worry, I'll run tonight. We Beat Army. Spring Break '86! 2/C year saw a lot of visits to the Mid store to visit a certain employee (those Hallmark romances). Shannon came a long way to prove himself here at USNA and he sure did. From plebe year till Company Commander, SK made Hawaii and his family very proud. The first Admiral of our class — no doubt. God Bless you, friend. May your ship be always greeted with gentle breezes and calm seas (A sub is a ship, too)! **MWB**

Ronald John Kinn
West Chester, Pennsylvania
Economics
Supply Corps

How can a 50-inch-chested wall of a varsity firstbaseman fail the o'course? The "The Extra Big Man" was never intimidated by company officers, deputy 'dants, academics, or taps. He held a soft spot in his heart for late night movies,monday night football (eventhough it was spring), and steerage runs. Not one to be easily tempered, his favorite stomping grounds were the Seventh Co. wardroom and the heavyweight football fields. Rhino had almost as many absences as excuse chits. His other interest were quilts, fans, and whiteworks, not to mention cleaning the room. His biggest thrill was seeing his own portrait in the *Log*. Always money conscious, he will make a great "SUPP-O," and if he doesn't, his parents will foot the bill. The pride of MMA, this military machine is destined for greatness in whatever field he endeavors (be it baseball or lifting weights). **GWD**

Mark Paul Lotze
Ashtabula, Ohio
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Mark is the man who will find perfection through persistance. He hit the academy wound tighter than a Swiss clock and attacked life as a mid with an intensity all his own. He kept the "Mr. Clean" title in spite of roommates ranging from Missouri to Boston to Born Again. As a youngster stymied with Statics, he found his true track in Political Science — it only seemed natural for a guy who spent as much leave in Europe as in the States. Mark's language skills earned him a minor, a stint as the German Club President, and more than a few continental friends. Mark threw us all for a loop and trashed his budget when he drove up in his 944, but then champagne really does taste sweeter in Champagne. Good luck, my friend — you're off to a start as fast as your stride (but don't forget to "mosey" now and again). Take care . . . **TMB**

Christopher Timothy Marr
South Brunswick, New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Submarines

On the 8th day God created Chris "the Fanatic" Marr and saw that it was good. He plucked him from the depths of Jersey and placed him into 14th Co., probably to battle the Rosserian, and later to impersonate him on Halloween night. Chris worked hard at everything; he's the only person I know to get the gouge for the Struggle. He was always seen in white works, playing the mello for the beaters and blowers. Mr. Maahr, as a certain Jamaican might say, gave up head-banging music youngster year in Fighting 15, to do battle for the Lord. After all, that music was never any good on his AIWA box-stereo. Chris is a person who would never compromise, even as he did 100 things at once. He was a true disciple of Christ in the company, D&B and OCF, never afraid to tell you "Jesus is Lord." I'm sure you will someday hear, "Well done, my good and faithful servant." God bless you, Chris. We'll remember you. Amen. **BPB**

Michael Vincent McMahon
Arlington, Texas
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

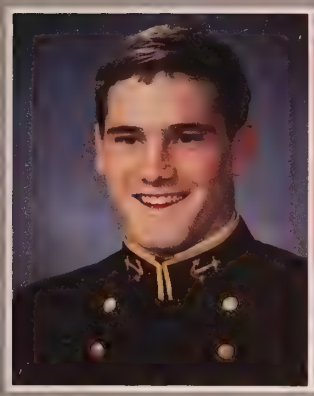
Mike's time as a midshipman was like the last half of an Horatio Alger novel. A typical day would see him up at 0630 after about three hours sleep and off to a six-N systems engineering day followed by crew practice. After dinner, he would start studying again until three the next morning. Everyone had at least a few such days, but Mike lived that way all the time. After four years, he hasn't gotten all the respect he has deserved. Rocket Read took a bite out of him first semester of firtie year, and his company officer called him a jerk when he stood up for his roommate second class year. The same guy got him fried and almost killed the next year when trying to make taps from downtown D.C. in 18 minutes. Mike never got the striper position he wanted, although he bent over backwards trying to be the best midshipman possible. He kept thinking life was like that Horatio Alger novel, but he was wrong. **DAT**

Scott Anthony Minium
Yuma, Arizona
Computer Science
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Upon arriving at the Academy Scott got off to a slow start, but with the end of plebe year, and the move to 15, Scott moved into high gear. First there was that one in physics . . . Not to mention the helpful elevator lady at Army Youngster year. What exactly were you doing when you were late? Second class year was a great one for Scott with a whole crop of new possibilities that he didn't even have to go looking for. Well, sometime around Christmas his luck turned bad! (?) A Southern belle invited him to spend Christmas with her, but when Scott returned he continued to drool over the opportunities at the Boat School. However, as fate would have it, that same Southern belle returned to Scott's life 1/c year. So much for the new crop of opportunities that arrived 1/c year. See you in Orlando, and bring the beer. One more thing — "Beam me up Scottie, there's no intelligent life down here!" **AGR**

Jeremy J. Noonan
Barrington, Rhode Island
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Can you believe we do this to ourselves?
JJN



Edward Charles Olshaw
Wilmington, Massachusetts
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Alias "the Little Man" or "Man of Small Stature" — not to mention his big derriere. Ed came to the Navy as the resident genius from NAPS. Ed's foremost interest during his tenure at Navy was the weather, and he rarely missed a forecast or an Army-Navy game — a close second was baseball. He was noted for his record-breaking rack time. Ed also specialized in many memorable quotations. Although never wanting to appear ignorant (just ask his EE Prof), Ed would counter his own question, like "Why are there three-hundred and fifty-six days in a year?" He had a smile, "Not including the holidays." Having a keen eye for nothing except fastballs, Ed gave up hunting for fishing. Someday this pride of Wilmington, MA will return to the seventies. To be sure, he will be missed by Popeye's, Pitchers, and all of us. **JFD**

Timothy William Quinn
Rochester, New York
History
Naval Aviation

From Rochester, NY, the coach's son found his way to the Boat school. Tim had the system figured out from the beginning. For starters, he got his head shaved before arriving for plebe summer. Way to go Tim, really got 'em with that one. Plebe year? We weren't there but he assured us that he did great. A History major, Tim emerged as company Riordan's Rep 1/c year, which didn't surprise anyone. His previous performance in this area made him a shoe in. Thanks, Panch, for saving our friend. Through his many ventures, Tim's wallet came to read like a social directory. He talked of many, we saw few . . . except one particular evening at Maggies — that night we saw a lot. Tim's casual attitude will serve him well in the aviation community. Thanks for all the good times and good talk (our ears off). Take care, Tim. May the road rise to meet you . . . **TKG & TMB**

Andrew George Rander
Conklin, Michigan
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Although he came from a small, slow town in Michigan, Andy transformed himself rapidly into a 'Navy man.' Strange how much of that took place after the big '21.' Andy became one of 15's 'Navtag Madmen;' a title which has nothing to do with his curious affection for Smurfs. First class year was just that for Andy, what with Rio and Baltimore . . . and 10th and 13th. After first semester we were doomed to hear things like "I could talk to someone for you . . . " or "when I ran the Batt . . . " How many stripes did you have? We went through a lot together (2/c year!), and it would have been tremendously worse with anyone else. (Especially a non-EE!) About Andy I must say that he was my finest friend at Canoe U. But Andy, remember, you're still just a big cockroach. **SAM**

Daniel Mark Rosser
Springfield, Pennsylvania
Systems, Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

On the sixth day God created Dan in his own image. His childhood included toying with oscilloscopes and motors, and when he called the harder half of his double major "child's play," he was serious. Known variously as the Heat Miser, Rosserian, Danbo, or simply the Menace, this most valuable friend was the Fifteenth Company demerit leader. Dan would explain his actions: "It was wrong. I knew it was wrong. But, I did it." What he meant was, "You thought it was wrong. I knew you thought it was wrong, so I did it." Dan would never accept mothering; he had his own ideas about what was important. Formations were not. Learning was. Brilliant, defiantly independent, supremely confident, and possessing infinite potential, Dan is the essential American. And he loves it. For Dan, life is child's play. **DAT**

Joseph Brian Spegele
Roanoke, Virginia
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

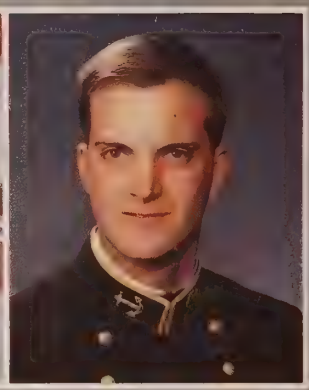
"Joey," an Army brat, demonstrated his proclivity for indecision soon after high school. He attended MMA for a year before he decided he wanted real hazing; so off he went to VMI to be a Rat for a year. Then he decided he wanted to go to a real school and showed up at USNA, following in his brother's footsteps. Computer science was one thing he charged into without too much indecision. Joe's build makes him a valuable assest in a rumble; his jovial, care-free nature keeps him from using his bulk in an unprovoked manner. He definitely believes that if you're not racking, you're not doing it right. Joe has been a great roommate and friend for three years together by the Bay. Remember these: Rumbles? Friday night Chinese? "Breathe . . . breathe!"? "Come aboard! . . . Sir!" Screaming candidates? EE screams? W? P? L? J? Double bar? Single bar? The Thomas C. Hart is getting a good man; may God grant fair winds and following seas, Joe. **DRH**

Bruce Allen Stanfill
New Carlisle, Ohio
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Bruce came to USNA from New Carlisle, intent on becoming the best officer in the U.S. Navy. Venting his frustrations from a tough plebe year through the D&B, he ended up the only male on the all female flag line. But Bruce battled back with his undying optimism, and eventually he became D&B Ops, the backbone of the corps. He took his third class cruise on the BAINBRIDGE, but still ended up selecting Nuclear Surface. From youngster year on, he excelled in Systems Engineering along with his unsurpassed professional knowledge. On the lighter side, we'll never forget his "exciting" driving style — thru RED lights. He was probably dreaming of battle in the Persian Gulf. Nobody knows the whole story of Spring Break '88, when he stayed with five different women . . . If Bruce heads to the fleet with the same enthusiasm as he's shown here he'll be a success at everything he attempts. Good luck Bruce! **JAW**

Jeremy Stewart Thompson
Longview, Texas
Physics
Surface Warfare

Arriving at USNA after a detour at NAPS, Jeremy lost no time in making a strong first impression. 3/c year he gained the post of Co. alcohol rep after an evening's activities in Dahlgren saw him testing the girth of an irate wardroom worker, introducing a zealous hop rep to a wall, and stripping the finish off the SOW's shoes. 2/c year brought sobriety and little time off with Black Magic, Varsity sailing, and tipsy plebes all vying for equal time. Thanksgiving '86 saw us on the road trying to set the Annapolis to Dallas speed record in THE Camaro (19 hours). Jer started 1/c year with two great acts of bravery: taking plebe pistol detail, and rooming with "the Rosserian." Second semester he became the Conduct Officer, making life in the Shaft a little easier. Spring break '88 in Colorado brought the Landing Strip, stealth ops at USAFA, and Pallavicini. Fair winds, my friend. May our paths cross often, either on or below the seas. **MVM**

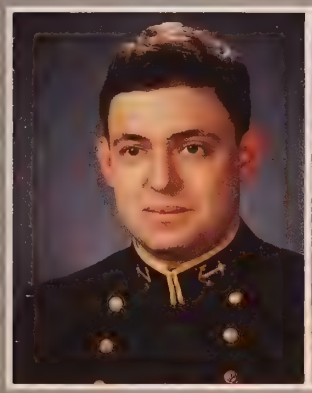


John Carl Treutler
Grand Haven, Michigan
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

I'm sorry, what? Huh? How John passed the hearing tests; a mystery to even Sherlock Holmes. Willie was dubbed the messiest, most disorganized Mid, while still having storage boxes labeled "miscellaneous, misc. items." His favorite way to wake up is to sneeze seven times in three seconds. His favorite hobbies, besides boxing for Navy, were dipping, buying unpopular CD's, burying his head in his engine, laughing at all the wrong jokes, and falling in love (seven times). Willie came from Michigan (obviously) and learned about "riding shotgun," Adv. Calc., powerful stereos, formation announcements, and 914 repairs. The Surface Navy will have to turn up the speaker circuits so Willie won't miss the action. JT, Trites, Hey!, were all names he wished people used instead of Willie, but to no avail. The target of a lot of jokes, ribbing Willie was like shooting fish in a barrel. Good luck Willie, we'll really miss your laugh, but most of all your company. What? **GWD**

Douglas Allen Tucker
Littleton, Colorado
Naval Architecture
Naval Aviation

Doug came from Littleton, Colorado, but many people at USNA believe that he is from a much warmer place. Growing up, he showed much promise as a muckraking journalist but he opted to reform the Naval Academy. He entered second class year with the motto "Spare the deuce and spoil the plebe." His illustrious career as the supreme originator was cut short by the infamous invertibrate conspiracy. Undaunted, Douglas Tuckermeier excelled as a firstie. He was a Rhodes Scholarship finalist, fried six out-of-company youngsters in one night, and set the land speed record between Washington D.C. and the Anne Arundel County line bridge. At Superbowl time, Doug's motto was "One hand for the Broncos, one hand for the ship." Always on the lookout for traitors in state government, Doug publicly exposed a Communist upstart known as Senator Leningrad. A true American, Doug will never compromise his ideals; just ask his fellow restrictees. **PJC**



Jon Albert Wills
Henrietta, New York
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Uncle Fester was the picture perfect plebe from the moment he donned his dixie cup; Public Affairs thought so. He was a good plebe, even though his year ended early when a squadmate told the upperclass "how ridiculous all this is." As a youngster, Jon chose EE as a major, and somebody chose him. Just how did she bruise your lip, Jon? His Halloween costume as a janitor was perfect, complete with stereo components and body paint. As a second class, Jon got serious: For his studies he got a briefcase, and for his girlfriend he got a ring. First class year saw his dream as company Adjutant met while thoughts of a "June Week wedding" filled his mind. I hated the fact he could fall asleep anywhere in five seconds, but I'll remember Jon most as a great listener, with whom I was able to share my deepest thoughts and fears. Thanks for the memories, Jon, and good luck Mr. & Mrs. Wills. **BAS**

Henry Holmes Wingate
Charlottesville, Virginia
History
Naval Aviation

Talk about an All-American guy — when you think of Henry you think of a 150 lb football quarterback, apple pie, mom (or mumps), and a '69 Le Mans convertible. Hank, the "Mellow Man" or "Skinny Man," earned his varsity letter while leading the victory against Army as a junior, and then to the 150's championship year as a senior. Being second of nine children, Hank has learned how to listen, be patient, and eat very slowly. Most of his weekends were spent at UVA (home), or JMU (second home). Someday Henry will go to a real school — it's his ultimate goal in life. Quite the artist, he spent many a rainy afternoon drawing and listening to George snore. Hank was successful at every thing from grades (History Honors, for a while at least) to athletics. He easily made the grade for Pensacola via VA Beach. The "Golden Boy" will be a flying ace for sure, and we'll never forget his monthly cookies or his "top-down" attitude. **GWD**

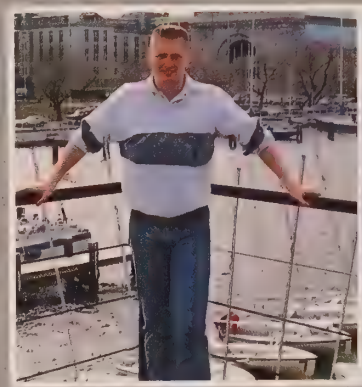
John Edward Zeberlein
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

I came to Canoe U. with a few things to accomplish. They were to win an N star in 150's, get an EE degree for a hobby in later life, and to go underwater. It looks like all three will be accomplished — barely! The N star part was a cinch if you can drop twenty plus pounds in two days then gain it back in two more days. I'll never venture into a sauna again. EE was a constant battle of SAT vs. UNSAT, with the victor usually being UNSAT. Going underwater was cake for moi, the anchor nuke. Seriously, nobody was even close. Thanks Admiral! A few things which won't be forgotten are the "missing" bus in Pottsville, and the sacrifical burning of THE nameplate. I leave you with one thing on your mind: "So . . . What are you trying to say?" **ZEB**

16TH COMPANY

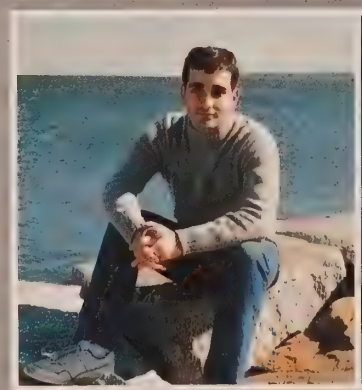
Margaret Mary Brounk
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin
Mathematics
Intelligence

Margaret came to us from a place where cheese abounds, people are weird, and the cows rule by majority. An ace swimmer and phenomenal hoops player (wherever did you get that shot??), Mag decided to broaden her horizons as well as raise the caliber of her immediate social group by joining the crew team. Four years on the scenic Severn, Ted, Jonathon, Solomon's Island, Boone's Farm. "Freckles that melt into one" by about the time of the ole DadVails. Youngster year brought true love. And your steadfast roomie, PAL, who lived up to her initials and kept you out of trouble, most of the time. She had a tough act to follow after plebe year with "Q." Second class year you were a real "P.T." enthusiast. But how you ever wound up company cdr, let alone a distinguished grad — you can't even find your way out of Annapolis? Intel, huh? Kind of ironic. "On Wisconsin . . . " Best of times, best of friends. Lotsa luck and then some. **L & A**



Jon David Bunn
Poughkeepsie, New York
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Bunn . . . everyone's favorite four letter word came to us via the Marine Corps from New York. After an enjoyable stay in the serene company, he was scrambled to the more challenging sweet company. Not realizing that USNA wasn't an open campus, JD took up residence in Riordan's where his needs were quenched. Never one to "beat around the bush" he always took the bull by the horns. After finding the Marine marathon a tad shy of challenging, he set his sights on the coveted Commandant's Cup. He didn't achieve that goal; however, he won in the end when he found Marty. Well, JD, having spent the last four years together by the bay, there are a lot of memories. Remember: Owens, Where's . . . ?!, I love . . . !, carbo loading and unloading in DC, and jumping your car. But if you only remember one thing, let it be this: In a world of variables, we are constants. Good luck! **JHY**



Gino Celia, Jr.
Phildelphia, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Gino brought us not only an uncanny ability to shoot a pistol, but one-liners as well. After surviving a grueling plebe year, Gino found himself in sweet sixteen keeping weird hours (play computer games 'til ten, study 'til two). Second class year found Gino a national pistol champion, and as of this writing he is trying to do it again. Gino not only amazed us with his shooting skills, but with his computer skills as well. Many a late night found Gino hard at work trying to save the paper of a classmate. The only price Gino charged for his services was verbal abuse, which anyone desperate enough to come to our room for help well knows! After SWOS Gino and Kim will be reporting to Charleston for duty aboard the frigate Jesse L. Brown. Fair winds and following seas, my friend, and I hope you remember more of your future dining-ins than you do the last one we attended! P.S. Good morning Gino! **JDB**

Chris Daugherty
Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

"Dog-man" came to USNA from a tiny town in Pennsylvania via the fleet and NAPS. After easy living in Pensacola and Newport, plebe year came as quite a shock. He survived, nonetheless, with a little help from track team tables. After waiting a respectable amount of time, Chris hooked up with the little blonde from track. They soon spent many romantic study hours in Nimitz, becoming quite proficient in plebe chemistry. Youngster year, Chris stopped running for Navy, although people would continue to congratulate him on races for the next year. To increase the thrill of youngster tower jump, Chris executed a perfect somersault (after a perfect trip), before entering the water like everyone else. His quest for danger was still not satisfied. Pre-comms and service selection answered his prayers — another Top Gun candidate is born. With his plebe study partner and visions of supersonic flight, Chris' future looks bright! **EEM**

David Guy DiEugenio, Jr.
Forked River, New Jersey
Political Science
Marine Aviation

Degenerate hails from the Jersy Shore and MMA. "Wheels" started with 150's and stayed 'til they put him in charge. "Did you ever make weight?" After youngster cruise on the Love Boat, D became addicted to his girl and still is — No worse for the wear. LTK and MAG say thanks for the envelope, we knew you had it in you! Hey Capt. D tell us about Laos — again. Beach party at the Bro's. Room Standards?? Memories include: The five nights of Rudolph,"He's in Ron's Room" Drennan Treatment, Frankie with Drigues, Den Den — Get out of here! Where's your ring? The Vous!! Army tailgaters with the clan, group ten ringleader, nude windsurfing, I need a . . . Ability to clear a room (or dance floor), livin' with cousin, RIGGO!, "Your reach must exceed your grasp, or else what are dreams for ?" Good luck in the FMF Pappy. See you at TOP GUN! "Semper Fi" from two who knew and one who didn't. COZY, Ponch, and Drigues.

Arthur Paul Drennan
Hudgins, Virginia
History
Surface Warfare

Paul, a man who believed that the only position is the horizontal position. He came to the Naval Academy with one purpose in mind (sleeping) — to be the best that he could be. No matter what the situation was, or the attitude of the people around him, he always pursued what he believed to be true. His God-given talents allowed him to excel beyond his classmates both academically and professionally. The surface warfare community captured Paul at an early stage. Before him, his father achieved the rank of captain specializing in ASW. Paul has the ability and potential to surpass that mark. The only thing that stands in his way now is time. Paul was always willing to take the time to teach others the finer qualities of sleeping, but undoubtedly he became one of my best friends. I wish him and his beloved a happy marriage and the best of luck with whatever the Navy challenges him with. **RLS**

Gina Rea Edison
South Bend, Indiana
Mechanical Engineering
Special Operations

"I will never quit and I will graduate." These are words that Gina swore one night during plebe summer. As our final days pass before us, Gina makes good her words. Plebe year brings to mind Streitere and a bloody nose, Decker and his "love" for Gina, a perpetual look of "Did your dog just die?" and Mo Regina's search for a ring dance date. Youngster cruise sent Gina to San Diego. This was an "educatonal" summer with lots of summer camp thrown in! Youngster year brought mechanical education, rifle and non-plebedom. A man enters the picture in second class year. Gina begins to contemplate the big "M" word as her social life comes to a standstill. After first class cruise, Gina returns to the land of the living. First class year brings qualification for rifle nationals, policemen, lots of P.T. and Special Operations billet. In the future, Gina will be underwater, doing classified things and keeping the Naval waters safe. **SJD**

Jose Robert Escobar
Sparks, Nevada
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Jose's first motivation for comming here was his mom, and he was sure he would make his visit short. But as always he just took it in stride, discovering it was the best move he had made. Jose was always able to find the right hook or meet the right person. From "The Admiral" at Army-Navy to shoveling away 15 days of restriction in one weekend. Only Jose! And the road trips: Radford, UVA (Where'd the apartment go?), N.Y., Ocean City (poor Mike), Alantic City, Duke! Then there was Hawaii, Lauderdale, Mexico,"one of locals" in Europe, and conch in the Bahamas (No weak drinks!). He was the only one who would have a girl ask him to dance after everyone else had crashed and burned. But no matter where he went, he made sure everyone had a good time. No place to stay? We're going anyway — hell ya! Jose's good nature made friends everywhere he went, and made some of the best right here. Thanks for the good times. Fly high and shoot for the stars. **GBS**

William Evan Fiery
Nashua, New Hampshire
History
Surface Warfare

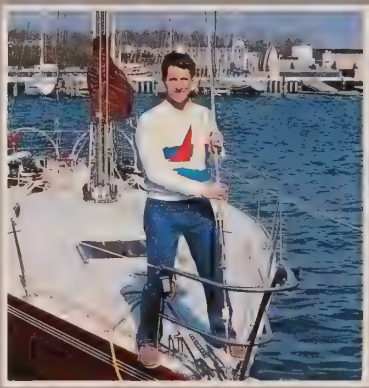
Evan came to USNA from the bustling metropolis of Nashua seeking fame and fortune (stripes and nuke power). Calc quickly dissuaded him from these goals, and its Rickover — Maury-spawned cousins dogged him the rest of the way though Navy. Each year Willie had a different thing going: Plebe year saw "mail out the ears" from the 'little woman'; 3/c year was "which girl is it now (out of six or seven)?" Second class year started out normal enough, with him flagging EE and validating Smoke Hall. Ev had the rug pulled out from under him that winter, but 'ole Jim Webb thought he was too small for CIVLANT and threw him back. He now bides his time in sweet 16, counting the days until Christmas when he can join the rest of us in the real world. Hey, bud, don't forget the good times: binges on the dock and Nashua nights, pig out at UNH and going Gaelic at two in the morning. The time has flown, thanks for being there. **JRM**

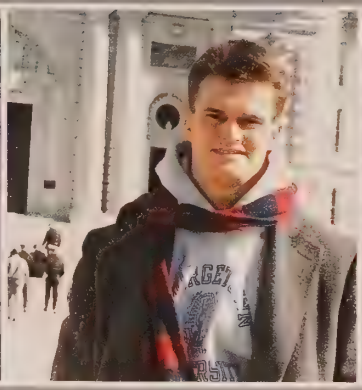
Thomas Fervier George
Wheeling, West Virginia
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Opie came to USNA by way of Wheeling, W.Va. After a plebe year which included mandatory study on Saturday night, compensation came in the form of 16th Co. For three years, he did nothing but manage to fill every conversation with at least a little bit of sports trivia. Everyone has heard just about enough that they could take about IU hoops, Penn State football, all the Pittsburgh pro teams, and worst of all, his pseudo alma mater's football team, the Brooke Bruins. When Opie wasn't talking about sports, he was talking about the perfect girl he met the last time he was home or how much of a mistake she turned out to be. Tom was definitely a sucker for the female species, but he always knew where to come for advice. Whenever he asked me for advice, he always did the exact opposite. He never learned. Despite his social setbacks, we know Tom always had the best of intentions. Good luck Tom. See ya in P-Cola. **JRE**

Frederick John Gosebrink III
St. Louis, Missouri
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Goose came to Navy after a brief stay in Newport. Plebe year he went out for the offshore sailing team and joined forces with Fuzz, Damien, and Bolt to form the Pulpit Club. A Solgere trained foredecker, he ascended to point youngster year and stayed there forever. Sailing took time out of every weekend but two things always took precedence; Nick and Baseball. Probably the most avid Cardinals fan East of the Mississippi, Goose was unmistakeable on the water as "the guy in the Cards hat" and he will never forget that night at Bogie's with Danny Cox. Nick enjoys a "most favored dog" status in John's life, though the little schnauzer probably wonders why anyone would drive the Beast cross country just to see him. When John wasn't on the water he was on the hoops court making Magic green with envy. John goes surface upon graduation and will obviously excel there. We wish you the best of luck and dry chutes. **F & H**



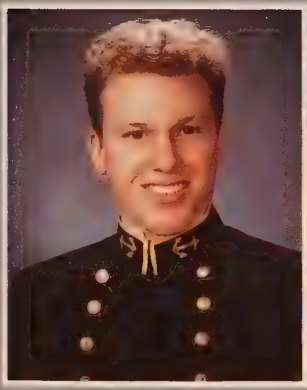
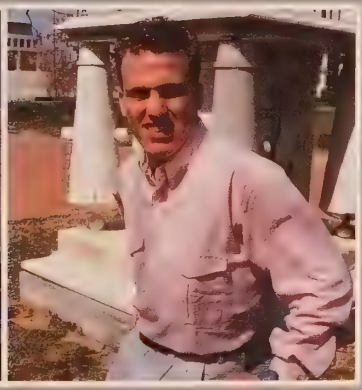


Maximilian Antony Grant
Wyckoff, New Jersey
Political Science Honors
Special Warfare

Max came to USNA from the Marines and NAPS. He walked on to the football team and walked off a year later. The next three years he spent: on the LAX team — two years, two goals, three game balls — studying politics, and VGEPing with two summers in DC at the Pentagon. Lots to recall: jump school with LTK, living with the TURKEYS, Hello CJ — I'm not good enough to play LAX for Hopkins, fried for frat with his bro?? T-shirt raids, tell them we're asleep, getting friendly, test weeks, the artic Triathlon, Severn swimming — "just practicing Sir," eating pig tongue and eel in Japan, the view. Watching the Army-Navy game on TV at SU, the RITUAL. High points for Max include: meeting M, car dates, DC days, hanging out with IVAN, GO NAVY!! Love and thanks to mom, pop, Jul and D. Good luck at Georgetown, weather should be good in Coronado, Top Down. "Semper fi . . ." "Never give council to your fears." **LTK, DGD, & RAR**

Todd Edward Hiett
Spring Valley, Ohio
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Todd arrived at Canoe U via Bridgton Prep. Plebe year he decided aero looked good (as well as several upperclass) and joined rugby — immediately earning his letter at Towson. When restriction ended he went straight to Herndon where he put the cover on it (hope you enjoyed the fall). On 3/c cruise he experienced Italy and earned his second black N. Restriction ended in time for Christmas. He also enjoyed Dahlgren watches but what did a certain O-6 say? Second class year brought EGE and who could forget the A-town circuit, Gazelling, DC Motors, Airsurfing, Elvis, Red underwear? Herbie finally earned a rugby letter and found that he flipped for Navy at football games. Firstie year was an academic cake walk. The SAAB meant roadtrips: WVa (Go Mountaineer), NYC (HoJo's anyone?), Loyola (Nice road salt), springbreak (Utah powder is better than what?). His body failed him along with Dean Kelly — so it's SWO in San Diego. Good Luck! **JRM**

John Eric Kennington
Annapolis, Maryland
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

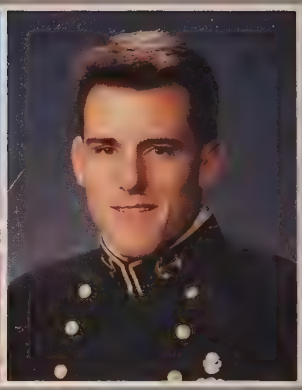
Eric was preceeded at USNA by his father and three older brothers. Being a "Navy Brat," Eric lived all over the world — Italy, Hawaii, etc. — but eventually his family took on the position of Annapolitans and brigade party host. He started his Navy career at Newport and skated right into graduation. Soon after conquering NAPS, Eric joined cloud nine for his plebe year. He found his silver lining youngster year when he joined sweet 16. Eric spent most of his time grappling on the mats, which soon led him to wrestle with an academic opponent. Eric's love of life and a "cold brew" led to his extravagant purchase of the Severn cruiser; who else would buy waterskis and a boat with his car loan? To find Eric on any weekend would entail combing the slopes of Mt. Killington or sailing the waters of the Bay. A true sports fanatic, Eric was a SKI buff! I wouldn't be suprised to see him 50 yards behind the Saratoga with a rope tow in hand! **BAS**

Richard Atsuhiko Kondo
Nothglenn, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Kondo-san was generally a spaced-out kind of guy, mostly because of his major. He worked hard at everything he tried, whether it was a computer program in astrodynamics, a new dismount in gymnastics, or perfecting his parallel skiing. As a roommate, he was easy to get along with. One of his unique talents was being albe to fit himself onto the sink to soak his feet. In any case, Rich always had a ready supply of rice seaweed crackers and fermented milk, and always offered his house as a ski-lodge every winter. A real good guy; I expect him on the moon someday. Known as "stealth-man," Rich was a ninja warrior; sometimes he was found suffocating his classmates with ammonia. Beware Max and Lindsay, no one ties up the "Stealth-man," leaves him naked, and gets away with it! Speaking of naked, you could always find Rich in a Chip-n-Dale's mood. Good luck Stealth, when is payday?

Lindsay Thomas Kough
Arvada, Colorado
Political Science
Special Warfare

Hey what's up with that? Water polo bench warmers, spring break rock assaults, the 'Vous, group 10 ringleader, new Fridge, ring dance cruise, the talk, the FIGHT, secret handshake, it was worth it! — Wherefore rejoice? Lettuce couldn't have stayed to endure Mike's regime even if he'd wanted to. Seven years to graduate. It's three o'clock. Your little brother rates your salute, and . . . LIINDSSAY! The only easy day was yesterday. Cousin, relation, libation, it's the 'Nado Bike-O-Rama, Corona unrep, jump back, let's do CRIMES, free dinner and Jacuzzi. Is this the feast of Lupercal? "Col, I'm definitely going Marine Air," no cash, wrath of CJ, TURKEYS, Ferris Bueller, butt dance, Viper Squadron, two N*'s, PRC Pres., honor rep., Ode to Den-Den, Len, Schlag, Bucher. "Semper Fi," Tim (Ram). Thanks mom, dad, Lawrence, and Gina. See you in the TEAMS. Love, BLT with CHEESE, Degenerate, Ponch. **H2T**



Michael Judge Kraft
Palos Verdes, California
Political Science
Marine Aviation

Krafty interrupted his promising singing career in the Los Angeles underground music scene to go to college and then creep (in various colors) east to discover rowing and to musically educate the masses: IV-pneunomia leads to the boathouse, asbestos alley, antichrist, cigars on the lanai, guiding light, nerf hoops, pigpen, IRA's, foggy in Hawaii at Moose's, the fly III, varsity, surfed, hanged in effigy, the night ride to BWI, frozen/thawed, thin ice, Madness, convergence zone, tree trunk, porko diablo II, Supt's list libs, the circuit, flying, chemical engineering, NNN, X-New Years Eve, hoops in S.D., philly summer, popcorn, two hip I, captain, salamander, drink one wear one, blitzkrieg bash, cash from chaos, r & r swindle, mutinies, med Xmas, computer genius, volksgemeinschaft, close at S.D., Wisco, Sieg Denver and Keith, illigitimati non carborundum. Thanks coach, Redline, pull for Navy, Semper Fi. **DKM**

Michelle Joan Laurenzano
Bowie, Maryland
History
Intelligence

Michelle's long, tiring trip to USNA for I-day consisted of a 12 mile drive. Having a firstie sister helped. Nancy may have helped her plebette sister, but to the class of 88, Midn 1/c L . . . was to be avoided. Closely following in Nancy's footsteps, she wrought the same vengence on the class of 91. Throughout her four years at the Boat school, Mich led a very professional existence . . . even flaming for walking across the grass (ask Sandra)! She managed to earn her very own black N due to her association with the beaters and blowers. She did neither — she "played" flag. As chef de la NA-4, she wined and dined the crew of her youngster cruise. Needless to say, Mich will always be remembered for her . . . pool partys, lasagna, St Patty's day festivities, and chocolate chip cookies. To the class, beware of her logistics. She may be cooking lasagna in your kitchen as she passes thru town. We wish her the best as a SPOOK! **SH & MJL**

Patricia Ann Lipoma
Kingsport, Tennessee
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

Howdy everybody! I 'reckon' the time has come to move on out into the world known as the 'real one'. Oh my goodness! No more 'HOOPIN' with the Navy women's basketball team? What a year to shoot the bomb for three. Mag, who will keep you up at night? Just don't drive after dark or from dawn to dusk and you will do just fine. Hey Stretch — I mean Gretch — What's up? PLEBE YEAR !!! I purposely deleted it from my memory, but it is accessible thru storage if for some weird reason I ever wanted to reminisce about the year of being dumb, blind (who is that?), crippled, and too many miles from southern hospitality. Klymaxx on the radio — Time to call Thumper. Indonesia, Alaska, Wales, Hawaii — It's not just a job, it's the USNA way. Thanks Margaret, Gretchen, Dave (for getting me thru THAT year), Bro and Sis, and especially MOM and DAD. Ya'll stay 'decent' now 'ya' hear? **PAL**

Keith Andrew Masterson
Mt. Airy, New Jersey
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

Keith came to Navy, via MMA, from the Turnpike state. Forget the bad times, remember these. 4/c: Pleasant valley, NJ jokes, "You can't add sleep," Resistance Bowl, 150's — "Do that again," N*. 3/c: CA propaganda, UVA, Luge team, Lindsay's sleepover, Fred, Hoodlums, going Ocean E. (Thanks Denver), Statics — "It'll never work," "Why don't you hook up your friends?," "I'm enjoying my food," warmup laps, Chip, Philanthropist of the Week, "How can I make money with this?," Karen. 2/c: Mr. MC, North-South, Stadium parking, restriction, Gazelling, beer-phase shift, suspended, shooting rings, Fred at 11:52, Army exchange, blue sack, 150's cokes, Rudolph, ring dance nightmare. 1/c: Hawaii, Wall-to-wall, SNAAB, big Al, 150's letter, pilot billet. Mike and Denver, you're the nuts. I love you both. "When they kick at your front door, how are you gonna' come? With your hands on your head or on the trigger of your gun." AMF Navy! **DMK**

Jason Richard Matic
Kingsburg, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Jason followed his brother to USNA via NAPS, then rode his coat tail thru an easy plebe year. His room on 3-0 provided us with an easy escape from recons in goatcourt. He joined D&B for the trips but when he met a 28 year old at Pitt he found that plebe year didn't teach about that. GC, NY became his second home 3/c year. He met a girl there but Jas never could find normal girls. He saw "Psycho II" until she deemed him too much a calming influence in her life. Second class year came up and EE brought his grades down (sooner or later . . .) So he discovered A-town with the Gazelle pack. Loyola was a hot spot and he became famous by making their yearbook, busting shells on his head, and joining the One-Fife club. Firstie year was highlighted by bad fashion, unsatness, roadtrip to NYC(KKK-$292) and ended broke with no memory of Dave's. NAMI qualled him but Dean Kelly didn't, so he's SWO in San Diego! (AKA: Sac, Jed, RoboAlcho). **TEH**

Dennis James McKelvey
Buena Park, California
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Denver traded bodysurfing and sold his red convertible Ghia to come to Navy. What a fool! He came from California with a wonderful girlfriend. Psycho platoon, lowlife squad. PEP, Pleasant Valley, rumbles every friday, snowball fights, the "Anti-Christ" and the "Trough." Mike and Keith, physics curve buster, laundry bag wars, the "Night" (6000), surfing Mike, cap of knowledge, beach in a bag, follow the lights to funland, road cheese, UVA, red hair at Poseurs, "4.0," group 10.,Man with the 4-way hips, 17 pull-ups, living with Herbie, hide the frisbee, power factor dance, DENVER, team spectra, "4.0" times two, Australia, plebe detail, champagne, viper Squadron, Klansch Masterson and the Hans Brinker Boys, crocodile hunting, submarines, giving her the "Rock," company commander. Be the ball Denver, my best friend ever, take me fishing sometime. **MJK**

Mark Eugene Mercer
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Where is Oklahoma? I don't think anybody really knows except Mark. A valedictorian of a high school class of 200 and an SAT score of 1080, he got into the academy because his congressman couldn't find anyone else more qualified. To say the least, the academy was the best place for Mark — where else could someone from OK get a free education, a new $5,000 mouth, and a whole bunch of girlfriends with four digit telephone numbers. Even though he has had it so good, he always found time to complain, if it wasn't about too much homework, it was about some striper member duty he had to do. No matter what people say about him though, he's honestly a good guy, why else would I stand his weekend watch plebe year so he could put on his mucklucks and go sleddoggin'. When it comes to best friends, Mark is uncomparable. I couldn't imagine this place without his friendship. OU lost two in 88! **HAC**

Michael Andrew Musser
Vermillion, South Dakota
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Hailing from the metropolis of Vermillion, Mike wanted to see the world — so he joined the Navy. He was an outstanding athlete in highschool (state wrestling champ). Plebe year Mus made the football team as a mere walk-on, but grew (literally) to become team captian. Along with all his football awards, Mike amassed a stack of medical chits which allowed him to take two years of P.E. in his final semester. He broke the typical stereotype by excelling in academics and being accepted into the prestigious submarine force. We will all be safer with Mike underwater. He had a July 4th bang that left him carless, but he got his 'Tang back in time to get a few speeding tickets. Mus will enjoy it in the deep since there are no stop lights or speed limits, however he will also find that there is no "Penthouse" where he can avoid the C.O., snakes and airplanes. Good luck Mike, see ya' glowing on the cover of GQ! **JEK**

Richard Anthony Rodriguez
Pacifica, California
Political Science
Special Warfare

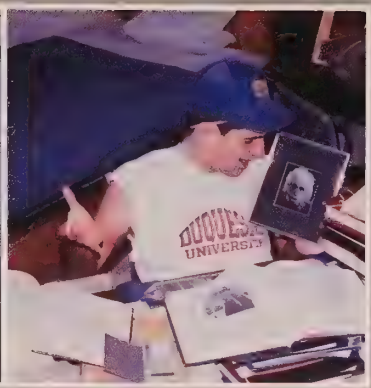
Drigue came via NAPS. Rich was unwilling to bother with plebe summer — Sonny and Danny made sure he didn't have to bother with plebe year either. Third class year began two traditions: 1st team All-World 150's and whiteworks. After pushing Ron over the edge he was saved by Max. Just how many cokes do you have in your locker? His performance experiment failed, #25 — Who cares? Keep your car off the yard! The halo dance proved the CIA out of control. Room with Sac and Fred. Rich became a major stock holder in Hills Brothers coffee, the food of the gods. Joe Bonnanno was not a crook — just a shrewd businessman. Max again — including the tide. Rich chose SEALs and now must really learn to swim. Can die with a smile on his face because he has got Frank under his skin. Vous — LTK, Degenerate. Ah how gracious life can be when one has friends in the right places. Even at BUDS they get the weekends off. **MAG, DGD, LTK**

David Allen Shelton
Streamwood, Illinois
Political Science
Nuclear Power — Submarines

What can I say? First class year arrived, and the Shooter was born. I've had my share of growing pains at USNA, but this final year has been worth it. Thanks, J.D., for the Marine Corps birthday; I'll never forget that night as long as I live (sorry about the carpet, Ronbo). Cap, you pushed me to my physical limits, but don't get cocky — I'll always dog you on the roads. Say, will Al still hook us in the Fleet? My best wishes go out to the Dog-man and Mrs. Dog-man; I hope your marriage is long and fulfilling. I apologize to all of the firsties of 16 for my marathon phone sessions, and no, I'm not yet a legal resident of Charlottesville, VA. Finally, my sincerest thanks go to mom and dad for being there at the worst of times — I couldn't have made it through without you.

Grant Boehler Stephenson
Dallas, Texas
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Quiet and innocent was the best description for Grant during his youngster year. He just stayed out of the limelight and kept his nose clean. But as second class year came around, he started to come out of his shell. Then, all of the sudden, we're all first class and SIR is born! He gained this very deserving title for his weekend excursions during first class year, starting with a Swedish encounter in the Med and continuing on with trips to VA Tech, American, Nassau, etc . . . You learned to not worry about Grant when he was nowhere around at the end of the night, because SIR could always catch a bus back the morning after (Mt. Mattress) if there was one (Reno)! Despite all his wildness though, which he was able to hide from everyone but me, Grant still has a very sensitive side and is one of those special friends whom you can do nothing but love! A career NFO from the beginning. Good luck GRANT!! **JRE**

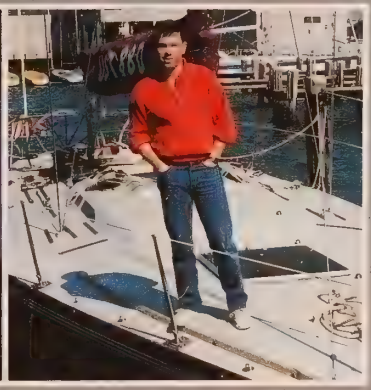


Bernard Anthony Sullivan
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Bernie came from "Steeltown," USA, where 20% of the population is the Sullivan tribe. A good ballplayer from Bishop Boyle High School, he was recruited for baseball at USNA. Bern spent his year in 24th and had a good year of hardball. His varsity endeavors soon faded as the man in him called out; Bernard had found the apple of his eye. She was soon the object of all his weekends. Soon it was hard for his friends to even see him. Bern spent his driving hours with hands at ten-and-two and cruise at 55mph — Bern's first family truckster. The only real advantage of his absence was the lack of one-dimensional "Bernie Humor." There still stands an offer for Bern to experience a real weekend with "the boys." In some ways we are probably fortunate that he is gone every weekend; his incessant infatuation with "Top 40" music is stiffling. At any rate, we wish him the best of luck(6 yrs. +). Kiss Grandma, Bernie! **MAM**

Robert Lee Sunderland
Clearfield, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

When Bob left the comfort of smalltown western PA, he wasn't quite ready for 31st platoon summer sweatbox parties; he just wanted to kick for Navy. He endured well, however, and Wally the Moose soon found himself enjoying youngsterdom in sweet 16, carring the sweat with him, though. Bob committed himself early to getting to know his Lord Jesus, and He responded by bringing Bob hard decisions and committed friends. Bob kept kicking, reading, praying and laughing. Youngster JV ball brought a 55 yard game winner. Second class varsity brought difficulties. First class ball brought a new coach. Bob always brought a smile and a cheerful word. Through the victories and the losses, Bob learned the value of living to please the One who sees everything in Him. Looking to Pensacola and beyond, Bob leaves USNA knowing Him who is called Faithful. Thanks Bob. **TAP**



Ronnie Craig Wince
Sacramento, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Ronbo came to us from that land of earthquakes west of the Mississippi. Lacking a knowledge of the east coast, he stumbled into West Point and was subjected to beast barracks. Finding this too easy for his liking, he opted for the Navy adventure and enlisted in the nuke program. The officers at the glow in the dark school shipped him off to Canoe U. via a pitstop at NAPS. Ronbo quickly adjusted to academy life and joined the crew team as a coxswain. Second class year brought about a young lady from Illinois who would forever tame him. After considering air, Ronbo decided he was going to wreak havoc upon the enemies of democracy from the bridge of his frigate. Ronbo, with your dedication and girl by your side you're sure to go places. Just remember two things: always check for shaving cream and never wear WUBU trou with your khakis. Good luck! **JHY**

James Henry Yee
Huntington, New York
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Yeeman came to us a good Catholic New Yorker whose morals didn't allow him to drink, smoke or cuss. He stuck firmly to those beliefs and still hasn't touched a cigarette. Jim's expertise with a sharpened laundry pin is only exceeded by his skill with a pencil and he soon won three wristwatches and became the cover artist for that award winning publication company officer illustrated and the right hand of it's editor. A true friend whom could always be depended upon to be the bright spot in any event beginning at Riordan's, Jim worked hard to broaden his shoulders and take his parents for every dime they had. Just remember Jim — Rap E. I . . . , WUBU Trou . . . , the Bridge . . . , CIC . . . , Hey — ! No — !, the quote board . . . , the other quote board . . . Just remember who loves ya Yeeks and the best of luck. SEMPER UP, OUT AND DOWN! **RCW**

17TH COMPANY

Melinda Waldo Allen
Kalamazoo, Michigan
English
U.S. Marine Corps

Mindy came from Kalamazoo to "finally find a home" in ol' Hotel Co. plebe summer. Already with an affinity for the smell of pledge, she easily adapted to USNA housekeeping standards. To this day Mind loves a clean room. Her friends call her Waldo, a nickname popularized in Goat Court plebe year. Plebedome had its ups and downs, but a great sense of humor, a supportive family, and good friends helped her hang in there. Third class year Mind "saw the light" and joined Finhead at the boathouse on College Creek. She left Playboy 21 to find a new family of friends in Stalag 17, including a funny little Marine-type named Freddy. The pressures of second class year were somewhat allayed by Lt. Hague's guidance through the dreaded world of EE, and first class year marked the epitome of Waldo's success. She ran a marathon with the Chap-Man, made first boat, and wore stars and a Navy "N." No more ensign bars for Mind. Go Corps all the way! **PSF**

James Douglas Barber
Dixon, Illinois
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

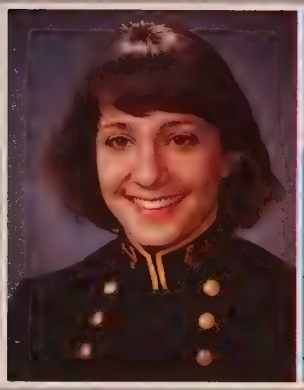
When the "Uncle" decided to clean up the mess in the 3rd Batt armory, he had to find the best man for the job. That is why Jim was named Batt "Chop." And, as expected, he attacked and solved the problem. The reason I tell this story is not because it is an extraordinary feat for Jim, but rather because it is typical. Give Jim a job and he'll get it done! Sure I could write about funny Jim stories (especially the trials and tribulations of getting "D's" attention), or make fun of his 20/600000 vision and 18AAAAA shoes, but that doesn't say anything about him as a person. His friendly perma-smile (including the mondo-dimples) lets you know the real Jim: the Jim who would go to the ends of the earth to help anyone; the sage Jim, always ready with words of wisdom; the motivator Jim, always ready with encouragement. (To Jim: Good luck! May the Lord protect you, and may He put me in the driver's seat of your plane.) **COD**

Michael Christopher Bayesa
Wyalusing, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

After leaving the social mecca of Wyalusing, and completing NAPS, Mike arrived at the Naval Academy as "The Biggest Man In The Navy." Perhaps his biggest achievement while at the Academy was on the gridiron, where his opponents fell left and right. Then again, it may have been in his home away from home: the weightroom (even Arnold would be impressed!). In any event, Mike somehow passed classes (and his HIV test) while learning how to play hearts, play with doll houses, and mutate with the couches in the wardroom. On the weekends, Mike became "Mr. Social," and even the Michelin Man once. The Lady Lex should have its hands full with Mike on board. Living with Mike this year has been an experience I will always remember. SWOS Newport should be just as fun. One thing Mike has taught me is that you can never be too big or too good looking. I wish him lots of luck. **SJK**

Gregory Christopher Bernard
Augusta, Georgia
History
Marine Aviation

As a boot youngster in 17, Mr. Personality wasted no time finding action by joyriding with his roommate's girl. Destined for Navy Air, Pipecleaner spent two years racing in his Camaro with numerous female co-piots, trying to fly. Unfortunately, his attempt to and the car at night on a pitching, heaving front lawn deprived him of his wings for a while. He blamed it on a miscalculated ER vector. So much for sleeping through NS. "That's OK," said Chris afterward, "Popeye's is within walking distance anyway." The mishap jogged his brain, however. Beanhead opted for the Corps, giving up his hair and his Navy wife. Marriage would be too expensive anyway, he decided. Maybe it was the bass guitar and the Gerber knife that changed his mind. Mother Bernard blames Chris's roommate for the USMC choice — at last word Fred was hiding in Ho Chi Minh, eating stale MRE's and singing John Valby songs to the rats, hoping she doesn't find him. **FKH**



Christine Ann Coetzee
Richmond, Virginia
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

For Chris, coming to the Naval Academy wasn't a tough decision — it was more like a family tradition. She had one more tradition firmly in mind — The United States Marine Corps. After a stint with the Dinghy team, Chris found her calling in powerlifting. She made it to Nationals two years in a row, and pumped a lot of iron with the guys along the way. The Coetz also found her calling in Poli Sci, with her gift for languages, and her way with words! Coetz's winning smile (except when cutting weight for lifting), her effervescent charm, and her weekend attire certainly proved that Marines can be feminine. But her enthusiasm for the Marines certainly didn't cut down on her social life; perhaps even helped it on occassion. In fact, Coetz and Koshka found their way into the hearts of many men and into lots of trouble. Good Luck, and Thanks for everything! Who else can say they lived with a 105 lb. National powerlifter? **MKT**

Troye Carrie Crickette
Savannah, Georgia
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

Troye came up from Savannah with a suntan and a basketball. She made her mark as a Var. Basketball player, lettering her plebe year. She also won respect as one of the few female Mech E's. Troye kept a low profile in the company. Second class year provided a big social turn-around, as her penchant for Marines and Pilots was finally exposed. By the time she was a Firstie, Troye had opened up and let loose both her wisecracks and practical jokes. Troye's love for the outdoors was obvious by her proficiency at tennis, making it hard to find a good partner. Troye had no difficulty in finding the gouge, though. She was known Brigadewide as the 1st Reg. Mech. E. Gouge Headquarters. Troye continued to expand her horizons through her last year at USNA. Those Admin announcements at Quarters let Troye assert her hidden personality and charm. Troye, just as we were finally getting to know you, you're leaving. Good Luck! **C & M**

Kirk Anthony Delmas
Atwater, California
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

When Kirk got tired of eating head cheese, butchering rabbits and growing almonds in Atwater, he decided to join the Fleet. After short stints on a Spruance and at enlisted Nuc Power School, Kirk got this crazy idea to come to the Academy. When Kirk wasn't busy studying integrals and Diffy Q's, one could find him on the baseball diamond under the watchfull eye of the infamous Coach Duff. Somehow, between games, old Kirk managed to have fun wrecking hotel rooms, partying at the Veltre's (to whom we are forever grateful) and as guest of honor at "The Party" at Spuds'. He even found time to get lucky enough to find a great girl and get engaged. Kirk will be a great edition to the Fleet, as there is no ship which could not use his maturity, professionalism and knowledge. I know we all wish him the best of luck. I look forward to seeing him in the fleet. **SJK**

Chad Owen Dorr
Santa Rosa, California
English
Naval Aviation

Flawless. Well, maybe not perfect, but as close as a guy could come. Who else could be so consistent with high grades, stay at the top of the company performance ladder, be a dead ringer for stripes (only to escape that honor by going VGEP), and select Navy Air? No doubt about it, Chad Dorr had about done it all. In fact, graduation was just around the corner when the bottom fell out of his immaculate record. I s'pose it's not really an honor offense — but he sounded so sure when he said, "It won't happen to ME!" I'm just glad the whole ordeal is over. Permanent scars, however, have been left — when a guy finds it in himself to purchase a small gem for large amounts of money, you know his judgment has definitely been impared. All of 17th Co.'s best wishes go out to the new couple though, and I know Chad will be a continued success story in the Fleet. I just thank God that Chris Bernard is still the hero of 5th wing. **JDB**

Craig Robert Dudley
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Craig came to the shores of the Chesapeake at 6'4" and 220lbs., attributing his size to the excess radiation he received from Three Mile Island. Better known as Spud upon his arrival, it was soon changed to Spuds by his presumptuous roommate. Others would refer to him as the aquatic sea walrus due to his aquatic capabilities. Playing water polo his first year here, Spuds decided his best sport was socializing, and that he did well. Spuds specialized in late night activities; ensuing new shower stalls, exploring new steps and occasionally a fisticuff here or there amongst his buddies. Spuds will probably be best remembered for his "Chief" impersonations and his candid picture taking. Spuds had his ups and downs with women and eventually settled with one of his ups most of senior year. Spuds, all I can say is that its been a pleasure and I know that the SWO line will love ya. **MJM**

Brian Gerald Falke
Accokeek, Maryland
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Nature was good to Brian, as he was blessed a giant among men and a god among women. Unfortunately, Brian could not go out on dates much because he wasted most of his money on weight gain formulas. Unfortunately the two pounds he put on were not enough to prevent him from being disqualified from the featherweight division for boxing in town well above his weight class. He turned to sailing to fill the void. As XO of his yacht, Brian was commended for taking tremendous interest in his personnel. His maintrimmer was especially impressed with his rudder control. I'd like to thank you for your janitorial services. A mere mortal man couldn't have stomached most of the things I threw on the floor. But to tell you the truth, "Your mouthwash don't cut it." Good luck in the fleet. **JGS**

Fred Karl Herrmann
Flemington, New Jersey
English
U.S. Marine Corps

Fred, Lump, 'Lette, Hairball, Hairman, the Furball. This hairy guy from New Jersey, with baloney in his shoe, always has a joke ready. "Yeah, Joe called." Joe who? Come on Fred, do you think Neil is going to fall for that one? Waldo might, but then again, she'll fall for anything. That's OK, camy cake decorations are cute. If you couldn't stand his jokes or laundry folding techniques, at least you could enjoy his parents' 'gaters and Army parties. Watch out if you get this first semester P-rade loudspeaker mad at you, he's likely to pull a gun on you. Especially if you mess with his teddy bear. It's great that Fred's dream of becoming a Marine will come true, since his hair is getting naturally high and tight. Of course, if my mom ever gets a hold of him for turning me to the "dark side," he may never be off, like sleeves on a vest, in May. **GCB**

Scott John Knox
Sring Hill, Florida
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Scott arrived at USNA fresh out of high school from the Orange Juice State, via the Big Apple. After moving to the Stalag, he was quickly dubbed "Murray — The Shell Answer Man," for his superior knowledge of worldly affairs. Being one of a small minority to actually want to be a SWO, Scott promptly chose Easyography as a major, meaning he was in the rack every night by 9:30. He never missed one of our birthday bashes, even if it meant doing time for an illegal chicken run. Scott's desire to be a SWO means the surface Fleet is getting one of USNA's finest. He's been a great roommate for two years and a better friend for three. Thanks for the memories kid. I wish him the best of luck and will truly miss him after we graduate. **KAD**

Kenneth James Kristensen
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Oceanography
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Kenny came to us from that maritime power, Iowa. Plebe year's Christmas Formal brought about his nickname, "The Stain," after he trashed his drag's new $200 formal gown. He was an eager participant in USNA academics, but not so eager to keep his EE — major. Instead, he displayed his enthusiasm by changing to "Easyography," leaving thirty minutes early for class every day. Thanks to this, Kenny was able to gain stars for two semesters. Not being one to let any extra liberty slip by, Stain would depart on Friday nights before room formals. Stain's summer cruises also let him show his eagerness for learning — learning how to polish torpedo tubes for six weeks as a first class mid. He enjoyed this experience so much that he has chosen to spend the next twenty years of his life polishing SLBM tubes. Remember Stain: He who laughs last probably didn't HEAR the joke. **WHP**

James Arthur Lakes
Hamilton, Ohio
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Rip Van Lakes came to the Boat School from the Ohio plains, and although we generally only viewed him face down in the rack, we all know he survived the Academy "his way." Jamie has always kept us amazed at his often bizarre views on life, such as his motto: "If I sleep at least 12 hours a day I'll only spend 2 years here." Nearly a casualty plebe year, Jamie rebounded under the guidance of GE and has snoozed his way to weekends with minimal effort. Sleeping is not the only thing our hero is renowned for, however, it is a known fact that GMT is referenced to the sounds of Jamie clearing his sinuses seconds after the revielle bell. When not sleeping, Jamie's hobbies include getting picked up by waitresses at Denny's and 39 year old divorced mothers of 2. All seriousness aside, Jamie has been a great friend as well as an obedient roommate, and we all wish him great luck in reaching that first million by the time he's 30. **TMM**

Steve Wade Landess
Soldotna, Alaska
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

My last three years rooming with Steve (or Grizzly — the untamed Alaskan) have been a lot of things to me, but certianly not boring. Youngster year we burnt off a lot of plebe year steam. I still can not believe we got through the whole time at the Academy with out being caught over the wall. The times we spent at the Hiebels, the week in Alaska, and the Bachelor party in Boston will never be forgotten. I'll always owe you for setting me up. My prayers will be with you for a long and fruitful life. You deserve all the best. Your a great friend and person. Good Luck in the Fleet! **DJW**

John Michael Mares
San Juan Capistrano, California
General Engineering
Marine Aviation

John Mares — the man of many names and many cars. "Pepe,""Juan,"and "The Little Mexican" are just a few of the affectionate titles he held with his friends. Johnny had an uncanny knack of announcing his presence about 5 minutes before he arrived and was frequently greeted with an amiable "Get out of here!" when poking his fuzzy little head into the door. Known as the "stone fingered dealer" to his card shark pals, John loved to sing along with the music being played in anyone's room, but he never matched the right words with the right music-this led some to believe that Johnny fell off the repelling tower one too many a time at Quantico during 2/c summer. John's liberal heart towards car dealers led to a few early retirements in Annapolis, and helped the Jimmylegs achieve their monthly quota of parking tickets. John joins the illustrious Corps to become a flying jarhead. Good luck, John, you're a great friend. **CRD**

Timothy Michael McGowan
San Marcos, California
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

God knows why, but Cocktosten came here from sunny southern California, only to be stunned by our barbarism. His sponsors DID NOT have a hottub. Tim spent his time 3/c year looking for that special whiner, and finally struck paydirt at Army-Navy. Don't girlfriends make Dining-Outs and bank statements special? For Tim, finding roommates was quite a problem. Though, to our knowledge, he and Juan only drove one of their roommates crazy, "Steve, it's your quiet time," they did manage to sit idly by while others were ousted for academics — and one for consuming too many twinkies. 'The Curse of the California Boys' was finally broken 2/c year by a courageous narcoleptic from the heartland of Ohio. As a firstie, Tim assumed the title, 'Company Couch Potato.' He even went so far as to move next to the wardroom with another TV addict. I'll never forget fright nights, Oingo Boingo, or being your friend. Good Luck in the future! **JAL**

Mark Jon Mouriski
Abbotsford, Wisconsin
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer

His name was "SKI," but everyone called him "SKI." He came to the Academy via the Cheese State,via the Corps, via NAPS. With his vast experience, Ski was never at a loss for words, frequently making up his own at times. It was often said that "redundant" was his middle name. After three months as a political scientist, Mark decided to make the most of his free education and opted for the more demanding brotherhood curriculum. As company commander, Mark led the 17th through a fine first semester and into the videos of Mama Spud. After much thought and mathematical calculations, Ski selected to be a scope jock in the aviation world. Mark has been a great friend and roommate for three years and will marry the girl of his dreams after graduation. Good luck, pal, but you won't need it, because the Navy is getting one of the best. **CRD**

Christopher Noel Neugebauer
Mitchell, South Dakota
Political Science
Naval Aviation

"Launch Noogman on the alert 5!" Chris, known as Noogs to his friends, DDNAFAC to others, and one of the most powerful men at the Naval Academy only to himself, was our fearless leader second semester. Whether it be displaying his spirit as a Navy Cheerleader plebe year (N-A-V-Y Goooooo Navy! Fight!!), or as Deputy Director of NAFAC as a firstie, Noogs was never one to pass up an opportunity to excel. As CO of YP-676 1/C cruise, he learned that although the new YP's are big — green can buoy #7 was bigger, and changed his service selection from Surface Line to Naval Aviation (due in part to aforementioned buoy.) Sorry Noogs, there's no sure fire way to stimulate hair growth, big biceps and bird-legs don't mix, and no matter what you say, you ate that buoy all by yourself! You're a great friend, Noogs. Check your 6; I'll be there. **MHV**

Maria Libuse Pechacek
Germantown, Maryland
General Engineering
General Unrestricted Line

Maria's time at the Academy was merely a short stop on the way to a successful career. Aero to Mech to General. Catholic Choir and Glee Club trips to San Diego and New Orleans; singing with Donna Sommers and Amy Grant. Cruised with YP-676 over 3/c summer. 2/c Ring Dance and T.C. She will be remembered for her pizza — skating parties and her friendly smile. My "Lady in Red" remembers meeting the Bluefish fisherman, lots of mosquitos, rain (Is this tent waterproof?), and apple orchards. In a civilian crowd, Maria would draw comments like "She's a Mid? . . . but I thought . . . " She will remember her four years well, including her unfortunate visits to Smoke Hall. **TC**

Theodore Allen Peck
Dixon, California
Physics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Nobody thought it could be done. It was amazing the way he could sleep through so many classes, alarm clocks, and wake ups — and always end up on 'Dant's list. Of course, not everyone saw his dedication to academics, or how he would carry his Phys. Mech. book with him into the head so he wouldn't have to take a study break. I did. And we all used to laugh at how he seemed so tired and how he would "miss" small details — like going to his first formation as a platoon cdr. — without a tie. And most people didn't know why he was so sleepy all the time. I did. Ted Peck lacked in energy only because he gave so much away. Ted gave his all for the Lord, who gave His all on Calvary. I know, because Ted introduced me to Christ, and I watched as Ted spent endless hours talking to people, praying for people, and volunteering when no one else cared to. Stay strong, Ted, and thanks for giving so much. **JDB**

Neil Arnold Pettigrew
Shawnee, Oklahoma
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

"The Loudest Man in the Navy." Living with Neil is never boring. He has earned his title by continually testing his lungs for no good reason, and at some of the oddest hours. Apparently, some guys never get enough of plebe year. Neil, always the scholar, coined the phrase "I have absolutely no idea how to do this #@*&&* problem." By maintaining diligent study habits (never beginning before 2300; never ending before 0200) Neil epitomized the phrase "two-oh and go." But what it is, is, he spent many a Saturday night contemplating the bucket. Also, he calculated his order of merit so that he could have the distinguished honor of beginning his illustrious career as a Surface Warrior aboard the last surface combatant offered to the Class of '88. Franny O's will miss you! ADMIT IT! **KJK**

William H Plemenos
Whippany, New Jersey
History
Surface Warfare

Will came to the Naval Academy with an unusual goal . . . to be a Naval Officer. Even more unusual than that, he WANTED to become a SWO-Daddy. The "Plum-shot" came to the Academy knowing almost nothing about math. Four years later, he and his Casio had survived Naval Academy mathematics. However, how much math he actually learned is severely in doubt. Will was the only youngster who had half of a room to live in — he and his bass guitar took up an entire half of a room, while his two roommates crammed into the other half. He also gave new meaning to the word "project:" OLD BRIGADE*** TEX LOC *, ALL. Will entertained us all with his own version of uniform races — many of which he finished second in a one-horse race. Like this Bio, Will-speak bounces from thought to unrelated thought. And to those who don't know Will well, if you would like to hear Will-speak in its purest form, introduce yourself and say "Goodnight." **NAP**

Kenneth Christopher Rouser
Gaithersburg, Maryland
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Where to start? Parents' Weekend; S.W. shoes just don't go well with civies. Y.Y. — the Big Toe, Potatoe Head, Ms. Sally Loesch, Clapper, Elmer Fudd. Best room in the Brigade: Kenny, me, Staypuff. Naked Superfly, marshmellow fights, the Huey Lewis night in Dahlgren, where by the tennis courts I heard, "WHAT?! You don't believe in — ?" Our nights at the Vous' with Jack, Mac, Eber, Duker, Bobby, Firls, Liz — Hey Vince, he just called you a . . . Sleeping at the Quality Inn hallway, "Murray, what are you doing in my bed?" Boardy Barn, Naked Darts, NL video, Kimbo's. Time has passed on, the rains came, then we ate the purple forest. A war hero in the Persian Gulf. Ten foot tall and bulletproof. It took us five but we made it! "Long live the Puffer." Redneck. **MAC**

John Gallagher Sprenger
Toledo, Ohio
Economics
Naval Aviation

John doesn't think of Toledo, Ohio as merely the glass capital of the world and the home of Max Klinger, but more importantly as the birthplace of his favorite person, himself. Although John is an outgoing person, he seemed to spend most of his time with his best friend — the full length mirror in his room. Academics never hindered John's social life because most of his profs were squash players, and he lived his motto: "Why do today what someone else can do for me tommorrow." Despite the fact John feared flying, as evedent by his 170/90 blood pressure, he chose Navy Air because he mistakenly believed "the chicks'll dig me." John is remembered for many things — four time All-American in squash, Squash Captain, Master story teller (we still don't know if they are all true), great friend, and the man with the biggest wart I've ever seen. John, a final word of advice, "Get down to medical and get that damn thing removed!" **EOE**

Maureen Katherine Toohey
Marion, Massachusetts
Chemistry
Oceanography

Maureen sailed down one summer day from Marion. She immediately established her versatility, rowing Varsity crew as a plebe and choosing to major in Chemistry. Athletics and academics didn't dampen her social life, however. Neither did her professional developement. In fact, Mo quite efficiently combined both, especially during her summer cruises. Her prep-school perseverence and New England propriety were outdone only by her uncanny ability to meet people and her sympathetic love for animals. Mo made the successful crossover from crew to sailing, culminating in an enhancing sailtramid cruise. She sacrificed her Varsity Sailing billet during her last semester, though, to drill one last time with the company. First class year was an experience for Mo. She got a surprise service selection and found the joys of HUM-SS electives. In any case, she kept us on our toes. We'll miss you, Mo. You're one of a kind. **CAC**

Michael Harrison Veltre
Ellicott City, Maryland
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

Fast cars, fine spirits, and "interesting girls." That's the Duckman! A nocturnal computer geek that has "last minute" everything down to an artform. "Mike, those ANIMAL PAKS won't work unless you get out of the rack." Memories: 2/C Friday nights over the wall, Maryland/Navy Lax games, Kirk's birthday parties, buoys in the night, hangovers in the day, and doing Mach in the Mustang. You and you're family are CLASS. Thanks for the good times roommie. You are the "best man." There'll always be a place to crash and a place at the table at Rudy and I's house for you, Mike. But, don't bring your laundry! Launch Noogman (Navy's best bald fighter pilot) and Duckman on the ALERT FIVE! **CNN**

Dennis Joseph Walsh
Boston, Massachusetts
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Dennis J. Walsh, what else can you say, he's a wild Irishman from Boston. He has left us with many unforgettable memories: the Warwagon, Dining-ins, the Alaska trip, Bachelor party in Boston, the Clubber-Walsh boxing match, and his great Boston accent. D.J. is a friend you can always count on, talk to, and most important, go out to the bars and have a good time with. Youngster year D.J. met E. She kept him under control, most of the time, until we got together. D.J., Good Luck to you in the future, and knock 'em dead in Pensacola. Thanks for the memories and the great friendship you have shared with me, and others in the 17th Company. **SWL**

Glenn Neil Williams
Princeton, New Jersey
English
Surface Warfare

Glenn arrived at this fine institution from NAPS, via the Garden State (also known as the nation's wasteland). Although he lived only three hours away, his odometer always tallied up 1000+ miles every weekend — either that odometer slipped past the quality control checks, or Druck loved that car too much to drive straight from Jersey to Crabtown and took the long route — through Ohio. Glenn's harem of girlies abided from coast to coast — and AT&T loved him! Glenn's varsity sports aspirations were fettered by a weak ankle but not his competitive spirit. The legend grew, and he became known as Bobby Knight of 17th Company sports. Not convinced that the aviation community was all that exciting, Glenn chose the fast-paced SWO community. We've had a lot of fun together, but it will only get better in San Diego. You're a great friend, but there's one burning question that must be asked: "What happened to the hair on your legs?" **CRD**

18TH COMPANY

Todd Ronald Bibza
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Raised on O-Fries, nursed on I.C. Light, and rocked in the cradle of Zelda's. From the City of Steel came the man with the iron gun. A four-time letter winner, Todd's pitching prowess won him the elusive N* (by throwing 90 mph peas at the knees). Bibz is a dedicated connoisseur of women, always keeping his priorities straight — babes came first. Prowling in his hot red 300ZX, Bibz was often seen at Flaggs, Champions, or knee deep in Vous goo. Grooving to Bibz greatest dance jams, he often performed "yardwork," the "clam," and if appropriate — the devastating "rake." Academically, the "Gouge Master" had three philosophies . . . an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge, nothing takes priority over seeing a Cheers rerun for the sixth time, and if it can't be done in the rack, it shouldn't be done at all. May your quest for the tall blonde with wheels never cease. See you at 20,000 ft. someday — fly fast and hard. **STS**

Curtis Leo Brown
Hampton, Virginia
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Curtis Brown, C.B., a native of Hampton, Va. came to the Academy via NAPS. He arrived at the prep school wearing a knee brace so big it made you wonder how in the world he ever made it to Newport. Upon entering the Academy, he was able to participate in his favorite sport, The Only Sport, football. Though "Cbocker" had more than his share of nagging injuries, through hard work and doing the things I taught him he was still able to have a successful football career. Remember, of all the crazy nicknames you picked up while at the Academy: "C.B.," "crazy-legs," "the whirling derbish," "C.Beeee.," "grubber," & "grubbocker;" "Cbocker" — the nickname I gave you — is the BADDEST. Take care The Mighty Jamm. **CDU**

James Michael Butler
Lexington Park, Maryland
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

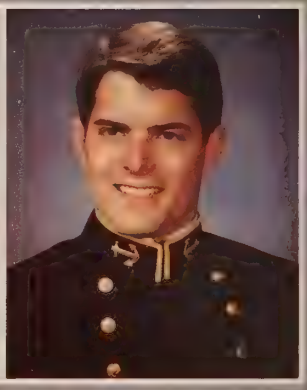
Jim, alias "Jimmy," Butler is a character all too often portrayed as the hero in the movies. With his outstanding diet of doughnuts and cookies (which I bring up from meal for him, by the way), he gains his "super powers" to defeat evil "Scooters" in their devious plans to dominate the world with racism and bad muster sheets. With his "power visor" (his sunglasses), he swears he can see sheer beauty in even the most unnatural of females of large designs. In just a single bound he can reach the tallest Coke machine and refill himself with his 18.5 Cokes — diet, of course. All kidding aside, he has been the best roommate a guy could ever have. He can make any room seem more cheerful and definitely more fun. He is a great person with a heart of gold and has taught me a lot about myself. He will bring happy times to any command he goes to and I hope I'm lucky enough to fly with him one day — anywhere, anytime, Jimmy. God bless **MHG**

Frank Thorwald Carr
Portland, Maine
General Science
Naval Aviation

Why did it take you a semester to move in? Thanks for the Heart tickets. Who said Wheaton wasn't on the map? Wicked Wanda, Stevie Nicks..you finally made eye contact. All those hours spent taking in the sights and sounds of second class year. Scuba club president does have its advantages. Anne Arundle on the Bay, The shower, almost a 4.0, White Chocolate, Hula-Hoops and DNs. You know better than to walk home alone. Philidelphia Pent House. Jeeps, WaHoo and hot summer nights. 2 for 1 and digging for buried treasure. Thanks from all the people at Ocean City. How about the hostage exchange? Over the wall, doing the walk, and belly blowing at St. Mary's. "You know what I like!" Mug runching. Our first class theme almost lasted, but we lost one along the way. You won Frank, your the King, the games are over. It's going to keep getting better. Best of luck and thanks for everything. It's been great. **RCE**

Roger Charles Erickson, Jr.
Oak Harbor, Washington
Operations Research
Surface Warfare

If pizza were a religion, Skip would be offering a slice of heaven. Well RC I guess I knew we were in trouble the first time we went for a run on mountain road and you left a special present on the front seat. Ah, my 21st birthday was a good one: Who else would have ended up in B. Park, "having it your way." DNs on me! Well octopus, nice leather jacket, kind of reminds you of tonsoffun and grotessa. How about 2nd class summer, building 52, the sponge, Roge was always his best at the crack of dawn. November 8: guess if you go over the wall you should try to go to morning quaters even if you do think your on 5-4! 33 days makes you want to leave your mark on Worden field,T-giving (Pass the Port!), MSU, the TKE house, and remember our walk in the library, just hanging out (don't pick any fights "do you know what this is for"). Well at least you came to your senses. Its been great RC, ILYR . . . B **WTS**



Allen Richard Flanagan
Janesville, Wisconsin
Oceanography
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Coming from Cowtown, USA, Easy Al was always eager to have a good time. As a youngster, he critiqued movies in Eastport with his best friend Johnny Walker. He also went fishing in Philly for halibut just for the halibut. When second class year rolled along, Al left Mother B to spend a semester up at the gray institution, West Point. However, when he came back he left no doubt in the plebes' minds why he was called Al Flamagain. When first class year came along, Al found himself with a new name. Due to his remarkable resemblance to that far Eastern deity, Al became known as "Buddah." Second semester Al moved to the position of ultimate authority when he became company commander. Still eager to have a good time, Al volunteered to have his hair cut at the 18th Company Beauty Parlor with all the marines on service selection night. As graduation neared, Al often said while gazing into space, "Squeeze 'em." **JRR**

Douglas Keith Gelbach
Indiana, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Marine Aviation

Zzzz..Shhh-Gelbuchi's resting. Tell'im the seven crazed janitors strike at midnight! Zzzz.. Quiet!..Puta Head's resting — up late last night love dancing at the room party. Zzz..Yes! only resting!! Too many nights at the Alumni House and too manny Oreos pounded..Zzz..I know, only resting right? — Si, it was along and harrassing summer — 'es only got 33 days left to remember it by..zzz..What's he mumbling? ". . . 91-X.." Something about cross country hell and Twitty City . . . zzz..Mr. Gelbach, sir the Lt. would like to see you..Hey Doug!..shhh..resting . . . Think we should wake him? Time for graduation..Naw give him a few more minutes..wait he's awake! Well, Doug now that youre fully rested, good luck in the Corps — keep pickin' it with that rusty fork and dreaming of c-130's. See you in Quantico, Big Guy — It'll be great . . . well sort of cold and wet..but later . . . **JEM**

Michael Hiro Guerrera
Mililani, Hawaii
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Hot Air was out and Bubbles was in (Hot Air could't breakdance), but the Bubbles grew continually larger and refused to burst. Fed up with the shoe collection, he cut the blimp loose. Suddenly a priceless object appeared on the dance floor. Mike and the Biz bumped noses as they both dived for it, they were off in a flash to split the rewards and live happily ever after. I'll take Budweiser. Mike slid through the years on his skateboard, Precious. However, he had to streak back over the wail (Jimmy-Legs), when the Scooter finally learned his name and summoned him to wield his conduct hammer. As the new lawman he got tough and bought a chase-car (ie BEERCAN) and went social with the rednecks (great Tequila). We survived the Ogre, the Concept, and the IHTS, WM?! syndrome together. In the air, we'll always fly together, and even laugh as we pluck Mav from the sea, again. Eyes forward and wings level good buddy, SKATE TOUGH. **JMB**

Andrew John Heino
Virginia, Minnesota
Naval Architecture
U.S. Marine Corps

Proud of his Finnish roots, A.J. came to the Naval Academy to be a fighting man's Marine. After spending a week at Quantico with him, I'm sure that he will make a good one (0302!). Living with the future 'dant has been great — loud music without a radio, having our very own M16 for room security (they'll never figure out where we stashed that sticky — fingered moke), and a growing appreciation for Milwaukee's Best are the things I thank you for the most. Good luck in the USMC FMF, TBS, the GTO, and AMF! "The more people he meets, the more he likes his dog!" Hit the beach (Clearwater), she's got a drink in her hand, she's got her toes in the sand . . . Hooters, Amanda, Mako's, Diamond Horseshoe (C'mon, let's go), Quicksilver's (C'mon, let's go), "Well, okay. I'll go to Florida with you guys.," "When can we go again?" SEMPER FIDELIS . . . **KRK**

Richard Joseph Hernandez
Lenexa, Kansas
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Rich, from noplace in particular, is the oldest of five Rich clones. After beating NAPS back to the edge, Rich took USNA by storm, peanut buttering all his upperclass racks plebe year, and single-handedly wrestling the entire 18th Company. Larry followed on many classic road trips on the rare occasion when Rich's grades and conduct allowed him to take a weekend, resulting in the loss of many damage deposits on rental cars. Second class year brought a romance that rivaled Ali/Frazier for excitement. As 21 came and went, Rich found himself on a first name basis with every bouncer in Annapolis. That summer, Rich took command of YP-682 in defense of the St. Lawrence Seaway. Firstie year showed Rich how "awarding" a birthday with Tom Z. could be. He also established himself as the Vince Lombardi of the intramural world. Now, Rich takes his dynamic leadership style to the Surface Navy. Well, here's to next time, let it begin this time. **TIM**

Christopher Earl Hodsden
Bellows Falls, Vermont
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Hodge came to USNA as an All-American Boy, and no amount of provocation from his classmates could corrupt him. The small-town Vermont boy chose carefully when he picked his first girlfriend, and five years later plebe detail pushed him over the edge and he got engaged to ensure a squad of littler Hodges. The daily letters must have convinced her to say yes. An avid whistler, boxer, and academic stud, Chris never wasted a moment, except for many man-years spent brushing his teeth. Hodge brought a four-striper's discipline to the room, throwing guilt complexes with a glance if the floor or the sink was dirty, and never allowing any monkey business while court was in session. A big fan of Barry Manilow and Cornhead, he was often spotted standing near the window with a bucket of water. Although short, he was forever cursed with sleeping near the ceiling. May he continue to have fun at higher altitudes. **K & D**

Andrew Gerard Howell
Shelbyville, Kentucky
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

From the backwood hollows of Kentucky sauntered Andy "The Hulkster" Howell to do battle with the Double E Doomsters. "Whiplash" beat the Axe Board because of massive shovelling by the Major, what a gift . Talk about expensive tastes — black Porsches and the highest priced ring in the class. Andy's best friends, next to Choe, Spooch, and Butts, are Mastercard, and the Beneficial Mortgage Company of Maryland. Who really is P. Mitchell and what is he doing with Messy in Dahlgren? Hey, what about the fridge, TV, and the syrup bottles at Army-Navy? Yeehah, Jester's dead. Barred for life from the Safari Club. You're just a short-timer. No one in the back shaft. Gotta love those stewardesses. Remember ditzy Southern women, congenital defects, and Wiedemanns. The hell with Scooter and screw the plebes. Don't ever forget what they all really need. It's been real fun, bud. Good luck Drew from Spooch and Choe. **WBS & BBV**

Keith Randolph Kans
Dunedin, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

On the sunny beaches of Florida at the age of 12, Keith decided that he wanted to be a Navy pilot. A few years later he found himself at the Academy trying to avoid the subariners who were attempting to steal his dream. But Keith would neither dive nor stay on the surface: he had to fly. After a few close calls, he made it saying, "I hope the fleet isn't like this!" Deep down inside Keith really loved the Academy. Another one of his famous quotes regarding Academy mind games was, "And they ask me why I drink!" Keith was one of the only members of the Brigade who actually enjoyed drill. When he said "I Hope There's a Friday Parade," he meant it. Have fun in the danger zone and stay as far south of the Maryland border as possible. Hooters . . . drunken drill day . . . White Lion . . . Milwaukee's Best Light . . . hobble da gaga . . . Diamond Horseshoe . . . rednecking . . . the beach . . . "you guys look just like tourists!" . . . AMF buddy! **AJH**

Wesley Brent Kaufman
Belpre, Ohio
English
U.S. Marine Corps

"I think my car was stolen . . . " Wes joined the Major's company as an established athelete in 2 sports and a 'lax' attitude that made him one of the most invisible youngsters in 18."No Fun" workouts ended with 2nd class year, along with a checkout from the Renata Inn and a discovery of Cagneys and Barb. Giving his all for Navy, our intramural hero gave his shoulder for a ltwt. football touchdown (I can't even dress myself).The summer brought about the Marine Bus Cruise, meeting fun people at MCRD and the Beach Comber, and hooking Muss."8 weeks" of vacation began with a tour of Canada and the Western U.S., and ended on the 18th hole in West Palm. As a senior, there was an intro to Whiskey Tango, the firstie four man room, a McTailgate at Army and visits to Smoke Hall — look back and laugh. Four years was more than enough for Wes, but unless the Marines make an MOS for golf pros,its 5 and fly — I said OOH RAH! — " . . . maybe I left it at the X concert." **TCV**

Gregory Jennings Kolcum
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Greg immediately impressed his classmates with his skills as a basketball player. The image was soon overshadowed when he became known as the Mad Wiper, had social engagements with Tomahawk, and the dreaded Tang Incident. There was that girl hoopster and that MUD PIE. Greg hurt his knee second class year and had to retire from hoops for awhile, but at least he got his #1 wish — eternal chits and Golden Whiteworks. As first class year rolled along, Greg's knee got better and he again ruled the court daily. He enjoyed it so much that he once sacrificed months of leave to play basketball with his friends at lunch. During the Dark Ages, Greg could often be heard saying "Every day is a Monday." Greg was always one to enjoy a joke, even if it was directed at him. "Ah, You're doggin' me!" Food, hoops, 4WD, LA Lakers, and Magic. Look out Nuke Power Navy, ready or not, here he comes. **JRR**

Lawrence Owen McDonnell
Ramsey, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

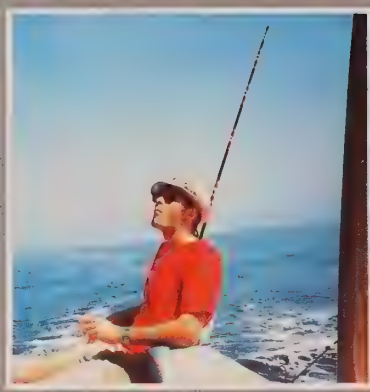
As an EE major, Larry worked dilligently in his search for more and better gouge, and must have exhausted himself to need so much afternoon rack time youngster year. Second class year brought a car for weekend road trips, a constant stock of King Hall burritos, and an interesting date outside the Brickskeller. After a summer in old and new Mexico, Larry returned to Bancroft and a Firstie four-man room. Listening to excessive VU brought out his artistic side and gave the company the "Tuna Melt" song. The year passed quickly, except for the 40 year swim, and Larry finally found time to improve his golf and skiing. Now he's taking his own brand of professionalism and humor to the Surface Nukes, and is so confident about swimming he's decided to tackle a surf-board. — Surveillance 29 reports "All Secure." **RDS**

Kurt Frederick Miller
Gates Mills, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Dirt is a heckler, a hilarious comedian who can make light of any situation. Of course, he was more fun as a socially unacceptable youngster, but time has made him almost respectable. He is a veteran of many high-speed road trips to Philly, extra nights in New London, pre-dawn dehydrated performances, Wind Tunnel lab reports, gray bus airborne spewings, religious mercenary expeditions, striper sword practices and post-holiday urinalyses. All character building experiences for a man from Cleveland, center of the known Universe. Now he merely suffers from numerous madnesses, not the least of which is a guilt complex associated with over-indulgence of JD Whiskey and Lima beans. It must have been that Italian that made him swear off civilians, though he does reach for an occasional moment. He is destined for greatness since he always wins at Pepsi Machine Roulette. And he looks good in Brown Shoes. **DWM**

John Eric Moore
Watsonville, California
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Juan Maas arrived in 18 and moved into a very loud and popular room. To get away, he joined up with the seven crazed janitors and explored the bowels of MacDonough. Second semester got a little quieter but no less adventurous with the room parties. Second class summer combined the allure of late night rendezvous and the leadership challange of dealing with a nearly career ending plebe summer. During the year John was a regular at the Friday Night Croquet Tourney, through the head and around the box. The realization that riding in the back was like kissing your sister, combined with an enjoyable cruise on an MSO, made him find his true calling with the Corps. After selecting his destiny, his thoughts turned to things more enjoyable. Concerts, cruising on oral chits, the cross country hell ride, TJ, and early morning PT. The Dap and that manly scent will follow him wherever he goes. Good Luck you Jarhead, Leatherneck, & Devil Dog. **DKG**



Daniel William Mulligan
Long Beach, California
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Aviation

Dan applied to only one institution of higher learning — and fortunately for us he was accepted. Dan brought us his California cool, and proved it was possible to complete plebe year in a Vulcan manner. He made his mark as a fashion stud, an Army/Navy partier, and a charter member of the Friday Night Indoor Croquet League. He did well as an aero despite the fact that he often considered homework a bothersome distraction that got in the way of a degree in science fiction. Although his seven-day cycle sometimes got in the way of his sensitivity, he expertly wooed the ladies (already targeted by his Glee Club buddies) with his charm and his tanning salon pigment. As a firstie, he maneuvered his way to four stripes, a private room, and no responsibility. Cheap as he is, Skinflint put a down payment on his turbo mobile home, and also purchased a whole bunch of USMC uniforms in preparation to outdue Pappy Boyington. **KFB**

Timothy Raymond Noonan
St. Louis, Missouri
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

I assume that no one is a greater authority on the past 5 years than myself. One paragraph will never capture the memories of the Naval Academy and NAPS. I shall always be able to remember various and sundry experiences of restriction, ski vacations, hockey, cruises and over zealous reactions to many circumstances by just thinking about USNA. My friends that I will keep after graduation will be living reminders of our experiences — every time I see them over the rest of my life, the past will become present and the memories will become more fond. Mark, Lindsay & Dave, Ram Beau, 18, 32, Mike & Henry, the Boys from NAPS, the whole hockey team and even Rich. My Mom and Dad are the most important aspect of this education. Without their love, guidance, and support who knows where I'd be, now or then. If it was meant to be, everything will work out. **TRN**

John Riley Ross III
Del Mar, California
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Hooters. John was born on a sunny beach with a guitar on his back and a surfboard in his arm. J.R. Superstar was destined to be a rock-n-roll star, but God fouled up his orders and he ended up at USNA. JR was reknowned for his scenic tours of the yard, to include the astroturf, Hospital Point, and Bishop Stadium visitor's dugout. When JR wasn't frequenting Dahlgren, he went to the movies at Eastport: Number five is alive, Woman's Prison Massacre, A Million and One Ways to Die (but I only saw 8), Hobbledegee with the first lady, and The Platoon Game (How did that movie end?). Those Eastport Cokes sure were refreshing. JR will leave a legacy with his many famous naval sayings. "Hey, don't you have to be somewhere?, Slim and trim is 95% of the ballgame, I think I left something underneath the bed." But, Johnny Appleseed is best known for his horticultural exploits planting the fruit of the loom around the yard. Squeeze 'em. **ARF**

Samuel Thomas Scaffo
Clayton, New Jersey
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Omnipotent, all knowing, unlimited wisdom, excessive power and endless experience are only a few of the qualities Sam claims to have aquired from a Jersey childhood. Sam grew up deep in the swamps of Jersey, scrapping with the Devil, to become the big, Italian, pasta monster. Although Sam, "Never wanted to come here," he did it all. A mechanical engineer, general engineer, crew stud, and rugby maniac, you name it. He was an extremely hard worker that knew how to have a good time. When he wasn't hiding in AMTRAK's to petrify someone, he was chasing them down dark corridors with laundry carts. He was an extremely talented fighter, although we did bring him home in a trash bag once after a brawl with JD. Known as a connoisseur of the finer things, Sam claims to have found something special. As he spent his first class summer flying around the mountains of Hawaii, so will he fly into many future sunsets as a Navy pilot. Speed. **CMS**

Robert Donald Schasel
Eden, New York
English
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Rob hails from Eden, NY, where prolonged confinement due to snow has been known to produce a different kind of man. He started off at USNA on the wrong foot with two 4.0's plebe year. Youngster year brought life with a crazy Texan and more high grades, aided by an easy major. He thought that drama would be a good way to meet "chicks," but a freak accident left him with a broken jaw and a great story. Second class year saw Rob set a world record in the USMC Marathon for chain smokers. As first class year arrived, Rob found himself hard pressed to pick a service selection; he changed his mind 22 (fully documented) times before deciding that submariners get all the women. He took 3 stripes second semester to avoid listening to his roommate's music. This came in handy as he found a sudden need to spend time outside USNA. See ya in Orlando, Rob; I'll bring the coffee, you bring the smokes. **LOM**

William Ben Seaman, Jr.
Hershey, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Nuclear Power — Surface

Q: What is Bill's favorite naval saying? A: "Brace Up, Maggot!" No doubt many a Ploober will remember the personal interest Bill took in their health and well being. One wonders why they didn't appreciate him. Luckily many upperclass knew him as a guy you could always count on. Spooch, this is your life — Chow calls for Lefty, 35 Daze, Thrust In, and Friday nights in '54. Then came the Euroweenies, some hard time and a "special" young lady. The $20 Log solved that. Ditzy blonde Southern babe. Wanna warm up the Hoover and head for Happy Valley? Creator of the Prattstain and I'm a bagel. Names and hull numbers of ships in the Navy, go. PSU NROTC and Nuclear Engineering not challenging enough, he headed for Canoe U and the Easyography Department. Bill was an incredible student, showing the amazing ability to pack a week's worth of studying into 20 minutes. Is this possible at Nuke School? We hope so — Good Luck! **AGH & BBV**

William Thomas Skinner
Plymouth, Michigan
Economics
Supply Corps

How can the years here at Navy not be exciting watching Bill walk on that treacherously thin ice of the conduct system. As the Major said,"Every one of these reports involves a female!" Bill's 21st established the Adventure, took $10 to DC, got there, came back, and had more fun stopping at Burger King. Youngster year saw surprises like, "The Easter Bunny brought us some white chocolate!" or "What was that noise?" and "How'd that motorcycle get in my living room?." YP cruise saw the Philly Penthouse Caper. Second class year was Bill's great juggling act. The exchange to Army introduced us to Dave and "Hey Dave, think I can part your hair?" The USNA wall proved to be more secure than USMA's and no one saw much of Bill or Skip for the year, except the OOW. The next chapter was first class year, JEEPS and the circuit. Well Laura's got you now. Thanks for the laughs and the good times! ILYB **FTC**

Charles Marshell Smith
Strongsville, Ohio
General Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

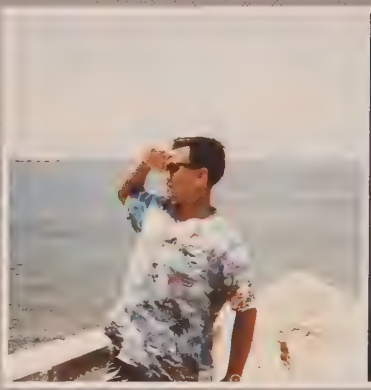
#38..SPEED TO BURN..WHEELS..ROCKY..RAMBO. CMS came to us from a SMALL TOWN but with big town ideas. MANIMAL earned his keep by amazing friends and foes on the football field and in the weight room. A four year letterman in football, CHUCK earned All American honors and was named team captain. Football and family dominated his life and he swore he would never have a serious girl. That ended 2/c summer. Now, after a brutal year at NAPS, and four at USNA (except for snow days which were spent in Strongsville) Chuck will OPUS the Academy for good, and will, on June 18, 1988 marry his dream. Speed, never forget the BOYS, Bruce, GLORY DAYS and all our other crazy ideas. Finally, just a big thanks to a man who's always been there for me, when I needed a laugh, a beer, or just an insightful listener. I wish you the best. I love ya like a brother. Always remember W **CKW**

Craig David Union
Albion, Michigan
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Craig David Union will not be remembered as an academic genius. He would rather be remembered for his energetic personality, high spirits, and most of all, his hooping ability. Coming from Naps, Craig was an immediate success at the Academy. He adapted to the Academy with no problem. I admire Craig the most for what he and Mike Tabb accomplished plebe year. They set out to prove to the world that "Ain't nobody bad." Well, Craig, it's time to hit the fleet. Take care and remember that you'll always be remembered as the "MIGHTY JAMM !!" **CLB**

Benedict-Jose Bustos Valecruz
San Diego, California
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Hey, Choe! You number one. Yo, muhara, where's your green card?! Joe, a.k.a. Benedict, brought the sounds of the San Diego surf to the Jungle Room of 7354. He played classics like the Surf Punks, the Butthole Surfers, and Linda Ronstadt. Sometimes he would even sing and talk to us while in Rack Dog Zebra mode after being bitten by the big dog. Joe learned Judo to protect himself from born-again women like the Kangster. Mr. Smooth used to sweettalk the ladies from the bars of Annapolis to the discos of Tijuana and the O-Club at Miramar. Other alter egos included Mr. Fisherman, Mr. Scuba, Mr. Skiier, Mr. Surfer, Mr. Spearfisher, and Mr. Supplier of Phillipino Delicacies. Hey, we didn't really kick him out, and he corrupted us. Dodge trucks are ram tough. Take care of the Bingster. Don't forget our 50 bucks each. We made it, room 7354. Bustos is one of the most caring guys we know. Good luck, dude. **WBS & AGH**

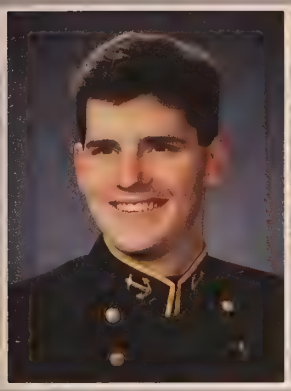


Todd Carlton Vaupel
Jonesboro, Arkansas
Mechanical Engineering
Marine Aviation

Todd arrived at room 7353 with his tapes of Van Halen and the BarKays and his freshly polished jump wings. Airborne! (He was a Marine from day one) But, luckily, he calmed down, and his musical tastes improved. We learned that if he mixed, clean laundry would become dirty. Second class year was three weeks of hell (You see there was this bear . . .) and All-American honors in 150's. It was also the beginning of a year-long relationship that spawned the nickname, "Weak One." Hey, a man needs what a man needs. Still searching, Spring Break brought Todd to his school teacher phase. Ring Dance was nice (about 6A.M.), but something was not quite right. Marine Cruise (Left hand guide hand . . ., dirty white pants) and Florida (Robbie's Sporting Goods) filled up 1/c summer. Then came our four-man firstie room, more All-American honors, and (at last!) Army-Navy weekend. Good luck with Keeks and fly well. **WBK**

Vernon Lavell Wallace
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Supply Corps

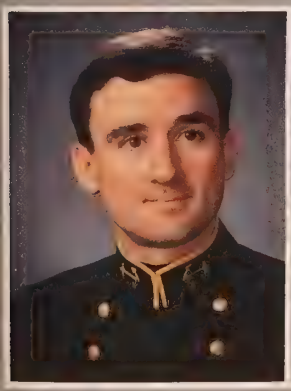
Vernon was born May 9, 1966, the first of two sons for Lydia and Wayne. A nut for athletics, he played Varsity Football and ran Varsity Track at Abraham Lincoln High School in Philadelphia, Pa. He then attended the Marine Military Academy, in Harlingen, Tx. Vernon was then appointed to the United States Naval Academy where he participated and lettered in Varsity Football. His hobbies include athletics and music. With a strong love for music, don't be surprised if you hear one of his productions over the airwaves in the future. "Born into the world year 66, an affinity for music led to the mix. In a world full of greed, pain, hunger, and disaster, came the Vee, a.k.a. the GRANDMIXMASTER."



Chadwick Kingsley Watson
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Political Science
Supply Corps

We searched the computers for a guy to graduate from the Academy, your name didn't come up. Do you know someone who could? Jose on a vacation far away, so were you. No regs? No wonder. Between Indiana and Georgia you formed the shiver dome, the boat, the Philly fire fighting team and the water hammer. Shoka Tiern, 91, Fluke, Bunk, Hitch, Fresh, Darc. THE BOYS. Remember Sam vs. JD, dumb dego. Howabout wiseguys. Run to Indiana, you finally got hooked. Your dream came true, you always get your way. I wish you two many happy years but hopefully not to many Chuckie — T juniors. #1, Chad Watson three striper, Volleyball captain, most popular man at Navy, I'd wish you all the luck in the world, but you've already got it. You will go as far as YOU want. I'll miss your jokes, attitude, lunacy, our philosophical talks and ideas, but most of all your friendship. "We're all done here." Give T my best cause . . . well, you know the rest. **STB**

19TH COMPANY



William Lance Bach
Poway, California
English
Special Warfare

Lance, a.k.a. Verne, came to the Naval Academy after three years of deck-swabbing. Prior to his deck-swabbing days, he was a California surf rat, connoisseur of beach bunnies, and party hound. But then came USNA!!! Verne, in his final Academy days was a clean-cut company commander, though he suffered from short-timers syndrome, he was a drill machine. To be married on the day after graduation, Verne is sure to procreate numerous Verne's and Vernessa's with his loving wife. Before this sudden fall from glory, Verne specialized in sun-tanning, 150's football, recons, and two very hot, flamey plebe details. After graduation and his fateful marriage, in which I will happily slap G on the fanny as a sword-bearer, Verne will proceed to SEAL school to become a frog warrior. Should a shark bite him while he swims in the chilly Pacific surf, Verne will punch Jaws in the nose, and bite him back. Verne is the boy!!! **WWB**

Michael Kenneth Binnix
Annapolis, Maryland
Computer Science
Nuclear Power — Surface

Mikey is easy to find. He is either sleeping, sailing, or spending money. In fact, he blew off P-cola for Nuke Power just to pay his bills. He was the only plebe who did chores on weekends; his mother made him after running away from home to join the Navy. He would have been a 4.0 student, except for an extremely aggravated affliction of blue magnetitis. His desire for sailing has only recently been surpassed by a desire for a wedding band. A computer jock — not geek, he hates computers — Donny might be ugly but your mother still dresses you funny, and raindrops are still falling on your butt. Just keep the ships out of ditches, not like your jeep. Shmedly and I hope to see Ensign Whetman, who ran the class of '90 ragged only to come back and graduate — we hope — with them. Japan will have only strengthened his resolve to join us: Rod below, Mike on, and Jeff above the seas. Beware of that SWO belly, Michael! **RKL**

William Wylie Burkhart
Indianapolis, Indiana
Political Science
Marine — Flight Officer

After coming to us from the home state of Charles Manson and John Dillinger, Wylie has continued to admirably carry on their tradition of disregard for authority. With a Black N* awarded early in his career, Wylie went on to become the first non-brigade commander NAFAC director in the past several years, although he is still partial to George Dickel, blondes, and the Beastie Boys. A true master of the inside game of mission accomplishment, Will has baffled us all by being one of the wildest cards at USNA and yet still getting more done than "Joe Striper." Wylie has left a legacy of crooked neck Annapolis girls as they tried to catch a glimpse of him cruising Crabtown in his Beastie Bug blasting rap masters at 250 watts. After a playboy tour of China, Wylie will enter the USMC and it will have to put a leash on this wild man or else let him run rampant through Nicaragua with a K-Bar and a tin of Copenhagen. **WLB**

Augusto Gisbert Cata
Miami, Florida
Computer Science
U.S. Marine Corps

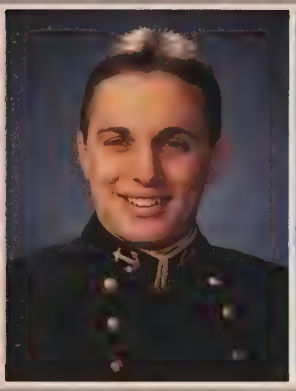
20 Jul 81; "I Like IKE" CVN-69: Push-button P.O.; Darryl, Applewhite, Freddie; Monte Carlo and Cuba; NAPS: Salve, The Narragansett, Salas'; USNA: How'd I spend $4000 as a plebe?, Navy Crew, Ocean City with Kevin and Jim, Tempe, Biscayne Baby's (Carmen), Fantail-Gus, Savannah; Giorgio, wine-coolers, and a moonlit beach; I love the Navy. I want to command an Arliegh Burke Class, "I hate my major," "The Ducc," "Did you see that sailboat Mr. Cata? What sailboat, Sir?," Carmen at Philly; Quantico, the turning point; P.T. Flaggs 13 Sep 86, New Year's in Indiana, Bolongo Bay, USS Austin, "Hard Rock Cafe" Naples; USS JellyStone, "Hard Rock Cafe" Magalluf; "What ship did you pick? USMC.; Rudy's, Route 50; USMC Mess Night, "I said what, to whom ?," You should have seen my wall.; Apartment Hunting, Easter with Pooch; CMC; The Resident Communist, Gisssbert, "Close your mouth," surge. **AGC**

John Martin Devine
Mount Laural, New Jersey
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

John came to USNA via NAPS. J.D.'s four years at the Academy were up and down, with each week bringing on a new adventure. His second class year had to be his best by far. He was able to achieve Eastern Wrestling Champ and did so well academically, he earned himself back to back appearances to the big brass at the never ending table. He almost made it to round three, but passed up the chance. John will be graduating much to many person's surprise but to none of my own, for after living with him for three years there is one thing I learned. He will NEVER quit. John brings nothing but laughs and joy to the people he is around and I'm sure will continue to do so out in Caly. John is truly a great friend and bunk. The miles that seperate John and I will not matter because I will always remember the fun and laughs and friendship he provided these last three years. **CDR**

David Vincent Gentile
Hackettstown, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

What is Dave? Dave is the result of years of Momma's Italian home cooking, a pharmacy of vitamins, and too many late nights in the basement of Rickover. D is for dedicated, A is for vitamins (B,C,D,E, Niacin and Calcium included), V is for the "v" club, and E is for excellence in the Subsurface Navy. Put them all together and they spell STEIN. Once a year he was good for coming back and telling us, "Hey guys, I think I found the right girl, again." For the other 51 weeks, he is a mild mannered introvert until he gets behind the wheel of the Z. On the road, he becomes a hazard by driving 56 or 57 mph. Dave ran the company, and tried to run the room, with an iron fist. Stein is a very sociable person except when studying, sleeping, eating and until two hours after waking. Dave's professional ambition was to become a bubblehead. In Dave's Navy, there were only two kinds of ships: submarines and targets. **KRS & MJM**



Micheal Wayne George
Washington, Pennsylvania
Economics
Marine — Flight Officer

Conservatism was in during the eighties and Mike was "hip" to it. The Q-Ball came from that redneck state somewhere near Pittsburgh. Strangely though, he was the only man we knew who kept a fifty caliber muzzleloader in a plastic pseudo sportscar (Fiero). He also had a problem with parking in the yard during his senior year, six tickets in two weeks was enough to earn him a new parking spot out in town. Even though Mike always had a few sweat grenades at the ready, he was a reliable guy and you always knew where he stood. The Marines will love to have this right winger dropping the smell of victory on certain deserving countries. Sometimes you have to smell the glove. Poetry through Pain. **LJH & EJS**

Michael Joseph Giedraitis
Paradise Valley, Arizona
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Mike joined the Navy to see the world,but hasn't looked up from the books yet. Seldom seen up in 19, Mike called the boat house home. Second class year Mike announced his presence in 19 with a 100 decibel "Plebe Ho!" In search of his better half, Mike traveled to Georgetown and all the local girl schools, having a good time but never reaching the elusive goal. Mike finally got to see the world on summer cruises, spending his money in Europe and West Pac. Mike became an honorary Bravo by launching bottle rockets off green beach, sledding in the cemetary, and Butt Running from the Severn River. Despite crew and many other distractions and activities, Mike still managed to graduate in the top one hundred of the class. Nuke School will provide Mike with his greatest challenge yet. Best of luck in Orlando and onboard the USS Arkansas. Thanks for the good times, Mike. **JDY & REW**

Donald Eugene Grady, Jr.
Sevierville, Tennessee
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Don came to USNA via Alabama, but now resides in Sevierville. A typical day began with a bebop down the hall for a Mountian Dew and the comics. His few free periods were reserved for rack ops. After class it was usually racquetball followed by one of a multitude of choirs, Glee Club or the Musical. If he wasn't in the hall he was sure to be singing somewhere, with "the kids," or on the roof (remember Army Week '87!). Study hour was strictly adhered to for Don — no more than an hour of study nightly yet he still managed to pull through somehow (except for Fluids with the Rocket). Evenings were characterized by huge sugar intake, lots of Dew, and plenty of study breaks to bounce the rubber band ball or throw darts with CK. Through all this Don somehow managed to be selected for nuke power submarines. I don't know where he'll find the time to sing now, but I'm sure the silent service will never be the same. **WGP**

Lawrence Joseph Hertzog
Park Rapids, Minnesota
Naval Architecture
U.S. Marine Corps

Larry is a hard man. Until our last semester, we knew his as Captain Sinusoid for his oscillating moods. Lately, however, Larry has been very, very happy. A couple of trips to Florida have done wonders for him. Larry has always been a competitor, academics weren't his forte, but he put in the time in the chair and made it happen. Although Larry has rich taste, he knows how to stretch a buck. The Marine Corps is in his blood, so it is a safe bet he'll be a lifer. The man of a thousand quips knows how to smell the glove. Poetry through Pain. **EJS & MWG**

Robert Wayne Kellogg
Glens Falls,New York
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

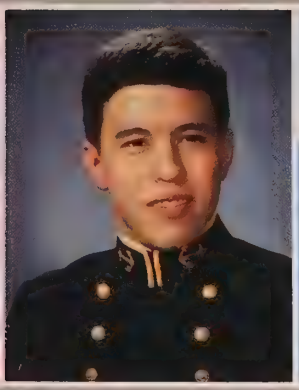
Bob started his academy career off with flying colors by getting invited to the regimental striper table during plebe summer for knocking their swords off their chairs. Since then, however, Bob has excelled in everything he has done. Track and cross country had Bob waking up at 6:00 AM for runs for eight seasons, until he wised up and started participating in triathlons. Now he works out all day. In between school and workouts, Bob has found time to frequent such places as Gettysburg, Georgetown, and New York City. You have been the best friend and roommate a guy could have, good luck and God bless. **P.L.**

Christopher Allen Korn
Longwood, Florida
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Chris is a great friend. He is the type of guy who would "bend over backwards" to help out a friend. Whenever it comes to women (actually talking about them), old cars, bowling, and power racking, Jizz is in a class by himself. It is a wonder that his hometown has done without him for four years. The Naval Academy certainly will not be the same without Chris. His 'Cuda, 'Baker, and his unique slang set Chris apart from all others. An active member of Subgroup Bravo and the best friend I have, we at USNA and all snowbanks in Maryland will miss him. Good luck in Nuke School and all that you do. **DCM**

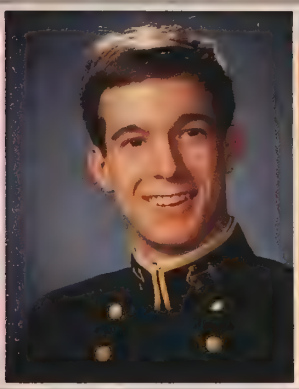
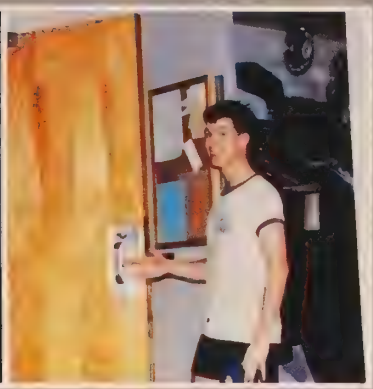
Paul Leo Lhote
Ford City, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Coming from the big town of Ford City, PA, Paul had little trouble adjusting to the rigors of Academy life, although he did spend a few days on restriction and shoveling snow thanks to Harry. Being a member of the varsity baseball team taught Paul the value of patience while spending nearly two years in the gulag, but first class year had him as Navy's starting third baseman. Most weekends were spent around the area until senior year when Paul put a few miles on the car by visiting IUP as much as he could. He could always be found cheering on the Fighting Irish or Steelers whenever they were on the tube. Although not an academic phenom, Paul maintained fairly good grades during his four years, which earned him the right to choose Navy Air. Paul has been a great roommate and friend. Best of luck in your future naval career. **RWK**



Michael John Ma
Chardon, Ohio
Political Science
Surface Warfare

At first glance Mike appears to be a studious, mild mannered, short person from Ohio. At second glance, he is still a short person from Ohio, but give him a few brews and some Violent Femmes and he is ready to do the fly. Cruising in the 'scort, wondering why he can't get just one kiss, he is always on the make, searching high and low — mostly low. Miker has proven his skills as a hunter several times as a Hood regular, and by bagging a few beastly beer cows at MWC. In addition to excelling in his studies, Mike is also famous for his neatness and room cleaning skills, making him the best houseboy in 19th Company. At first Mike's dream ship was a Minesweeper, welded to the pier. Mines in the Persian Gulf changed all that. Instead he decided to sail the high seas in the Hot Shot Scott, one of the Navy's newest tin cans. Even though he's only 5'5" we expect big things from Mike. Today room 2436 tomorrow the oval office. **KRS & DVG**

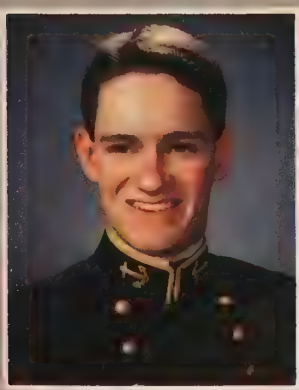



Donald Clopton McKay III
Charlottesville, Virginia
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Don, or should I say Donbo McSlay, has been a "wild thang" at USNA. Don hails from Charlottesville, but Donbo was born at MWC, where he single-handedly tried to keep the world safe from Democracy, or at least a few Fredericksburg townies. Though an avowed SWO daddy, Don could be heard echoing a high pitched "bark" though the hall before any drill session — drill being his favorite pastime. Running was a more enjoyable pastime and was a way of release for Donbo, a former Al's pal who never seemed to forgive the coach of his few faults. Don will always be remembered for weekemd treks to Norfolk, MWC, as well as Army Week wrestling '86. Remember cheering USMA on to victory over exchange weekend, running (and diving into puddles) in the rain, and screaming out the windows youngster year while assuming CDO duties. Don't forget . . . the only real wings are bridge wings!! **WGP & CAK**

Darryl Corey Melton
Orange Park, Florida
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Going through two 1/2 years with Corey at USNA was an enlightening southern experience. I came into acquaintance with him second semester youngster year. Never before had someone with a love for country music and women been endowed with such moral character. Corey did have his moments of animalistic behavior, but that is definitely "knot" proper to mention here. Academics was something that sometimes got the best of Corey, but in the end, he always managed to pull it out. However, his Physics and EE books will not live to see another academic year. As with most of us, Corey's lovelife at USNA was as sporatic as parade results. Northern women never seemed to mesh correctly with his personality. Trans Ams, crutches, marriage, and volcanoes always turned him off. Corey will be a country boy for life and a Surface Warrior out of Mayport, Florida. Best of luck in your future, bud! **CAK**



William George Plott
Waynesville, North Carolina
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Profuse sweating and aberrant marching marked Bill's first summer here, but good roomies that year helped him make it. Being a purebred Tarheel from mountains somewhere south of Virginia, Bill was never sure who to cheer for when Navy played UNC. Always a lively member of any Advanced Calc class . . . his head would bob to the right, then the left, then crash to the desk. His snoring was neat, too. A true competitor in Batt track and XC, he took the stuff seriously until this year, when he bagged it like the rest of us. Despite having one of the best blotters around, Bill held on to his presidency of the BTR and "V" Club chapters ("They're just good friends"). Remember 0600 Nav meetings, Joneser, "Bilge," and "the Tongue?" Initially with his heart set on being a bubblehead, Bill went to his nuke interview, but God had other plans for him. He heads to SWOS in August before making his home on a frigate out of Mayport. **DEG & DCM**

Cliff Duane Rees
Ellicott City, Maryland
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

In the summer of '84, Ellicott City sent a fine scholar — athlete to partake in the crazy campus life of Annapolis. He proceeded to breeze through plebe year as a starter on the basketball team. Youngster year was most exciting, bringing with it a trip to the Captains of the yard and the Final Eight. While captaining a young Navy team as a first class, Cliff managed to pick up his fourth N — star . Although there were many tough times, Cliff kept his sense of humor and positive attitude, always putting a smile on those faces around him. The Marine Corps should be proud to have such a fine leader joining their ranks. **JMD**

Gregory William Rouillard
Gunnison, Colorado
Systems Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Greg is an interesting character. He stands in the top ten in our class and majors in systems engineering. He rose to the height of D&B Commander first semester first class year. Greg always seems to be "planning." Organization seems to be his key to success. Small meals, positive attitude and long walks help him to round out his extraordinary personality. As with every mid who has ever lived, Greg has a fair amount of events he would rather forget. He has no trouble finding dates, but has managed to accumulate enough bricks to start a fireplace. On occasion he has even been known to engage in intense physical exercise at the squash courts. Greg has chosen Marine Corps as his service selection. The life ahead should be filled with success and excitement. He will be flying the Marine Corps' F/A-18 sometime in the near future. Go for it! **CAK**

Stephen Gregory Sandoval
Elkview, West Virginia
History
Surface Warfare

Sandy hails from the boondocks of West Virginia and originally came to USNA for his first pair of shoes and a commission in the Marine Corps. He quickly emerged as the Sub Group Bravo counselor and confidante, as well as master mechanic of muscle cars, a.k.a the Mav and the '66 Charger "Beast," especially when intoxicated. Steve displayed his academic prowess as a Bull major by managing to be unsat for three years running, thanks to the 'Berg. First class year saw him with stripes (finally), life on two wheels, abandonment of D & B and the adoption of hair, dedicated to a forced career on the high seas. What the Marine Corps has lost, the Navy has surely gained. Keep the shiny side up, the sticky side down, and thanks for being my best friend . . . **BKS**

Eric Joseph Sharpe
Derry, New Hampshire
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

The enemy is not safe with this knife wielding thug from New Hampshire. Blockhead was soon disillusioned with Aerospace and concentrated on his "minor" in military history by reading every book on warfare. The only thing more important than his fascination with knives and combat gear was his lust for the rack. Eric's stint as Company Commander proved to be very rewarding in the area of micro-managing and breaking in the new Company Officer. The U.S. Marine Corps will benefit from this mountain of a man, hope to see him in the FMF. Sometimes you have to smell the glove. Poetry through Pain. **LJH**

Kenneth Reace Spurlock
Ukiah, California
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Kenny has been elected the man most likely to put off until tomorrow what can be done today. We're simply commenting on his incredibly relaxed attitude — towards everything. Whether it be paper deadlines, folding his laundry, or carrying out orders from the Dant, Kenny was never one to be rushed. A founding member of the 19th Co. bike club, Kenny has left his mark on the highways, medians, fences, and accident reports of the Northern Seaboard. Assuming the role of 19th Co. morale officer, he graciously contributed to several tailgaters without collecting a dime. He planned many road trips but never seemed to think about silly things like reservations or bringing everyone he invited. We know he understands ship's running lights which, like his face, are sometimes red or green depending on what time happy hour started. He'll leave behind a legacy of unpaid bills, soda cans, and broken hearts on the beach. **MJM & DVG**

Robert Earl Webb
Orange Park, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Rob, a.k.a. Mav, saw the Naval Academy as just four years of pre-flight. Born and raised in a Navy family, he won't claim a hometown but normally spends his leave time in Florida. Infatuated with flight, Rob became one of the original big four Bravos while carrying out wind tunnel tests with bottle rockets. Never one to pal arounnd with plebes, Rob could often be heard throughout the wing, improving their moral fiber and Trivial Pursuit scores. First class year started with Rob trading a month in sunny Diego Garcia for a week in Smoke Hall. By then he was firmly entrenched in 19th Company's toy war. Rob came out the winner with two cars and two bikes. He must have invested wisely because his fortunes with members of the opposite sex improved dramatically. Good luck in Pensacola, Rob, you'll make a hell of a pilot. **JDY & MJG**

Donald Alexander Wright
Fairfax, Virginia
Physics
Naval Aviation

Donny, more affectionately known as Calvin, has blessed the Academy with several of his graces. He is very finicky about the females he is seen with, they must either attend the same school as he does or have a name that ends in "y," as in Puffy, Biffy, or Boopsy. Like his women, Donny is selective in the music he listens to. When he attends concerts he sleeps through the opening bands to maintain his standards. His extensive tape collection consists of seven tapes of Jimmy Buffett, one for each day of the week. If there is ever a person that is the typical Mid, Donny is it. He meticulously follows the regs, is thoroughly proficient in drill, buys his things from the midstore or mail order, controls his alcohol consumption, has an impeccable driving record, and bought a Mustang. Since he is a Navy brat, on any given day he can be from Florida, Virginia, or Maryland, which just proves that no matter where he is, he's lost. **KRS**

John Davis York
Sierra Vista, Arizona
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

John, a well-traveled Army brat, revived an old family tradition when he showed up in Annapolis. By youngster year, John figured he had this place licked, but the Dooch and some bottle rockets would firmly establish him as a plank-owning Bravo. John immediately emerged as the cultural pace-setter by introducing paisleys, suspenders, and the Cure to the rest of us heathens. After a run in with Bear and a water fountain, John was a changed man. He turned his attentions to hot-rodding "Bob the Death Honda from Hell," butt running from Santee Basin, and seeking more worldly vistas on the weekends. In February 1987, John happened upon L and the rest is history. A gouge-hound in the truest sense, John was never fazed by USNA and will hit the fleet in stride. Easy going and full of common sense, John is all anyone could ask for in a future backseater. See you over Pensacola. **REW**

20TH COMPANY

Peter Dietz Alexander
Little Rock, Arkansas
Economics
U. S. Marine Corps

It is not often that a good ol' boy comes to USNA from Ar-Kansas via Italy without really applying. Perhaps this accounts for Peter's "rebel without a cause" attitude, one that put him at loggerheads with the admin/conduct system. There was indulging at youngster 'gaters, UA at 'Dillo's and the gate #1 O-course. Perhaps this caused PDA to punch the wall and break his hand (or could it have been watching "Breakfast at Tiffany's" at Army '85?). Pete was also the original "beautiful" man with a two gallon jug of Polo and his belly cut pythons. However, even Mr. Ed can swallow upside down Margarittas courtesy of Pip. Mr. Econ even got a 1.0 in his first majors course. Remember, marines don't need to count (that's why he isn't going SWO) . . . where did your hair go in November '87? Best wishes to Hornberger Jr. — a copastetic kind of guy. **JLG**

Darren Wayne Ault
Chico, California
English
Naval Aviation

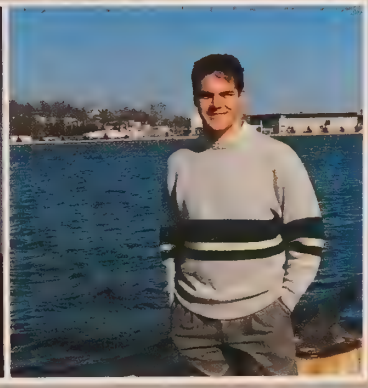
Aultman, Too Tall, and the Opamp. The Dallas Cowboys, L.A. Lakers, and Cincinnati Reds shall always prevail. AU will be remembered for its many weekend excursions. The car survived a 3000 mile trip, but couldn't turn one fateful Thanksgiving night. I will be remembered as the man that doesn't use a glass while consuming. Basketball and football were pastimes, but softball was my favorite. First class year wasn't my year, but a new car and a girl did more than compensate. Plebes will always have a place in my heart; lord knows they are never good enough. Company parties always held my interest, being the loner among couples more than once. I am a Northern California boy and always will be. We've had some good times; thanks for the memories, 20. **LLD**

Robert Steven Carlisle
Felton, California
Oceanography
Nuclear Power — Surface

I met 'Rob' for the first time while I was waiting in the bleachers on "I"-Day. One scramble and four years later, he still hasn't changed. Though restriction, bad grades, living in the company's smallest room, or being the platoon commander of platoon number 108 in platoon drill might get some people down, Rob has never lost his good disposition or his positive outlook on life. After taking a brief eighteen month respite starting in sunny Orlando Florida, Rob will be going to the David R. Ray and spending his weekends in the California sun that he was raised in. Once he gets on the outside, his outlook on life should serve him well in good times and bad, just as it has done here. Fair winds and following seas; we've finally survived. **RWD**

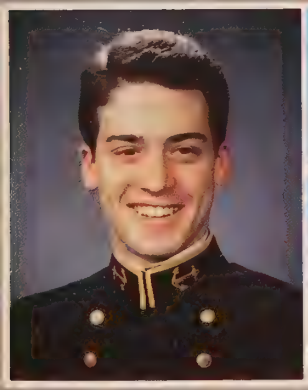
Jane Marie Collins
Lompoc, California
History
Surface Warfare

RRiinngg . . . RRiinngg . . . No, Jane is not here. No, I don't know anything about the *Lucky Bag* pictures. My roommate, the COL Klink of the *Lucky Bag* . . . informals, biographies, work parties, excusal lists. It was a thankless job, but the Class of '88 would find no better editor. A master exam-taker, Jane held a 3.5 QPR without a problem (literally) — for 3.5 years, at least . . . Summers were her glory; most recently, she cruised to the Virgin Islands aboard USS D. B. Beary, partied with the crew, and then backpacked through China for seven weeks. Spring Break '88 — aboard the *Trudy J.* — proved her aptitude to surface warfare. Row, row, row your boat . . . Jane will be one of the first women assigned to the Combat Logistics Force — look out, Cimarron. Thank goodness, she will be in Hawaii, where the temperature never falls below 65 degrees. Good luck, Jane. Do well — remember, God will never test you beyond what you can bear . . . "Cast Off!" **SMS**



Lee Michael Conley
Fort Morgan, Colorado
Aeronautical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Lee came to USNA out of a Marine family but chose to wear the blue uniform out of here. Ignoring the "you don't have to go aero to fly" advice, he made things difficult for himself but managed to hold the course. How best to measure his experience here but with images of his final and best year here: sailing with J, S, & K after three years of crew . . . roadtripping to see Stone and the restriction following . . . flagging 401 at six weeks and the twelve week recovery (sans weekends) . . . dragging J.S.A. to every home game ("maybe this time . . .") . . . remaining sat and unrestricted thru second semester (barely) . . . skiing with J, D, J, D, & T and 70 Old Viennas . . . roadtripping to CU with J . . . the KU interns: K, L, S, & S . . . but what's up with J.S.A.??? . . . and not air, NFO, nuke . . . how about SWO!. Lee's most profound advice to us all — "Don't sweat the bead before the need." Have a good one out there! **BTR**



John Duffy Coode
Nashville, Tennessee
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

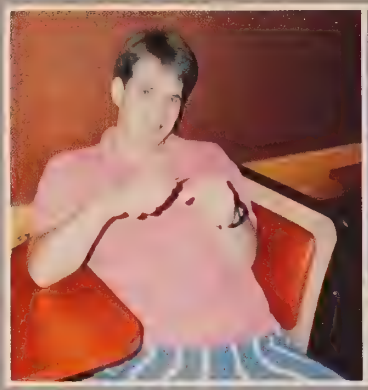
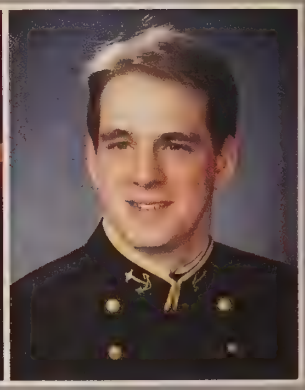
John came to us fresh from Nashville as another good Catholic boy. Along the way he has grown wise to the ways of the world. Plebe year in the Serene Company brought enlightenment in the military way of life. Anxious to begin his engineering career, John experimented with the deformation of automobile metals much to the horror of a generous firstie. He embarked upon youngster year with great enthusiasm, until his attention was temporarily lost to a hometown love. By firstie year, John was back and at his best in a variety of scenes . . . the Whale, on the Mall with Dave, Green Alligators, 70 Old Viennas in Tico, a short drive to Colorado, and those crazy KU Jayhawks. From here, its off to the undersea world of small racks and big paychecks. Your future's so bright, you better wear shades . . . **DHP**

Leo L. Debandi
York, Pennsylvania
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

The Naval Academy's loss is the Marine Corps' gain. It is hard to find anybody as dedicated and hard working as Leo. When it came time for work, he was always there; and, when it came time to play, Leo was one of the first in line. There are other qualities besides Leo's short hair that make him perfect for the Corps. He loves to hit the beach, he can't spell his name, and he's not afraid to push himself until he throws up. Good luck with your future, Leo (Marriage?). Keep in touch, bud. LAGNAF. "Semper Fidelis." **DWA**

Richard William Dehn
Collinsville, Oklahoma
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Considering Rick and I first met each other on the bleachers in Halsey on I-day, I felt especially qualified to write about his illustrous career here at the Academy. For our three years in 20, we've roomed three semesters together, including once in the company's smallest room with the company's most reknowned rack hound who helped ensure we got lots of sleep if not the the best QPR. Since then we've enjoyed the corner room on T-court, snickering at the mids who forgot their rain gear. Actually, Rick's been the ideal rommate, considering his musical tastes are pretty decent and he could put up with my singing. A dedicated SWO god, Rick headed out for his first tour on the Hewes, FF-1078. Unfortunately, the ship is probably razor blades by now, so instead of a Brooke class missile shooter he got a Knox class sub-hunter, which didn't thrill him, but I know he'll do well regardless. Fair winds and following seas, buddy! **RSC**

Tristram Evan Farmer
Trevett, Maine
History
Nuclear Power — Submarines

The original PDB, who enjoys a good time and pretty plants and shrubs. This type of behavior is expected from a Boston Celtic's fan. I will always remember M.L. at O.C. No place is sacred, for I am a true devil's advocate who's going somewhere. I came here with high expectations of paradise in the sky, but settled for checkbooks underneath the sea. I sought command and rings of gold, but settled for stacks of paper only to leave them behind. While four years by the bay, many things have come and gone, including Bat Man and my hair. Tris, despite all that's happened, you are a beautiful man and a true friend. You and your excursions will not be forgotten. **D & A**

James Lee Gray, Jr.
Dover, Delaware
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Jim joined the Sailing team plebe year so his roommates could use his blade (on each other). This started an illustrious offshore career that ranged from swiping Zodiacs at Fisher's Island to tangling with wild beasts in St Mary's. There was some sailing in there, and Damien ended up in the afterguard of "Phantom" with Half-Mile. Damien gutted out EE and even got stars once. Hard to believe, since he was never one to stay on the porch and could usually be found running with the big dogs in Delaware, the Beach house or NATO parties. If he wasn't there he was trying to go fast either on the water or in the RX-7. Second class summer with group five was when Jim decided to give his heart to submarines and his jacket to anyone who wanted it. With all that valuable training as Batt Sub-Commander to prepare him, Damien is sure to excell in the Silent Service. May you always hear them first. THE PULPIT CLUB **JLG**

Robert Curtis Hamilton
San Luis Obispo, California
English
Naval Aviation

Bob arrived on 2-2 that first, humid afternoon youngster year, barking Cadet Corps-isms, twirling his rifle, and liking it. He had the plebes braced up and the upperclass peeved even before he found his room. His true value as a model midshipman wasn't fully realized, however, until our first, sacred trip to Philly. Since then, Bob has maintained the highest standards of professionalism in his mission of plebecide and has achieved a level of familiarity with a number of underclass that is clearly above and beyond the call of duty. His final year has been a ride on the edge of academic failure which resulted from his persistent endeavors to try the souls of each and every faculty member in the English department. But beneath Hambone's obnoxious spirit and superfluous Chief Inspector Clouseau phonetics, lies a sense of humor and an easy nature that has made him a friend and one hell of a roommate (BBB). **STEAM**

Jeffery Alan Kendrick
Riverdale, Georgia
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Jeff, better known as the mouth of the south, always had something to say, sometimes a little too much. His obsession with failing EE kept him unsat much of second and part of first class year. However, this setback did not keep him from enjoying his weekends or the race back to Navy in the midnght hours. His driving skills, or lack thereof, always impressed us along with the firepower his blazer carried. Every now and then, one could catch him chasing criminals in his car. Jeff has been a good friend that never seemed to be ready on time, but could be counted on to help out with any problem. In his day he was known to acquire a few. Our adventures scuba diving in 100 ft caves, water skiing on glass lakes in Georgia, late nights in D.C., and trips to Utah will always be memorable. Good luck as a SWO, Jeff, but most of all good luck in finding your dream girl (in church, of course)! **JLS**

Kevin Kermit Kitts
Charlotte, North Carolina
Systems Engineering
Marine Aviation

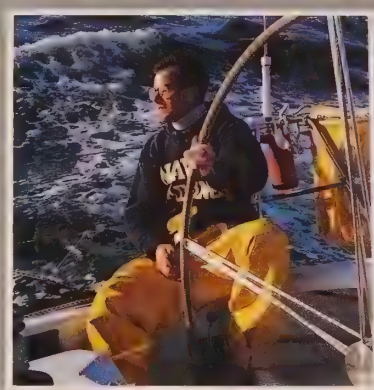
"I need my Phase-4 sleep! Turn off the music so I can study. Ready to rack?" These phrases have endeared you to us these last three years. Together we have endured small rooms, restriction (except Trigger), unsatness, studying, as well as other affairs. Friends are people who know all about you, but like you anyway. Lucky for you we've let you hang around. We'll miss your southern drawl, your crawtaters, and your MardiGras babycake — but not your Sys.Eng. crabbiness. Oh, we'll miss your stereo, too. In spite of our tenuous start as roommates: Trigger meeting you once, on DragDay — when your mouth was wired shut, and Zack in CAPT Gandy's class — when he wished your mouth was wired shut: we have since become best of friends (and the Inguinal Region). Even though you'll have a new roommate after graduation, we'll fondly remember being your "firsts." You are always welcome in our room. Good luck & best wishes! **Z & T**

Mark Andrew Luta
Eugene, Oregon
Physics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Mark came to USNA from Eugene, Oregon, the land of Mary Decker, Alberto Salazar, and Nike tennis shoes. From the very beginning, we knew that Mark was just a little different. Plebe year all of 3rd Battalion marveled as he actually downed 12 cannonballs for carry-on. I don't think his upperclass were quite sure who they were dealing with, especially after they read his plan for taking over a nation with 20,000 men. Youngster year came and Mark amazed us with his vast professional knowledge. A dedicated member of the YP sqardron, Mark was always avaliable to answer those last minute NS or NN questions. Despite Mark's experience with the greyhounds of the Severn, his heart belonged to the submarine force. He became a physics major in order to qualify for ADM McKee's elite band of fighting men. He always said that he would fly home first class if accepted. He was, and the world is his. Fair winds and following seas, Mark. **GLS**

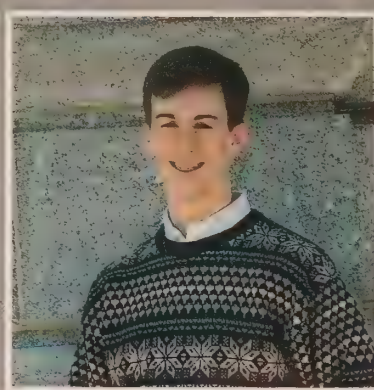
Donald Henry Packard III
Pocasset, Massachusetts
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Don, Don, Don came to the Naval Academy with high hopes and a full head of hair. He quickly found a home on the sailing team and was rarely found far from the water. Don's academic career has been a roller coaster ride of 4.0's and 2.0's with little in between. His academic low points caused him to see little of the real world during his second class year. Rumor has it that that's when he tore his hair out. What remains he guards jealously, with only an occasional trip to the 2nd wing barbershop. In review: 70 Old Viennas in Tico, the Whale, improving Canadian relations, green alligators, lost mopeds in Bermuda, schussing in Jeff's face, "It's just not like that!," crazy KU Jayhawks, and one misguided romance. Don's naval career promises to be one of fast planes, good times and excessive length as he pursues a career as an NFO. Though, we all know that someday he's just going to sail away. Best of luck. **JDC**



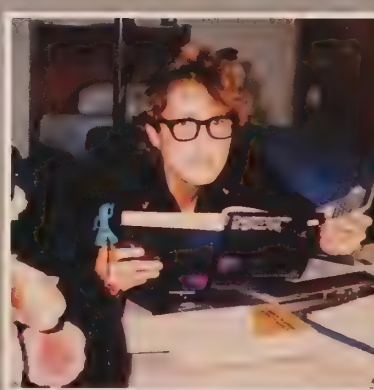
Christopher J. Payton
Jacksonville, Florida
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

It's not a bird! It's not a plane! It's Bulky!! Calvin brought to life. The man with no enemies. Chris Payton can find a bright spot in any cloudy day and put a smile on anyone's face. He is a hard working, dedicated person who will make a great naval officer. The surface warfare community is getting a great individual (20 knots with your hair on fire). Four years on the pistol team won you a letter and a spot at Nationals. We have had plenty of good times together: Army-Navy, NCAA, CAA, company parties, driving cross-country, and of course ZZ Top. I'll never forget the times we've shared, and I look forward to more. Enjoy your time in the Navy and good luck. I'll see you at your wedding in 1989. If I could only spell some of the Greaseman's expressions I could put an appropriate ending on this. Oh, well, You know what I would have said. Aloha! **DWA**



Gretchen Anne Quasebarth
Nokesville, Virginia
Physical Science
Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

Gretchen's indoctrination into the Navy was the cause of some high anxiety, but she was fortunate to make some lasting friendships with Mag and Brandy. Who could forget Halloween and the Nun's excorcism on her Bob Armstrong? Studying, sailing to the Bahamas, studying, tour of duty in summer school, studying, second class summer, studying, studying . . . To maintain sanity, Gretch elbowed her way to a two star sweater despite the obstacles. Diligent and hard working, she stuck academics and will sport her Phi Sci QPR hi degree with pride. We began to see the real Gretch when the pressure eased, and we liked what we saw. Even though she won't be soaring the skies, she's content to be soaking up that Hawiian sunshine — Aloha! We'll never forget the Witching Hour, EE, the Greaseman, keeping "busy," the Big Game, and none of that petite stuff! Best of luck! **WLW**



David John Robillard
Schenectady, New York
Ocean Engineering
Special Operations

Dave came to us from a suburb of Albany. Since he has been here he has bulked up quite a bit. Dave, however, is not the usual muscle-head as he has been known to shatter many academic records at USNA (Tau Beta & Sigma Xi). A.U. has held adventures galore for Dave. He spent many a night searching for the brown paper breather. His green shirt is lost forever. As senior year approached, Dave could be found making quick trips home to see his mother, or should that be his girlfriend? His horse acumen won him the triple at the Preakness to the delight of his investors. The spread eagle position on a Delaware bridge after an Army-Week finale will be in the memories of the "I-Team" for a long time. In all seriousness, Dave has been a great friend who will for sure leave his mark in the Navy as a Diver. It has been a pleasure being your roommate. Best of luck. JAK & CT & LD **DJR**

Sara Magdalena Salas
Fairfax, Virginia
English
Supply Corps

"Hi, I'm Sara — Where'd you get that?" Sara had her priorities straight; make friends first, then concentrate on being the best midshipmen possible. Over the past years, she has been transformed from a "lost" soul to an inspiration in black, with gold wings and three stripes (*real* stripes). Along the way, Sara's Smile has won friends throughout the brigade. Sara was a sailor, but retired the dinghy after suffering through foul weather and severe hypothermia. Later, in another dinghy, dauntless Sara "Rowed, Rowed, Rowed the Boat" while practicing her "command voice." Echoes of "Eyes, Right" and "Company, Halt" were heard throughout Key Largo. Trips with Sara . . . cruising at shotgun — how did those woops find us? Motion sickness made dreams of Navy Air less attractive, ruined a scuba trip, and gave her a pale green glow on an attempted Bahamas voyage. Sara is the best that the Naval Academy can offer; the Navy is lucky to have her! **LRG, WLW, & JMC**

Thomas Michael Schrantz
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

What a lifestyle this mesmerizing odyssey of romance and daring has led. With a bright background of wrestling and being one of the Pittsburgh boyz, he set his sails on USNA over the likes of Pitt. However, after a little ruff sailing in plebe history with prof. Thomas, visions of Pitt brightened, but he was soon set back on course. On more than one occasion we thought his single days were numbered, but with time there was always someone new. 2/C year brought the frustration of EE and the wrestling coach, restriction, and nerf hoops. Spring brought his vette and bike . . . Pink nail polish on his big 21, Pitt-Penn St. game, O.C. with the boyz, Delaware, and of course the VOUS all to make 1/C year the best ever. Many boring classes with Fresh, craming for tests, and the big and bulky approach to numerous workouts. Not to forget our favorite playground, Tom's backyard . . . Pittsburgh. Watch out Pensacola! **JCS**

Jon Charles Silvey
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Economics
Naval Aviation

A big man with a big reputation, J.C. set sail for USNA to excel in football with his sights set on being a Navy pilot. Youngster year made J.C. realize he would rather catch women than passes, so he decided not to play football. We'll never forget our first weekend as youngsters in Delaware and our 3 A.M. wrestling match. The International Ball introduced him to a young Sweedish girl who took up much of J.C.'s time for awhile. With second class year came EE and a winter of restriction for civilian clothes and nerf basketball. First class year outshined them all with four of the best WE's at the borrowed house in O.C., a shot every first down at the Pitt-Penn St. game, and a $50 fine for an open container at State Colllege. And of course, who can forget the numerous good times at the VOUS, known as Headquarters for the boys. No matter what time we left we were always seconds away from missing taps. Look out P-Cola! Good luck! **TMS**

Gregory Lanier Simmons
Decatur, Georgia
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Hailing from Georgia, Greg was always a staunch "Surface Line, Mighty Fine" loyalist. Not so amazingly, he opted for one of those grey hulls on service selection night. He always worked hard to succeed, and never gave up when the going got tough for him. His strong religious beliefs and willingness to make personal sacrifice have helped in the past, and will no doubt continue to be major factors in his drive for success. Greg will soon be surprising many people with just how successful he can be. **MAL**

Christopher Franklin Trigg
Wilmington, Delaware
General Science
Surface Warfare

The oatmeal is gone but the memory lingers on. Time has gone fairly quickly the last three years with this SEAL-wanna-be SWO god. So tough he breaks girls' fingers (a real lady killer). We fondly remember him spread-eagle against a bridge girder with Delaware State Troopers' guns on his back and K-9's at his behind. The I-team will miss Mom's cooking come Army-Navy. We won't miss his growling locker and drawers running laps in the room at night, though. Hopefully, he can keep his neck intact in his rack, without us. Trigger if you ever get the training wheels off your motorcycle, stop by, and we'll reread the quoteable quotes. Watch out for that velcro, you've always seemed to have some trouble with it. We're sure you'll be a much better officer than you were a "scribester." The I-region could not have been better. Good luck, and godspeed. **KKK & KMZ**

Dean Wladislaw Turczyn
Camarillo, California
English
Naval Aviation

Dean dropped in at the mate's desk one hot August day, coming from a "real" plebe year that taught him all the niceties of leadership necessary for any naval officer, ready to imbue his worldly knowledge upon all. Some, namely any plebes unfortunate enough to cross his path, received special attention, producing a special place for him in their hearts. Noting his own adverse reaction to anything involving numbers, "Steam" channeled his efforts in the direction of literature as an English major, causing many a sleepless night for more than one professor challenged by his unique point of view and lack of inhibition toward challenging their opinions. Dean leaves these halls to further pursue the satisfying of his proclivity toward speed by moving to high-performance aircraft as a supplement to his ground equipment, following in the brown-shoe footsteps of his father as a naval aviator. B-cubed, and you'll like it, ad nauseum. **HAMBONE**

Michael Weinstein
Stony Brook, New York
Physics
Surface Warfare

The "Stoner" came to USNA from the 51st state, Long Island. Plebe year sent Mike to some highly motivated upperclass in the 23rd Co., but Mike never let their constant "encouragements" get him down. Youngster year sent him to Roaring Twenty and to a fresh start and even fresher grades. Firstiedom brought him the job of company ops and official announcement maker; he was always the Man With A Deal. We always knew Mike was a man of strong convictions. While most tried to avoid controversy, Mike was never one to shy away from it. We will never forget his struggles for religious freedom nor his letters to Time and The Washington Post. I guess Mike is a "Rebel always with a cause." Surface Warfare was Mike's service of choice, and we all have no doubt that he will be successful. The fleet will be in store for a man who will do great and mighty things. Fair winds and following seas, roommate, I know you will be one of the best. **GLS**

Wendi Lee White
Waterloo, New York
Economics
General Unrestricted Line

Some people were awarded black N's — Wendi should have gotten a black C — as in Car. It drove her to numerous tours of duty in Smoke Hall, not to mention ticket expenses. May the Maverick Rest In Peace. Her short engineering came to an abrupt halt four weeks into youngster year; she then took up economics and the fine art of couponing. She was always improvising on hair regs, procrastinating until the all-nighter, Salty Sally with all the dirt, dreading each of those nine miles for Navy, in search of connections, partying with KT and the gang, spending time with family, thinking about the Jag and those few thousand tanned, good-looking reasons to love California and select Long Beach. Wendi will be heading from coast to coast, around the world, and wherever her quest for adventure will take her. But remember, Wendi, home is where the heart is. **SMS, LRG, TMA**

Andrew Farlling Wickard
Annandale, New Jersey
Economics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Twentieth Company resident financial wizard — if LT Money was busy, there was always Andrew. He hated the academics and yet excelled, caring too much to just let them slide. In the meantime, though, Drew was continually busy. Many thanks to Gregg M., Antoine W., Doug G., and Bill G., who pulled Andrew through plebe year in Thirty-two. Youngster year he mastered the art of MACing, including two trips to Italy: the Cappios; Cortina; treasuring Midnight Mass before a very cold night, sleeping in Italy's premier driving machine — Fiat Uno. Cruise was tough too — Japan to Hawaii — minimizing underway time, while maximizing enough liberty time for he and Gregg to earn scuba quals. Good luck, Andrew. My thoughts and best wishes are with you wherever I am. Remember to smile; the air is good for your teeth. **SMS**

Kevin Michael Zachery
Eagle River, Alaska
General Science
Surface Warfare

Our man with the most discs, lowest mpg car, largest magazine and associated accoutrement collection with a smaller bank acount than a plebe with a computer. We'll try to keep in touch with this man on the run from creditors in hot pursuit. But the first place anyone should look is his rack. The way we'll always remember Zach is wearing black Dingo boots, tight shorts or jeans, muscle tee, with a pimp hat dancing on his desk (to Saturday Night Fever). His motto is "It is better to have loved and lost (or dumped) than never to have loved." We wanted to get him an Acme, B-grade, sci-fi, book of the week club membership but decided he would be too busy sleeping to read. We hope that his ships staples include sodas and PB&J to maintain his nutritional axioms, and that anyone with problems will find this man who would forgive and befriend Old Scratch himself as he has us. The I-Region remembers. See you at the top!! **CFT & KKK**

21ST COMPANY

Tammy Michelle Adams
Tucson, Arizona
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

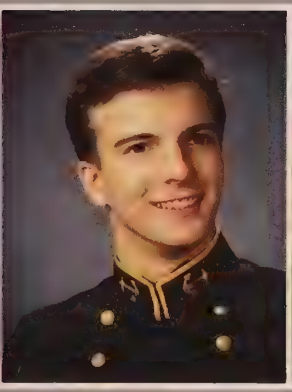
Reeeport! Tammy (T.A. — T.A.) arrived plebe summer ready to take on things which she'd never dreamed of doing, and her high school friends could never comprehend. A jack of all trades, Tammy participated in more ECA's than most mids even knew existed and managed to create a few of her own. Memories: numerous crushes (E4-O3), SPLAT! What did you forget to do? marinara sauce, Navy funded weekends (FL, NY, MD, PA), sitting on a dock as collateral, dates with VAX (& statics, thermo, fluids . . .), a sparkling smile 1/c year, duty as PP watch officer (not again!), turbo Z, first take-off and landing, hanging out in a tree and finally landing the gold at night from a Huey, one of two surviving Playgirls. Tammy's indecisiveness kept the women of '88 in suspense (CEC/SPEC/OPS/NFO), but finally she decided to begin her quest for the gold (and a REAL man) in PCOLA — back seat or not. Best of luck, Tammy. The sky's the limit! **WW, LG, SS**

Edward Eugene Alexander
New Cannen, Conneticut
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Ted is one guy that nobody will readily forget. Besides being a guy that constantly needs a maid or a mother (your choice), he demonstrates a quality, that, umm, let's see here, umm, I don't know, umm, that can be politely described as indecisive. Ted will be remembered for his many excursions to the "Vous," "Kitty's," and Va. Beach. Ted has always been a lady's man — don't let him lie to you! Actually, speaking nothing less than the truth, he is the master of "juggling." It's wierd how he had duty almost every weekend or an away rugby game. Yes, Ted was one of the few who used rugby as a cheap date. But that's okay, Ted never really had much money to begin with. Ted is actually a great guy and a real dependable friend, who will (have to) use his personality, along with his scholarly pursuits in Mech., Oops, I mean, General Engineering, to be quite successful in life. Good luck, Twigs! **BTP**

Richard Lee Bomhold, Jr.
Peoria, Illinois
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Rich came to us youngster year through the luck of the draw. He came from the center of the heartland, Peoria, Ill. He was to prove the proverbial cat with nine lives, and he used at least six of those here! Although he began as a question mark, we soon learned that he was one of the best assets of our company. Rich was on the dive team, but there wasn't any sport which he wasn't good at. His happy-go-lucky outlook served him well. Remember the road trip to Delaware? Rich proved his iron willpower by quitting dipping 21 times. His ECA's included: collecting N stars, M's, chiquita's, and dole's. Contrary to his reputation, he never earned a single demerit in his five years at USNA. It's too bad he chose the Marines, he would have made a great kindergarten teacher! Good luck, Rich, oy vay, and Semper Fi! **DPS**



Jason Byron Burke
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Whether it be participating in some goofy ECA like the Balloon Crew (Oops!), the Miss Maryland TEEN pageant, or juggling women from all corners of the globe (or was that all wings of Bancroft), "Wally" has been a source of entertainment for us all. Youngster year found Jas lying low as the Golden Boy in the Triple E room, but the brilliant disguise disappeared as 2/c year rolled in, and Wally rolled over 1/c Moore. Christmas restriction turned out to be a circus, as Jason spent it in Ricketts with the Bearded Lady. First class year Wallace got wise to us and went undercover. It was tough to find Wally midnight to 3 a.m. on weeknights and even tougher on weekends. He was either off playing the Slots or ferrying from 4-4 to the Econo-Lodge (Whew! That was close!). But despite all of his escapades, we'll miss the Northeast Philly boy. Good luck in Pensacola, from Eddie, Beaver and June. **JES**

Brian Allan Colley
Ann Arbor, Michigan
Chemistry
Naval Aviation

During Brian's three year stay in 21, we have successfully transformed Colley-flower from being a typical A-performing, Whiskey-Lima, cupcake, to a C-performing, Whiskey-Lima, cupcake. It all started youngster year with his disco date at Dahlgren, and his not-so slick maneuvers at the U of M tailgater (yes, June, we saw you). Despite being an equal collaborater in the Fab Five, Sweet Pea emerged from the 5000 unscathed. Demonstrating his well-roundedness, Brian set out to tackle every post on the Honor Committee and finally took the last position by default. The consumate jock, Brian could open a sporting goods store with his biking, snorkeling, sailing, and racketball equipment. To ease the pain, Brian always had a willing woman to rub his back. It's been a great three years, good luck in P-cola, but remember to take a knee if you need to. Your chums Wally, Beave, Eddie, and Lumpy. **JFD**

Robert Rider Cox
Olney, Maryland
Physical Science
Supply Corps

Bobby, he's a man with great manuverability and speed as shown by his fast reaction at U of M. He was an instantaneous hit there, needling Roy and receiving a safety pin himself. On the golf course he's a terror, "Hit the brake not the gas Bob." Well, Rider, it's been a great four years, buy some new sheets for the apartment and a bucket vice your shorts. You've been a super friend and I hope you'll remain one. By the way, I need a dip . . . jinx you owe me another. — TF Low Rider, hard to belive we actually made it all the way. Bobby, of course, is the demi-god of 2.0, and I mean 2.0. Youngster year with big G and the lightswitch. (I will find your restriction). 1987, a banner year: that princess of yours sure was lovely. So when are you getting married? Bob, you're a great friend and roommate, and I'll be around to bug you in the future when you swing trapeeze. By the way, that was the highest full in I ever saw. P.S. I love you little . . . **MWJ**

Jonathan Brett Dachos
Nashua, New Hampshire
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

Johnny Legs, Bo, or J.D started his plebe summer by putting a bayonet in his roomate's neck. He was then lucky enough to join the "slack six" company. Johnny legs was derived because of his obsessive triathlon training regime. Many workouts started in the early morning and were spread out into the evening. Anyone who knew him would admit he was hi-strung and always on the go, but if you thought he walked fast you should see him evade a dog on a workout. John still found time for fun and made trips to Notre Dame to watch the fighting Irish. He truly is a great guy and friend. Best of luck in your Navy career. — RK — . Mr. Bo Dachos danced. Every morning at 5:00 or 6:00 a.m. came the alarm. None more need be said. There were also the frequent visits to our room from your best female friends. It's been a good last semester with many memories. HEY, BOB, IS HE AWAKE. **BRC**

Joseph Francis Donnelly
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
History
Surface Warfare

Joe came to Navy from Philly with more than adequate credentials. Two junior years and a year at NAPS got him ready for four years of sleep and LAX. He tried playing the invisible mid, but trouble soon found Joe and followed him most everywhere. We usually didn't have to pull him out though, because Joe became somewhat of an escape artist through his stay at USNA, dodging deuces (and classes) whenever he could. Although he tried, he couldn't escape the 5000 Club (more than once), joining Wally, The Beav, and I to make the Fab five . . . well, four (Hey, where's Zerbs? On the HP again?). Chinese food and Zombies got us snow-shoveling to freedom. Hey, Joe, how's the yard look from the rooftops? A woman and a windshield (and fewer classes) got the best of Joey first class year, but we all knew we'd find him back in Smoke Hall . . . See ya there. Joe, an easy going guy found real truth in "2.0 and GO." Best of luck in the Navy and beyond. **BAC**

James Stephen Egan
Tampa Bay, Florida
Political Science
Surface Warfare

The Lonely Guy, banned from Bean Town, is often seen skipping class to go hit the long ball with his double-scoop tucked neatly in his plaid pants topped by the latest in velour apparel, or was that corduroy? But, the Beaver is a unique creature following the creed that nice guys finish last. Whether it's rebounding a Black Label off the head of a Delaware-ite, dumping an Old Milwaukee on an overzealous RA, or just watching the tube while the cat eats the canary, there are no holes barred. And by the rosey cheeks, red eyes, and skip in his step, it is obvious that the "Beave" has been bar-ed. As one of the Fab Five, cool Eg's kept up the reputation by becoming the best host at the tailgaters due to his control of the buggy-wagon. But we have found out that Stooly's criminal actions are just a front and we all know he has dropped the "L" word. Good luck you sensitive SWO. Your Roomy, Wally. **JBB**

Gavin Johnson Fite
Dallas, Texas
Physics
Supply Corps

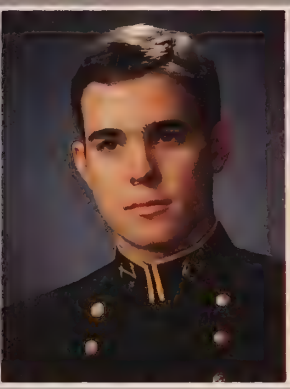
Big G from Big D, Big Iron . . . Everything about BIG G was no doubt BIG from his appetite for the demon liquor to his taste in maternity wear and grease fired third world fashion. G was a patron of the finer Diners and Motel Cocktail lounges of the East Coast. He was certainly unparalled in his glory at catching quite a hefty jerk at the Burlington Diner looking at him with genuine horror. Drove an Edsel, had a fondness for using improper syntax and grammar for his own financial gain, as it were, if you will, a true workingman so proud of his stained dead man's wardrobe he often gave the impression of a reeking, inbred, hillbilly genius with a definite cosmopolitan air. G was equally at home in squalid abodes from Juarez to New York City. G was like the final, fatal cryptic anagram received by Grandpa Munster shortly before his death . . . it is unfortunate that few people will ever know the true story of BIG G. **BMH**

David Mark Gebhardt
Peoria, Illinois
Physics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Dave reported to USNA from the booming metropolis of Peoria . . . or as it is better known, God's country. While a plebe, Dave hit the deckplates running by befriending the youngsters of 1st Company and working hard on room formals. He started as an Electrical Engineer; but after receiving a 'B' in one major course, he decided that Physics was his true calling. When he wasn't helping classmates with EE he would be playing basketball, or anything else besides studying. Everybody who knows Dave automatically associates him with submarines and . . . that he won't be happy unless he is cruising at seven knots with his hair on fire. Good luck at Nuke school and especially your summer Math course; I know it'll be rough. **MFS**

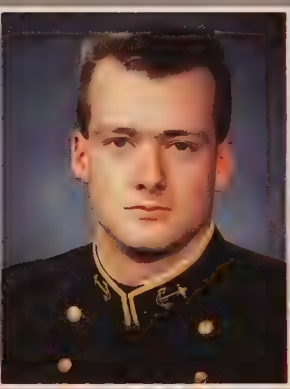
Lisa Rene Gregory
Longwood, Florida
Political Science
Supply Corps

She came to us from under the sun, totally unaware of what she was in for. Plebe year was a rude awakening (No more B-ball, hello squad tables), but Sara and interesting distractions kept her here. But, seriously, Lisa may not have been the most "professional" mid, but she had a lot of friends and support. People would do anything for her, because she was always willing to help them. You could always count on Lisa — she had a strong shoulder and a good ear. Where's your roommate?, cruises in the Far East and LA, parties on the beach (Who was that guy?), the quest for a tan, pseudo-Greek, the other surviving Playgirl, Tammy's shrink, extreme taste in guys, breezing through Chem, Quantico, and her many miles for Navy (HA!), JD, Fla bound Spring Breaks (Is it snowing?), sad goodbyes to roommates, "Leees," the boys next door. Good luck in the Supply Corps, Greggs. By the way, have you decided on the name of your bar yet? **TMA SMS WLW**



William Mayfield Gross
Wilmington, Delaware
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Reigning from "The Place Where You Can Be Somebody," Bill came storming to USNA with a year of "studying" experience under his belt. He started on the right foot with high grades and lots of Glee Club experience (Rickover and Arizona State will never be the same). Youngster year could best be described as a blur, which is probably best anyway. (Bill did get some good sportsmanship training at Risk) Spending many weekends on the Rugby field, Willy stumbled through MWC and contracted what is known as The Great Sickness. The cure came 1/c year like a jolt of reality. The numerous, faceless many were good medicine. The Great Swami distinguished himself as the only Aero with more wardroom hours than study hours, but he was always quick with wit and ideas. Little Joe should survive New Orleans with his Cartwright training (or will New Orleans survive him?). As the card says, "guaranteed to add life to any social occasion." **RPS**



Brian Michael Hare
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Brian came to the ol' Academy from Pa., but that never seemed to keep everybody from asking what part of California he was from. Brian was one of, well actually, the only midshipman to visit London more times on weekends than most midshipmen visited Hood College. During our four year tenure at the Academy, Bri and I witnessed the demise of Mary Washington and the rise of Los Angeles (with its "Dia de los muertos" attitude of the locals on Hollywood Boulevard, Bob's Frolic Room, and the Paradise Motel), the initiation of numerous international incidents on the continent of Europe, the infamous naked axe-wielding YP cruise of second class summer with Sully, Lin-z, Des, and OF COURSE, our four fabulous seasons bashing skulls and bones out on the rugby pitch. All of this fantastically enviable, stimulating excitement from our mutual modest beginnings in the 33rd Company plebe year. We're now off to bigger killings in the real world. **MLB**

Robert W. Honeycutt
Hope, Arkansas
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Aviation

Bob has graced the Academy with his fine southern viewpoints for four years. This Arkansas boy reminds all of us of a fine beer; you love it and learn to tolerate its gas. Bob has proven his leadership ability in being company commander, his shoveling skills in keeping the confederate flag up in his room, and his equal opportunity traits by belonging to the Club. Bob will always be a good friend to have and will always be remembered as Midn I-am-in-charge. It is very obvious that Bob will be the best aviator in marine history as far as he will be concerned. **RLB**

Mark Wilson Jones
Stamford, Conneticut
General Science
Naval Aviation

Maaark Jooones, it's been three short years, but a lot has happened. It started with big G. I know you'll remember his face after the fight. Big lips, cut forehead, etc . . . There was also the infamous broken light switch night, one bad morning, Egbert and the room, and lost restriction. Off we shoot to second class year and the Mercedes. Head games; all you can handle. We were in Florida, and I was patting your back over a fence. Then came the roommates who can't hear alarm clocks. Then there was the computer genious of gymnastics management . . . eastern champs twice. Other teams tried to copy your programs, but you still couldn't get us socks before every meet. You've been a great friend. Low Rider. **RRC**

Rodney Kevin Luck
Annapolis, Maryland
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

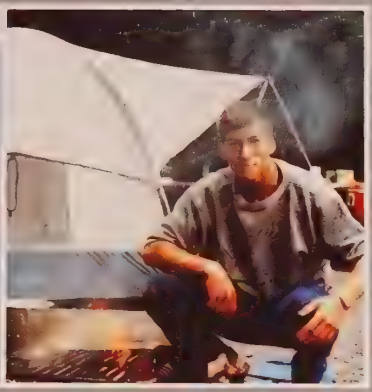
From the time he realized his true calling in life was to be a Naval Academy Midshipman, Rod has strived to be the best. He proved he could do things his own way, sleep, and still succeed. Son of a Naval Officer, former head of the EE Dept (YUCK!!), he has been everything from Plebe Company Commander to Asst. Brigade Ops. He spent most of his four years on the Sup's List so he could romance Blondie and escape from Schmedley and his eccentric roommate, who is right out of The Twilight Zone. Rod was also the only person we know who had a two car family before he had a family, she got the new blue Mustang convertible and he got the eight year old diesel Rabbit! Rod, our lives are better for knowing you, and we look forward to working with (for?) you in the fleet and in life. Take care of Sandy, and raise our four nephews right, and remember our Company Dining In. May our friendship endure the test of time. **M & D**

Gregory Ben Marbach
Warrenville, Illinois
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

This potential gung-pup needed only 12 hrs of foxhole duty, some damned realistic surf survival, and a comfy cruise-ending 10 mile hike to convince him that the boat club's version of aviation life might better befit him. Yes, Greggy was your model midshipman. Earning the title "morerack" for his quality time spent in it, his study and sleeping habits have been a source of constant amusement for us all; "all-niter" should be his middle name for the umpteen times he's pulled off the grade. And how could any of us forget his driving abilities. Obviously a product of too many childhood viewings of 'Speedracer' and 'the Dukes of Hazard,' Greg still owns the land speed record for that infamous DC to Annapolis run. Would like to thank Greg's parents for keeping his locker looking like your local supermarket, and Greg for the many great memories of the 350 sm block & multiple Rickover classes we've slept through. See ya in P-cola. **RWS**

Britain Talbot Price
Hingham,Massachusetts
Economics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Affectionately known as P.K.(true meaning disputed), this lovable lug will probably be most remembered for his sincere dedication to physical fitness. Religiously, he put forth that extra effort to set the alarm clock to get a solid 10 minutes of strenuous physical activity. His dedication to studies was equally amazing. He was always willing to go that extra mile and pull an all-nighter . . . even if he had already seen the movie. Referred to as "wheels" on the Rugby team, this speedster was always the life of the after-game rugby parties. So what if none of his songs rhymed or made sense. He did contribute somewhat to our being Brigade Fieldball Champs: he did a heck of a job warming up our goalie; we're sorry we never got him in a game. Well it's off to Nuke school for this mental giant; we know all those long hours of "Cheers" and cards will surely payoff. See you in San Diego in a month. Thank you, OOW! XX & OO, T. **EEA**

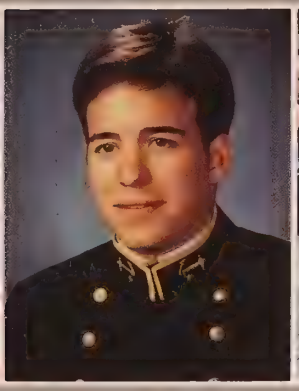


Michael Jeffrey Rose
Dayton, Ohio
Economics
Naval Aviation

Give it to Mikey — he likes it! Hey Mikey. He'll try anything once. "Mr. Wing-It" rose from 880 in his class plebe year to the 200's, but did not stop there. After two summers of morally destroying plebes and then chasing kangaroos in Australia, the king of spontaneity turned his attentions to the opposite sex. Blondes, brunettes, red heads, with or without alpha codes, graced his black book. One lady was so impressed with dating Mike that she started dating members of her own gender. Mike always showed a good time. Finally McRose reached the exalted rank of Brigade Commander — the most colorful yet. Within two months he was "fried" a 6000 series for "sexual misconduct in Bancroft" and responsible for frying the entire airborne training unit (or so rumor had it). Mikey's career is as flighty as his love life, and we wish him the best as he takes to the sky. Remember, Camelot is not a dream, and "he who will not risk cannot win." **TMS, DJH, LRG**

Mark Francis Scanlon
Springfield, Virginia
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

Mark Francis Scanlon — the computer kid of 21st Company — sorry Dan, you were beaten hands down. This Virginia Tech drop out came to the Academy with intentions of commuting from his Springfield, VA home, but plans didn't quite work out as he would have wished. Computer-geek projects took most of his time, keeping him in many weekends. We missed him all those Saturday nights, but we understood. That new Zenith computer with dual drives and super memory expansion chip was quite a sportscar. Speaking of sportscars, I pity the guy that finally bought Mark's 240Z, the only car with more problems than Mark's programs had syntax errors. It did have one good feature, however, the anti-theft and entry device during the winter. All in all, Francis was a good guy and a good roomate — Steam, EE, — he was there when I needed him. Good luck, Boom Boom. Hope that Hoss Cartwright whiskey training serves you well in P-cola. I heart USNA. **DMG**



Richard Paul Silva
San Jose, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Rich came east from San Jose CA with visions of showing the Navy the importance of solar power in today's world. This goal got him through NAPS and plebe year when he decided to take up the gauntlet and became an Aero. This proved no problem, and he breezed through only slightly daunted by double D in double E. FFF was pleased to learn that us heathens on the east coast had heard of physical fitness so that he could keep up his running, swimming and bike riding which culminated in running a triathalon. This was only to be out done by his coaching the Brigade Championship Field Ball team. Never lonesome for feminine friendship, he had them from both coasts and continents, although we never seemed to meet the ones that were not freshmen. We wish our own Phil Donahue the best at P-Cola and hope his Adam Cartwright whiskey training serves him in the future. Good luck. **WMG**

Dominique Emilio Soave
Hudson, Massachusetts
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Dom came to the Academy from a friendly little town where muscle cars and helping a friend are the keys to life. "Domingu" never skipped a chance to study; it just seemed that he was always studying cars, his airplane books or helping a friend. If he's reading this, he has his fingers touching his chest, his lips pursed, saying "Who, me?" But the Sup. said, "Yea you" when he switched him to General. He'll get his Aero degree, though. This unsat little fur ball did teach his straight-A roomie many things, like the real priorities in life — not grades or grease, but people. Everyone from 21 owes Dom at least one favor; even though he'll deny it till he dies he'd bleed blue and gold if you cut him. I raise my glass to Didi (pure as the driven snow?), his parents, swim tests, Ring Dance date from '89, Borris, and toys,toys,toys — my friend. Hope to see Jap. rice burner, wings, little Didi's (legitimate), and more toys. **RKL**

Robert William Strong
Mishawaka, Indiana
General Engineering
Marine Aviation

Bob was an inspiration to us all. Towering barely over 5 feet, he was left with a reduced pool of females, but yet always seemed to have a "girlfriend." But Mite's best luck always came after his rugby games (he tried wrestling, but just did not get the women he thought he deserved), although Bobby always kept his priorities straight between women and booze. This ought to serve him well when he heads to P-Cola after Quantico and begins to reap the benefits of the blossoming farm system he set up over 2/c summer. Our favorite Hooker lived by the philosophy that life is always better on the other side of the wall. We wish Shorty the best of luck in the future (see you in the air — check your six) I hope the Mishawaka City Council will appreciate this future Senator. **WMG, UMM, PK, MR**

David Patrick Studer
Little Rock, Arkansas
Political Science
Marine — Flight Officer

Pat came to us a spoiled Arkansas child. His hard work and easy major allowed him to achieve the rank of battalion sub-commander. This Citadel-wanna-be could always be counted on to formulate and voice his opinion on any subject. His extracurricular activities included USMC mess night wine maker, Rich's rack wrecker, heartbreaker, black N winner, second class cruise whaler, and winter uniform hater. He achieved a well earned reputation in civilian laundry for his 16-35 week. All of us wish mutton-head the best of luck in the future, and better luck with the ladies! Pat, we know you will make a great NFO and an awesome Marine. Remember "Semper Fidelis!!" **RWH**

Robert Parris Tortora
Alexandria, Virginia
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Robert was one of the few mids that could keep the same girlfriend for all four years here, and then some. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that he ignored everyone else on the weekends to spend quality time with his one and only. His hopes of being a Naval Architect were scratched when he couldn't draw a boat, and his hopes of being a pilot were blurred by the fact that he couldn't see three feet in front of him without glasses. He made every effort to NPQ himself playing rugby and fieldball, but only succeeded in passing out every time he gave blood. But he was still a great guy to be around. He amazingly stayed sat (usually) while playing cards practically every night, as well as being a faithful member of the Cheers crew, and was the only computer literate firstie that didn't own one. He never lost a strategy game — maybe he should be the CNO or SECNAV someday. 'Till then, only the greatest memories . . . **DBW**

Daniel Brent Widdis
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Big Dan came to Camp Tecumseh from far off Colorado with a good attitude and a never ending smile. Life at USNA was almost too easy for Dan. He pushed the Coast Button early and cruised through, but with his good grades it's hard to tell. Youngster Sub Cruise gave Dan the push he needed to join the Bubble Heads (or maybe it was for the $$$?). His real calling came after getting Eppy for Xmas and becoming the resident computer genius. Dan's been a changed man ever since. Never one to turn down a good game of Hearts or racketball, Dan was always ready to try to defend the title of Reigning Champ. Maybe you'll find some room to hone your skills in the missile room of your sub, because next time we meet I'm going to kick your dog. I hope you never forget all those good times we've had and don't ever lose your sense of humor. I wish you the best of luck on your undersea journey. Knock 'em dead Dan! **RPT**

22ND COMPANY

Matthew Lee Balters
Lincoln, Nebraska
Political Science
Marine Aviation

After a grueling plebe summer, I wanted to room with a positive, enthusiastic person plebe year. That person was a baby-faced farmboy from Nebraska. Four years and many adventures later, we were still roomming together. Roomming with Matt was easy: while I was studying, Matt was sleeping. I'm envious — I think he really did spend only two years here. Matt was amazing; a time never went by when we went out that I didn't chase him into a sundry of stores, following his quest for a beautiful blonde. Destiny had its way and Matt and I ended up in our respective corps. As we go into the fleet I'll always remember the trying times with the 2/c on 8-4, 3/c year — the 2-0 window girls, spring break in Miami (OZE3), 2/c summer at P-cola, the march across Europe, and trying to stay out of trouble to graduate 1/c year. In your future, may the Lord watch over you and helpless blondes everywhere. My corps, your corps, the U.S. Supply Corps. **EJR**

Richard Renard Bryant
St. Louis, Missouri
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

A seemingly innocent boy from St. Louis (or Indianapolis, depending on their football record), Rich took on the place by storm, succeeding in every area. Marine-E, singing, and striving for subs weren't enough — Rich ran for and was elected class Vice-President junior year, but I don't think the Jimmy-legs voted for him. Need a parking space? Rich's manners were always of the highest standards, as he always left something behind for the hosts as a remembrance of his party visit (Army, Sandy Point, etc.). Fieldball and slow pitch let Rich show off his athletic talents, while those Friday night Spades games against the math pukes demonstrated his mental genius. Senior year brought Rich fame and not so much fortune as Hotel Company Commander and Honor Liason — you'll be successful wherever you go, Rich. Keep reading the comics and don't ever stop laughing. God help the bubbleheads and good luck. **CLC**

Eric Kendall Busko
Glem Arm, Maryland
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Eric came to us from NAPS, the last bastion of professionalism and only hope for the free world. Eric found that aero wasn't challenging enough, so he decided to pursue the fine art of poli sci; however, group III didn't guarantee a 3.0. When Eric got his BMW, he gave new meaning to the term "hell on wheels" as he and Rob, armed with their trusty radar detectors, chose to pursue the true meaning of "high performance." Always good for a laugh and a fun time, Eric was a gold medal contender in the "St. Patty's Day shot and sprint/gate #1 o-course" and threw a great birthday party. Eric "the iceman" was always decisive when it came to women. This resolve was characterized by the now infamous phrase "I'll ask her tonight" . . . yeah, right Eric. We're not sure if PCOLA is ready for Eric, but we know he's ready for it. He'll do fine if he remembers that Grandma's watching him, too. Nya, nya, break the law, face the craw. **MDT RLR DRS**

Charles Louis Cash
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

And lo it came to pass that I met the pompous Mr. C. He quickly established that there was none fresher than he, and the three of us, including country boy Micky, would sit around in the room as he told us stories of how he caught some crabs off the Deleware shore. 2/c summer Chuck met Chaz and the world shuddered. The debaucherous duo wreaked havoc from Philly to P-cola. The gods found favor with C., and he rose to power 2/c year. In an attempt to avert a coup by rebellious Him, he instituted his philosophy of Cashism. 1/c summer, he had an absolut-ly swell time in Sweden, but 1/c year brought him command of the company and gooning on the weekends for the evil Dr. Chazoid. Chuck also came to know the ways of the brotherhood. During the heinous mile and a half, like service selection, Chuck felt the need for speed and chose Naval Aviation. Remember to take the fresh with the tasty, and that systems engineers do it with better control. **RCB**

Hank Alan Colburn
Cantonment, Florida
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

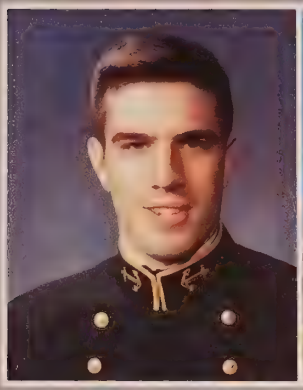
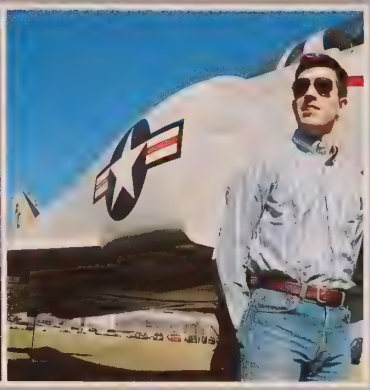
Believe it or not, Hank is his real name, and no other name could fit him better. Hank comes from a family of home-growns on a farm out in the middle of nowhere. Don't tell him he doesn't belong in the city, though, he feels right at home under the neon lights of bars where women are waiting for him. He likes them very young, very old, and all shapes and sizes. This ultimate male uses his persuasive little grin to make women do things most guys only dream of, like being invited to breakfast (ask him about that one). Even with all his natural talent with women, he is an exceptional athlete, competitor, and always willing to help. As his plebe year roommate, I found in him, an irreplaceable friend. Roll tide! **MEM**

Christian Patrick Dobleman
Daly City, California
English
Naval Flight Officer

The quiet man from San Francisco, Chris soon became known as "Link" after brandishing his Mod Squad like afro. Link traded in his reserved personality and button nose for a Brigade Boxing Championship and the "proboscis humungus." His aggressiveness never carried over from the ring into social settings ... unless prompted with large amounts of liquid courage. Always up for a roadtrip, Link was a faithful sidekick on many an adventure. Usually the one to keep his wits about himself, Link was the nice guy in the crowd no matter how many he had tipped back. Chris is as dependable a friend as anyone could hope to have. He will be missed a lot as he heads south to spread "LINKAMANIA" in Pensacola. **THE BOYS**

Christopher Scott Drewello
Oakland, New Jersey
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Plebe year was a blur: Pizza fights, Red name tags, Banana Wars, 883162, WHIT. Chris entered youngster year with a good tuck and a nice tan and somehow got ranked near the top of the company. The halo effect lasted for the next three years and landed him a job as the company commander. He soon found the job required more work than the prestige or 3-striper libs could justify. Youngster year was full of JOYous memories from UofD, where Chris and Chuck managed to find a colony of new friends. Girls and other things have always been attracted to Chris for his ability to do the Skunk, howl at the moon, and slam dance. These qualites made him a vital link in the Love Triangle. Despite Chris' considerable contribution to the company fast pitch team, his 0-'86 slump was broken only when he reconcentrated his efforts and became familiar with numerous Iditerod participants. Someday Dad's Christmas present will come in handy. **MDM**

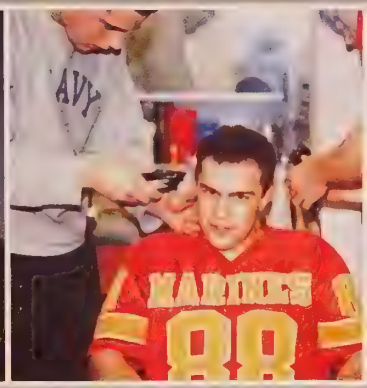



Thomas Matthew Duddy
Lakewood, New Jersey
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Duds bounded straight from Lakewood Prep (in New Jersey, God give him strength) to the martial environment of 9th Company, which prepared him well for the rigors of youngster year. We became roomies in 22nd (Bravo Foxtrot) after the 3/C scramble. Youngster year featured the Grease, the wall of studs, and tuna feesh. On weekends, Duds lunged for SMC and her arms. Being a math major, his favorite subject was Diffy Q's; he even stuck around for the summer sequel. Academic sorrows were drowned in Led Zep. As a firsty, Duds became Dudstud, dabbling in pistol coaching, squad leading, Sup's List, and matchmaking. Order of Merit anxiety propelled him to new heights. Weekends were entirely SMC, now with a CRX escort. This was "The Year of Obnoxious Flatulence and Finer Beverages." Dudstud got Navy Air; looking forward to sampling P3 coffee. Thanks for a great three. Best of luck to you and Sandy, "Semper Fi," and Hammer of the Gods. **TDZ**

Terence Gordon Emmert
Northport, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Enroute to a Steely Dan concert in July 1984, Terry made a wrong turn and ended up at USNA. Seeing that his "Red Baron" was in need of repair, he decided to stay and enter the ranks of plebedom. He started that year as a crew jock and ended as an aero geek. This progression served as a transition into the middle years where his best contribution was the use of his hairline as an aid to understanding perpetual motion for fellow physics students. First class year bore witness to Terry's highest level of metaphysical awareness as he discovered Spam to be the fundamental building block of the universe. Terry, however, didn't let this obsession inhibit his social exploits. Bored with conventional female companionship, he set his sights on more challenging quarry in the form of an ill spoken Spanish Rose and an ill gendered German Idol. Terry will always be a sincere and loyal friend. Navy Air is lucky to get him. **DLW**



John Russell Feldkamp
Cincinnati, Ohio
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

"I'm not here to make friends." "I'm not your judge, I'm your judgement." — the first words from Ish when he came to 22. Youngster year; Uncle Lar, Rapper, Salt Peter, Scotty, Gina and Patricia. For the three years that we spent together as roommates, his education always came before his academics. What got us through the "BS" of 2/C year and the apathy of 1/C year? Occasional weekends? G. H.'S? The rack? No, it was the time we spent eating and drinking at the Chamberlain's. Russ has a place in Naval history. His great Naval saying: "Sierra Hotel;" and with Ish it did happen. Our hero went from conduct case to four striper, vice-honor chairman in three short years. But he maintained the same amount of respect for the admin conduct system. M. found our gold-winger 1/C year and he learned the Pennsylvania roads quite well. One year with Ish was too long, but the three I spent with him seemed too short. **DNS**

Lawrence Edward Gloss
Villa Park, Illinois
Mathematics
Cryptology

Uncle Lar descended upon USNA from the enlisted ranks with the might of a Bronko Nagurski touchdown surge. He toyed with plebe year, demonstrating an impressive attitude towards military life. Youngster year, however, saw Larry losing interest in his ill-chosen math curriculum as he turned his efforts away from the burdens of academia. A fateful Baltimore evening gave birth to the Smooth Operator. During second class year, Larry and Rosie deviated in their interpretations of humor as Larry's company rank crept ever closer to his golf score. With renewed vigor, Larry began first class year with one goal in mind — Cryptology. January 21 brought the good news to both Larry and a community lucky enough to benefit from his virtues. Larry is a capable historian, witty commentator, reliable compatriot and, above all, a true friend. Good luck to you, Lawrence. **DLW**

Jonathan Edward Johnson
Havertown, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

Book I: The Early Years. Born in a hospital near the house he helped his father design, Jon early on wanted to be an architect. Or maybe a lawyer, and make really big bucks. Then in high school came a revelation — he'd forego the pursuit of wealth (though remain a Republican) and join the Navy. At USNA he tragically chose the wrong major (project? this major has a project!?) and spent two years studying far too much. Jon's current QPR reflects his changed priorities. No longer content to stay in Saturday night with a cup of black coffee and his library of All Hands magazines, he felt compelled to answer the burning question — is there life beyond Main St? In his time here, Jon also discovered the sport of missile recons (one for two), braccioli and other haute cuisine, and the joy of travel by MAC. Book II: The Post-Early Years, or "Baltimore to Japan — The Asian Connection" (see Kev or Hock for an explanation). **JEJ**

Michael John Kurka
Glassport, Pennsylvania
English
Surface Warfare

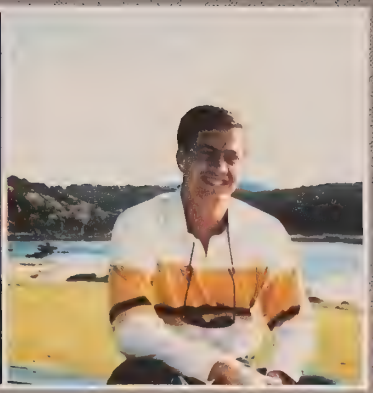
Michael arrived on the banks of the Severn, hailing from suburban, a fact that he relished when Pittsburgh, not San Diego or Boston, was named the USA's #1 city. Although his tenure on the varsity basketball team was not prolific, he will always cherish the team's upset victory over powerful LSU in the NCAA Tournament and the support that he received from the 26th Company. He will always be remembered by the class of '85 as the brigade MIS Officer (Military Integrity Specialist), though he was unsuccessful in his attempts to supplant this position as a permanent midshipman billet. Although it was never understood by our class for lack of background information, his nickname preceeds him on all the corners of the globe — Air. Air tried to live by the Golden Rule while at USNA, for this and other reasons, he was a welcomed addition to our company. Good luck tomorrow and always! **URI**

Gregg Daniel LeHocky
Woodstock, Illinois
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Not having enough fun at the U of S. Carolina, Gregg applied to USNA. He had a good plebe year; however, he was not satisfied with having no demerits, so youngster year he began his infamous conduct career, which ultimately ended with 134 days restriction and 223 demerits. Third class year, he shattered a USNA record at a USC football game, which remains unbroken to this day. Second class year was quiet, except for being attacked by one of his friend's dates, while his friend was lying passed out next to him. He ended the year with a new opinion of Goucher girls, and of girls in general. First class year was not what it was cracked up to be. This year began when he, and other members of a recon raid, where fried to due a 2/C who exhibited his blazing speed by being out-run by a 40 year old commander, but that was only the beginning . . . All joking aside, he has learned from his mistakes and is looking forward to beginning his career as an aviator. **JEJ**

Michael David Mahaney
Emmaus, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

Spike came to us from the wilds of New Jersey bringing with him a certain aversion to the color spectrum. Discovered on I-Day, this colorblindness doomed (or blessed?) him to the ranks of the NPQ. Mike's plebe social life was considerably active and, in the name of generosity, he liked to set up his friends with dates, much to their dismay. Mike was slightly forgiven during youngster year when he brought down the "lovewagon." Mike was to later test his knowledge of physics by flying the wagon on the NJ Turnpike. Mike's driving prowess was further exemplified when he made an illegal turn in a duty vehicle which resulted in a law suit and a full social calender for weeks to come. Mike's "Mr. Fix-it" reputation landed him a job in the CEC where he will probably design the first naval base made entirely of coat hangers. I was truly lucky to have Mike as a roommate; friends like him are too hard to come by. **CSD**



John Eluwene McKeon
Honolulu, Hawaii
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

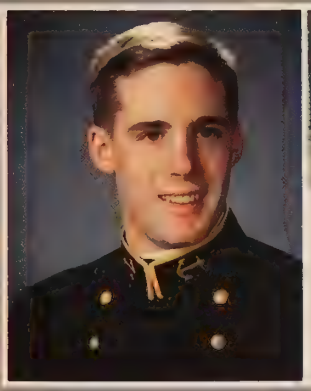
John was basically the well-rounded mid. For the three years that he was my "roommie," I never saw him deviate from his policy of "work hard and be professional during the week — play hard and live it up on the weekend." He always sought the way to yield maximum liberty. Not only was he a "liberty hound," he was also very thrifty with his money. To make possible his trips to places such as Hawaii and Australia, he accumulated a total of 16 MAC flights. His 17th will be to Europe after graduation. John loves to sing, and was very active with the choirs and Glee Club. It was only fitting that he got bit by "the love bug" while singing "Handel's Messiah" at Hood College. Eight months later it was all over, and he was engaged. As best, I am very proud and happy for both of them. I wish them the best of luck in the future, and I love them both. **HSY**

Kevin Michael Myers
Calumet City,Illinois
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Four years ago, Kev made his debut appearance here at USNA. Since then, it has been a never ending saga of KEVBO, against the stripers, the administration, and the most dreaded academy institution of all, academics. However, Kev NEVER let any of the above get in the way of having a good time. After all, what's life if you're not having fun? We had some good times. Remember the city dock escapade of 3/c year? At least they were both loaded. Working on our cars and then me whooping your rear afterwards racing down route 50. Maggie runs and the FOUR HORSEMEN. Yeah, those were the days. But, then you had to get in trouble BONEHEAD! But, even through all that, we still had some good times 1/c year. You know, I guess, it's hard not to have a good time around you buddy. Even through the trials and tribulations of 1/c year, life was still FUN. Seriously, I wish you the best after graduation. Just be sure to watch your six! **MHS**

Shawn Lee Penrod
Springfield, Ohio
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

The Rod joined our mess 2nd semester 3/C year, suffering from Massachusetts syndrome. He brought with him the unreal combination of a stack of systems texts and a single digit class rank. The antics of the room's lone engineer gave hours of entertainment as he hungrily rummaged through our chow packages and made funny noises in the shower. When Duds cavorted with Sandy at the Ring Dance, the Rod provided a jilted T-Bone's only companionship in Ocean City. The weather unfortunately matched their moods, so the beach was devoid of scantly clad bimbage. High point of the year: breaking Dud's nose in judo class. 1/C year, Rod finagled a single room with his own phone and a fine view of scantly clad tourist bimbage. But, he still managed to drop by now and then (Hide the food, here comes the Rod!). Rod distinguished himself as YP Commodore and nuclear navy shoo in. He could teach Rickover a thing or two! Best of luck, Rod! **D&Z**



Sean Frederick Reid
West Roxbury, Massachusetts
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Sean is his name, but he's known by all as Mr. Nice Guy. Never one to pull punches and always quick to make a joke at another's expense, Sean was known and avoided by many. But to those who know him well, there is no better friend. Sean's accolades are many — 4th Batt Cdr, sup's list, and hockey player; but his life away from the Academy is more impressive. Sean had a problem with the ladies — he could never get rid of them,"Chicks just dig the way I dance." Sean was always in search of a good time, whether drinking in Annapolis, or leaving his mark at one of the many colleges. Always arriving with a cooler full of beer in one hand and a chainsaw in the other, "Jeremy" turned many heads. Never one to wear out his welcome, Sean always managed to leave before sunrise — one step ahead of the lynch mob. Sean is a great friend who will be missed when he goes to Pensacola . . . but not if he leaves Junior with us. **THE BOYS**

Eric John Reinhold
Miami, Florida
Economics
Supply Corps

Eric came to the Academy a salty old dog after what most of us thought was just a one year stint as an enlisted man at NAPS. Weren't we surprised to learn that he had sailed with almost every navy since history began, always as the stern authoritarian taskmaster. What else could explain his sagacity and canny ability to never be wrong? Together in the same plebe year company and both scrambled into the 22nd for the remainder of our four year sentence, we were roommates the entire time, a very rare occurrence. I guess it was just the right mix of opposites that we both could learn the most from each other without killing one another. From "Cali" and the endless nights trying to sleep under the number three wire on the Enterprise to the debauchery of S-Break in Miami to the "see Europe on $5 dollars a day" program, it was all a lot of laughs. To top it all off, Eric will finally marry "his woman."The very best to the both of you from me. **MLB**

Mark John Retzloff
Canonsburg, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

1988 marked the year that J. H. died, but only a small percentage of the female population was disappointed because they knew Mark Retzloff lived on. Mark, celebrating his silver anniversary on April 1, 1988, is a hard working individual that studies hard during the week. He is a one of a kind type of guy, or should I say, an all of a type kind of guy. On the weekends he collects stickers, he's up to twenty-five now. He's found them on toilet seats, train rides and even triple decker burgers. I tried to transform Mark into a southern gentleman, but being German bred and northern born, he's a lost cause for society. Being from Pittsburgh, Mark doesn't have too many good qualities, but the ones he does have definitely outweigh the bad ones. Always being helpful and patient with the unfortunate like me, he's as good a friend as one can find. Thanks for all the good times, especially the ones up North. **HAC**

Robby Lee Robinson
Roselle, Illinois
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Rob came to us from . . . well, we don't really know, but neither does he. Rob gave a whole hearted effort to aerospace, but Supt's list and three striper libs first class year were worth the change. Youngster year brought a new meaning to religion. Before the last resort trips to "Dogpen," Rob would always have an appointment with the brown bag optometrist behind the church. After acquiring his dream machine and hitting triple digits for a sustained period of time, Rob and Eric turned the drive from Towson to Annapolis into the Autobahn. Rob, the last of a dying breed of heartbreakers, always let them down easy, after they spent $$$$ to see him. Unfortunately, Rob's presence hasn't been felt as much this year due to his VGEP program at Germantown Elementary School. Although, I'm sure this higher education will help him pursue his dreams in Pensacola. Good luck and remember Grandma loves little boys too. **EKB,DRS,MDT**

Douglas Rhea Schueler
Estrella, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Aviation

Doug came to us from a land where men are men and sheep are scared. The only worldly possession he came with was his electronic abacus which some how produced enough answers to get him through aerospace. He was fortunate enough (?) to letter in two sports — Rugby and Conduct! To the untrained eye, Doug appeared to be quiet and reserved, but we know better. Who else could be the inventor of the patented "By the Left Flank" — Yummy! When Doug isn't on the rugby field or bouncing at Clarke's he can be found cruising the streets in his baby blue corvette. Doug is usually calm and cool except when it comes to his hair, the barbers at Quantico will have their work cut out for them. Doug was a good friend who would come through when you needed him, the Marines got a good one. Maybe you'll get a heliocopter of your own some day. **EKB,RLR,MDT**

Mark Hoin Song
Palos Verdes, California
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Mark, affectionately known as 'the donger,' is my bestest friend. It all started 3/C year during Commissioning Week. We were out in town and came across a couple of older women. What a nite! Then 2/C year came and EE. Mark enjoyed it so much, he took three semesters of it and we became fellow LTM's. To top the year off, he went out on his 21st birthday and got in trouble for being too kind to some 4/C. As a B-Day present, 33 days restriction. Finally, 1/C, Friday nite libs, his 65 'stang, and no more restriction. We enjoyed numerous nites cruzun' around listening to those oldies, taking trips to Baltimore at two a.m., and of course Margarita Maggies. I'll always remenber that nite we stayed up talking after I saw the 'Dant. I couldn't have asked for a better friend than you. You've helped more than you'll ever imagine, and I am going to miss you, Buddy. You'll always be with me. Good luck. See you in PCOLA. I love ya, Mark. **KMM**

Wesley Innes Summers
Enfield, Connecticut
Physics
Naval Aviation

Say yes to Wes. No, he's not campaigning for public office, he just wants a couple of friends. He's the perfect friend to take out drinking, because he abstains from the pleasures of the amber fluids and is therefore capable (?) of driving his drunken friends back. But don't let his sobriety fool you, he's a lady killer at heart. He loves slipping into his Lee jeans before he comes back to the Academy from a weekend with a friend at home. Wes is also a pet lover at heart. Once after a basketball game when I was with him, he persuaded me to walk two stray dogs back to the kennel to feed. All in all, two people say yes to Wes, Mark and Hank. We found in Wes an unreplaceable friendship that will never be forgotten. Thanks for the memories Wes and please don't vomit on your instructor at flight school. **HAC**

David Neil Sween
Frostburg, Maryland
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Dave and I roomed for three of four years here at Camp Happiness (1095 days of unadulterated bliss). Physical science snatched our hero from the grasp of a third consecutive semester of noteable academic underachievement (finally) and vaulted him into the land of the weekend eligible. Schweebles to "The Boys," our surface stud distinguished himself as true semipro in coaching drill (influencing people and making friends through positive reinforcement), room inspections, study hour avoidance, and rackreational operations. Our secret to success: "our" home at Chamberlins, the Towle funhouse, good weekends together (when simultaneously sat), a little work, "the bird," BFN-ness, and alot of laughs. To our officer and and gentleman, and his bride-to-be, I bid fare winds and following seas for all time. Good luck, Dave, and don't ever forget — Sierra Hotel! **JRF**

Michael David Tanner
Warrenton, Virginia
Political Science
Naval Aviation

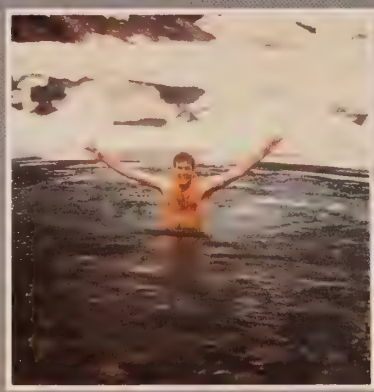
Mike came to us from the real Navy, and don't let anyone tell you different. A prior nuc, he obviously regressed during the four vigorous years here, as he was refused the chance to become bubblehead. Luckily for him, his nuc interview/Spanish inquisition helped him to see the light to the better life of a Navy pilot. A true master of the sarcastic one-liner, Mike helped create some of the "Conrad Dobler" controversies in the company. Always a tough person to talk into having a wild time — against his own will — he was forced into town for an unforgettable 21st Birthday. Who knows what's in a duck pin shooter?..not Mike. Mike did, however, put in a fine showing at the "St. Patty's Day shot and sprint/gate #1 obstacle course" with some other 22nd Co. athletes. Actually, Mike was a hard worker who could always be found in the weightroom or the wardroom, both of which will help him in PCOLA. Remember, Grandma's watching. **DRS,RLR,EKB**

Eric Firdaus Weilenman
Congers, New York
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Live from 2-1, it's late night with E & CO — featuring your host E-Shelf along with all the late night regulars. It's been three years of fun-filled activities beginning with 3/C year. E has always been a night owl, but since his arrival at the boat & barge school, he has further cultivated his metabolic tendencies. 3/C year featured the 2-0 deli and Friday night burgerfests. Study hour was that special time set aside to rest before beginning work on the 00-06 shift. Another highlight was E's ascendancy to the order of the black N. The Shelf rolled into 87, running a close 2nd among firsties for career demos. Not to be outdone, our man surged ahead and enjoyed a brief sojourn as the sole possessor of that title. Before xmas leave, the dynamic duo took the title, unfortunately, leaving our hero a distant third. Times have changed since the summer of '84, but we'll never forget the late night crew — the people, the times. **EFW**

David Lynn Woodbury
Missoula, Montana
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Woody hails from the birthplace of modern Naval Aviation: Missoula, Montana. He entered USNA with the lowest recorded whole man multiple in history and has since set the aero department on fire with his unparalleled success. It is generally acknowledged that Dave was destined for megastripes, but an ill-fated boat ride side tracked him. Although not an overly religious man, Dave does believe in certain ceremonies. He has his own peculiar method for baptizing new cars that should be the envy of everyone. In fact, Dave's little red magnet has done its job quite a few times. It's impossible to condense a friendship and convey respect into 160 words. Woody has never turned down anyone in need and his roommate always knew that Dave was the best friend a man could have. We know that Dave will enjoy unlimited success in whatever he chooses to do. After he is done being a 4.0 pilot, he'll be 4.0 in anything else. **LEG**



Harold Stephfon Yeldell
Edgefield, South Carolina
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

As Harold's "roomie" for three years, there's a lot that I know about him, but there's also a lot that no one has ever figured out, like how he managed to get so many messages every night from so many women? If the mate received six messages, three would be Harold's. Although many women vied for his attention, only one had the keys to his heart (as well as to his Maxima). He was always quite a traveler when a long weekend approached, and the question wasn't, "Where will you go?," but, "In which 1000+ miles will you go?" Distance was no object to him. Harold has always been intensely professional. He acquired his two long sought after goals, that of the D&B Corps Commander and, much more importantly, that of a nuclear power submarine officer, and I'm very happy for him. Harold, I hope that our paths cross again soon (and often). You'll always be my "roomie." **JEM**

Travis Dane Zach
Fremont, Nebraska
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

The first sentence I remember Travis saying is, "I'm here.", as he dropped a box on the desk in our new youngster room. The second sentence I remember is, "Yes, I'm experimenting with a variety of dietary supplements." That sums up T's life at USNA: Presence and Experimentation. Imported from Nebraska, Trav got off to a slow start in 'Skate-28.' Scrambled to 22, he proceeded to experiment with a variety of study habits, enabling him to embark on the infamous 'Honors Odyssey.' Evicted from his assigned 3/C room, Trav ended up with Rocky and Duds. Our Hero endured three semesters with The Rod, only to achieve a 2-man(at last!) Corner Room that was haunted by the ghost of the Human F-14. Not one to deny a challenge, the Hairy Elf set out to prove that romance & distance could work together. In this he failed, and has since settled on local turf. Farewell, T-Bone. Your integrity will carry you far in the Corps. Take care, keep in touch. **TMD**

23RD COMPANY

Christopher Leon Abbott
Hagerstown, Maryland
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Chris is the only guy I know who was recruited to be a midshipman — not an athlete, just a midshipman. His passion for making a game of every challenge has surfaced in his treatment of grades, athletics, and especially maximization of liberty hours. This guy has wooed the Administration with his combination of stellar academics, athletic prowess on the intramural field, professionalism in the Hall, and impeccable personal appearance. Chris has a way about him that will unquestionably lead to a successful career. Now for the real biography. Amazingly, Chris has managed to achieve all this glory during his weekly visits to USNA despite commuting from his home in Towson. Alas, C is his true love, the Navy but a mistress. He aspires to be a husband/daddy/submarine officer. Chris has impressed and amused us all in '23, and the friendships and memories will last a lifetime. Good luck, Bubby. **FEM**

Rick James Acheson
Fowlerville, Michigan
Naval Architecture
Naval Flight Officer

What a little monkey! Originally from Huntington Woods, Rick now calls Hooterville home (after his family moved and didn't tell him the new phone number). Rick overcame his sordid and macabre past to rise to the very top of the heap at Camp Tecumseh. He pursued academic excellence for four years and achieved that pinnacle of Navy success, the varsity rack letter with the gold star for his many campaigns in Hymie's pleasure palace (i.e. Rickover Hall). Not even the rigors of I-day could separate Rick from his beloved hockey stick and funk tapes. Though few ever knew of his hunting prowess, Rick spent many Sunday mornings tracking bears in the newfallen snow. His only failing was his choice of roommies — a company commander and two five stripers — a motley crew indeed. See you in the skies, buddy, and remember, when the % *# gets too high, pile it to the sky and start a new pile. **DJR**

Kimberley Frances Boyer
Honolulu, Hawaii
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Kimmy, dear Kimmy . . . the end is near! What a grand experience. I can still picture the first day: in from Hawaii and out the door to get yelled at. Plebe year was like that, eh? Fourth class: Smith's towel, Gonda's knock, Pierce's fry fetish, Army, the green machine, savage tans on Capt's roof, ducks in T-court, Lou and Lejune, Georgetown, the Neutron Dance; 3/c: sailing cruise, Jimmy B, photo fetish, talks topside with Pat, Tose's toe holes, parties at Tom's, introduction to Jim, 2nd Annual Bachelor Party — The Casual Approach, Atlantic City sun, picnic on the Mall; 2/c: a yellow rose for you, engine math, fluids — UGH!, parties at the apt., drift from moi, New England, Jim's departure; 1/c: a man down south (leave it to you to fall in love), a sporty CRX-Pali, a calling from Hawaii, Army, Service Selection — SWO mamma, California bound (Sorry about that, Kiddo) . . . All in all, we were quite a pair on this roller coaster ride of ours. **MMJ**

Scott Jay Christopher
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Scott has brought a great deal of craziness into all our lives. The "Korean cowboy," Georgetown escalators, nightly throwdowns, Philly bus rides (remember?), and 123 mph! Pensacola beaches, "Rambo" at Quantico, youngster smokeouts, and beating up Yugebutt. Kato could always be counted on to provide a degree of intensity never experienced by many of us. I know you wanted to fly, but you'll get enough challenges as a SWO. I know I speak for all who know you when I say that you taught us how to laugh, relax, and have fun in your own perculiar ways. California is in for a big surprise: just don't tear the state up! Thank you for being the best roomie a mid could ask for. Good luck, I wish you smooth sailing and great adventure (I know if you can't find adventure, you'll create it.) Semper Fi buddy! **MGC**

Michael Glenn Coleman
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Four score and four years ago, give or take a few, a bright-eyed and pristine farmboy trudged onto the Academy scene. Armed with a fresh "not so high and tight," Mike, "Colehead," set out to experience the wondrous marvels of the "Real Navy." Downing the "spirits of life" freely, if not avariciously, he laid waste to all academia icons. Outlasting four roommates, his present one wondered if he will graduate or not, Mike has lent new meaning to the word "textbook osmosis." Racking, with visions of M16's and "taking the mound" dancing in his head, Mike has accumulated an impressive CQPR (Cumulative Quantity of Periods Racking). Now, with a "real" high and tight, Mike is going Corps. His fanaticism, humor, and, believe it or not, intelligence, will be a welcome addition. As his only surviving roomate for the past three years, it's been an experience; one I would gladly do again. Good Luck, and I'll be "seeing" you, OOH RAH! **SJC**

Michael Brent Davis
Memphis, Tennesse
English
Supply Corps

Mike hailed to us from Tennessee with a four inch afro. When he came back from 3/C cruise, he must of felt like he didn't have any friends, because he invented one, Larry, and made him M/Fleet Admiral, a twelve striper. Mike had three weaknesses: Visa, Visa, and Master Card. His cards had continuous bills approaching $1800. He sold his stereo and CD's to pay them off,but in two months, they were skyrocketing back to the edge of their limits. 2/C year he bought a Corvette. That was too much, so he traded it in for a rice burning go-cart. Mike earned a Black N with a combat "A." He was the first to accomplish this highly covetted award after the scramble. Mike was a god. He was radio god and also program director at WRNV. His dream was to become a Marine. Mike I'm very sorry you didn't get Marine Corps, but I'm positive that you will do a fantastic job in Supply. If I had to again, I'd pick you as my roomie. Your friend for better or worse. **RFS**

Gary Lee Formet, Jr.
Orlando, Florida
General Science
Naval Flight Officer

Plebe year was something not to remember for Gary, especially with the room situation. These problems brought him to OCF for an escape. 3/c year was just a little better. Remember the room from Hell, spontanious fires, Kansas, the Greaseman, and 'ster boxing at parties. His inability to understand the occult — Black Magic 1 Gary 0 — forced him to become a GenSci Knight (Luke, use the Gouge). The relaxing schedule allowed him to devote more time to OCF, Honor and smoothing out the sheets in his rack. He was attracted to the professionalism of the surface navy. 1/c year (Boats! More coffee!), but the hours spent inverted at USNA determined that he would go FO, the promise of eight hours down a night was just too much. USNA was uphill for Gary, but now he is coasting down the backside. His growth in Christ through OCF & friends has made it even easier to live up to his favorite quote, "Don't sweat the small stuff, and everything is small stuff!" **PO & DL**

Leslie Marie Hill
Elko, Nevada
General Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

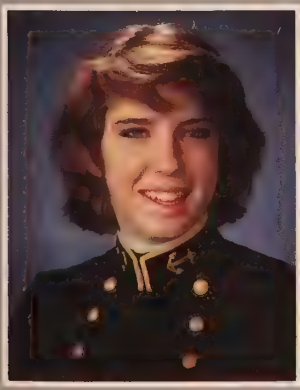
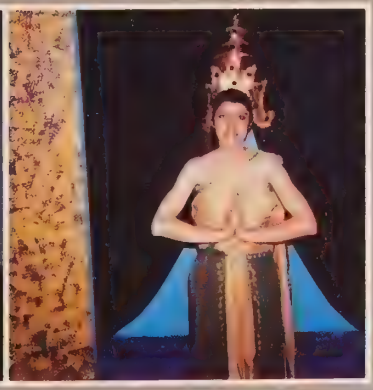
And the pitch gets past the catcher . . . Leslie takes off for home . . . the catcher makes a wild throw toward the plate . . . the pitcher goes for the tag . . . the dust clears and the umpire bellows SAFE!!! That about describes my survival at USNA through the last four years. Memories??? Well . . . Navy Softball . . . sailing to the Bahamas . . . spear chucking . . . a midnight blue '68 Mustang . . . a great cross-country trek . . . four wheelin' in the Comanche . . . College Park weekends . . . Coors Light by the case. To end this masterpiece, I've got to thank my parents for all their support and my friends, especially CP crew, for keeping my remaining sanity intact. See ya . . . The Kid. **ME**

Anastasia Kelly
Pinedale, Wyoming
English
General Unrestricted Line

You came here with three things on your mind: desire to excel, desire for adventure, and just plain desire. Two first names. If that's confusing, try following your love life. I tried once, and ended up grieving for all the broken hearts you've left behind. Knowing you, I learned a dreamer can survive and be successful here, and some things are worth waiting for. Somewhere between our years of heart-to-hearts and your demolishing the hearts of the "weaker" sex, you managed four stripes, varsity crew, and a 4.0. Must be that Wyoming air. You are destined for great things in the world of literature, and I have dibs on an autographed copy of your first book. I'm not sure if Wales (let alone the rest of Europe) is ready for the true renaissance woman, but she's on her way. Fair winds and following seas, my friend for life. **LMB**

Christopher Xavier Kennedy
Lower Burrell, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

C.X. has proved to be a man of many words, most of which are four letters in length and very descriptive. His chosen major of Political Science is a result of his abbreviated football career that rewarded him with minor dain bramage. His moral character and personal behavior are commendable. He is a man of only two vices, one of which is very beautiful. For a man of such large proportions, he is notorious for his gentle nature and small appetite. His love and respect for people, regardless of their ethnic or religious make-up, makes him a pleasure to live with and a good friend. **CER**

Susan Mary Laufenberg
Del Mar, California
Chemistry
General Unrestricted Line

"Hey dude, let's party!" Suzy was the first native Californian I'd ever met, and she confirmed all my suspicions that Californians were wild. "I'm sorry, we only come as a set." Remember the taxi and the handcuffs? We were inseparable, just ask the D&B. Suzy was awarded her black N after Harrisburg (we hate PA) for outstanding partier of the weekend, and as the D&B social chairman she proved that you can party anytime and anywhere. Certainly they suffered a MAJOR loss when we quit first class year. Will Ed and Henry ever forgive themselves? You heartbreaker, you! But it was on to as many musicals and specialty groups as our songbird could sing in. Suzy always knew the latest fashions and always had the latest progressive music, all from CA of course. How can anyone forget her pink everything! Thanks, Suzy Q, for keeping me cool! You are the very best friend! Good luck in Miramar! Animal night will never be the same! **MLC**

David Charles Lyle
Mims, Florida
Political Science
Surface Warfare

David was a submariner all along. However, playing "Silent Service" and memorizing F=MA was not enough to get him through his nuke interview — his "technical credentials aren't that impressive," said the Admiral. Like, duuhhh, excuse me for going Poli Sci. Now Dave is a surface warrior down in God's country — Florida. David was a motivated, professional MIDN with a 3.1 QPR, but 1/c year he slept himself into a coma. He would have pushed the coast button, but that would have involved waking up and reaching for it. "He spent the years playing guitar, roasting insects with English Leather, driving his car into drug stores, and threatening to throw the 'computer from Hell' off the fourth deck." In his spare time, he studied and played tennis. Shari, I had fun. Gary, you're a swell roommate who makes a good cup'a joe. Randy, you're a great friend and confidant. Sean, good luck, you crazy bananahead. Mom and Dad, thanks for everything. **AMF.**

Frank Edwin Mays
Overland Park, Kansas
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

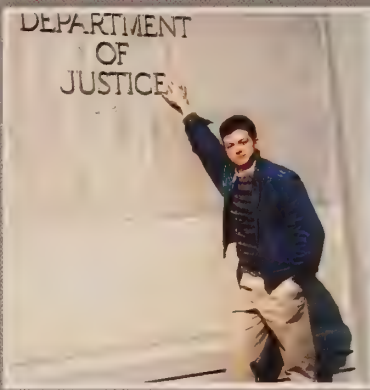
After watching too many movies, Frank came to the boat school so he could get a set of choker whites to impress the ladies. He soon found out this place is not as fun as the catalog had portrayed and wanted his money back. "Holy cow! We're not in Kansas anymore, Toto." Nevertheless, he stuck around and played the game. Frank came to find a few things at the Academy he really enjoyed: weekends. Despite the handicap of being an engineer, Frank managed to get out every chance offered. He did pretty well; so well he was let loose upon the Air Force Academy where he played squid and enjoyed the environmental assets for which Colorado is known. He enjoyed the flight time, but the dollars dazzled Frank, and he decided submarines were for him. He's a hard worker and will undoubtedly (gasp) command a submarine of his own someday. His commitment to excellence has set a standard for us all; especially his friends here in 23. **CLA**

Douglas Matthew Murphy
Omaha, Nebraska
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Doug is new to the Midwest, a "transplant," to be exact. None of us are surprised you're going "underMarines." Good times have always surrounded you. Losing at Mexican's with Mrs. V and building the BUD tower will be remembered, although we wanted to forget the morning after! Doug introduced me to Box Lax and the Brickskeller in D.C. I can just see him yelling "Oogie wa wa" and "Skal." Installing your car stereo and speakers was a sobering experience: it took that long!! Even here, Doug had the knack for good timing. Mids were mindful of their hands during our a.m. feeding rituals, especially on Tuesdays. Drill gave Doug the chance to enjoy the outdoors and nicotine afterwards. Weapons let both of us catch up on our sleep (we were a team!). The labs were even worse — trying to finish them as quickly as possible. We all wish you the best of luck, Doug. Run silent, run deep Haas! **MGC**

Blaine Stanley Pennypacker
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

His name is Blaine Stanley Pennypacker, but we just called him Fudge. As a member of the Yugeguys and Upstairs Crew, Fudge dedicated his life to girl-juggling, sleep, sun worship, blissful debauchery, and the artful avoidance of the dreaded study hour. Fudge was renowned for his offbeat tastes in hairdoos and in his music . He became a winner of the coveted Black N and earned the right to shovel snow for the administration. Fudge reached his peak of indulgence with the road trip of justice to Key West on the Fiero express; the first person to reach critical velocity in a four cylinder automobile on I-95. Upon arrival, he put to good use the basic engineering principles he had learned by erecting the "sight but not sound proof" Econo Lodge golden blanket. Not even second degree sunburns could stop him from 5 a.m. batching! Where's Fudge? Check his rack — he's probably in there somewhere! We'll miss you a lot, pal. **Poe**



Robert Patrick Poellnitz
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Economics
Surface Warfare

Rob came to 23 straight from Va Beach with his soccer ball, tanning oil, a picture of AJ, and his own language. Podaddy, or Po, quickly became a member of the yugeguys who showed him the ways of the world. During his marriage separation of youngster year, Po was able to experience many of life's pleasures — especially as the semester came to a close. After a special ride to the bus back to AJ, Rob finally stabilized to become the person we know and love. Po always kept himself busy, whether sleeping, tanning, lifting (?), fighting with anyone who outweighed him by at least 50 lbs, gorging himself at meals, avoiding Dale, avoiding any form of studying, or simply begging profs for "the hook" (SP212). "Bob" has the patience of a saint, as he had to put up with things like Gilbey's fiascos, Fudge's music, hand-licking, and a surprise roommate second class year. The whole upstairs gang wishes Rob best of luck as a SWO-daddy. **BSP**

Brian Albert Rathjen
Saint James, New York
Economics
Surface Warfare

RAT . . . just RAT. The big man from Long Island was known and loved by all . . . well, almost all. Rat was the king of the one-liner, made oh-so-special by his overbearing accent. Because he was constantly on "the quest," he became affectionately known as Batch. Relentless on roadtrips, women and children scampered for cover as Rat rumbled into town. Armed with his bulging "busch" muscles, Rat made every party his own. He was fearless in casinos, frat houses, and bar rooms alike. Always a smoothie with the ladies, he always had the right thing to say. At sunrise his feet did the talking . . . leaving behind either a broken-heart or broken furniture. A great friend, Rat will be missed by all as he tears up the seven seas as a SWO Daddy. **The Boys**

Claude Edward Richardson
Baltimore, Maryland
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Claude came to us, born to be a Marine — especially since his birthday happened to coincide with the November 10th birthday of our few and proud. He seemed to meet the required mental capacity, or lack thereof, by actually volunteering to be punished by the Systems Engineering Department. He is also a man of few vices, but his one vice is one of which he should be proud. Although he has had his SHORTcomings, he has proven to be one of the most likable and most personable guys I've ever met, and he's proved this popularity by being elected class vice-president. His support, humor, and, most importantly, his friendship have made life here so much more bearable. **CX**

David James Rogers
Arlington, Virginia
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Dave hails from far away Arlington, VA, but coming straight from there to Canoe U. would have been much too easy for a man like Dave. He opted for the three-year Johns Hopkins entry program. Upon coming to USNA, after gaining an age waiver, Dave quickly excelled in the program. As 1988 rolls around, Dave is finishing a fine scholastic career which included seven years of college, five majors, countless nicknames, a near fatal indoor track attack, and a successful Spring Break rabbit hunt. Upon graduation, much to the dismay of loved ones, Dave will begin flight training, but not before enjoying a three-month excursion to France, paid for by the Navy. Good luck to a great roommate, and remember two important safety tips: pile the !@#* to the sky, and then start a new pile, and also, always remember where your bread is buttered (or they will remind you!). **RJA**

Gregory Paul Sauter
Columbia, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Five years ago, Greg Sauter had one goal that stood out above all his others. This lofty goal was one of high speed, intense competition, and self pride. Was this one goal a Navy career? Well — no. Greg wanted a brand new Mustang GT, and he was going to the Naval Academy to get one. His Mechanical Engineering Degree and Navy Pilot billet almost seemed second to the Flying Ford. Since 2/C year, Greg has had lots of fun in his 'Stang (some legal, some — well . . .). By the way, his top speed is classified since it would probably land him in jail if word ever got out! Living less than an hour from home and a fiancee, Greg did manage to think about school occasionally — between weekends. Living with Greg for three years has been interesting. That's the only way to describe it. Give 'em hell, Greg; I'm sure you will. But look out — I own a GT too! — Rich **RES**

Collin William Schaffer
Layton, Utah
History
Naval Aviation

Cruel fate conspired to displace a mountain ski bum from Utah and dump him at Navy. That's how we met Collin. Despite sleeping through youngster year, our genius managed a 4.0. He rested on these laurels until second class year. Then he moved upstairs to the black hole, where his Schaff-A-lanche became legend. "Sack" was constantly working out. Well, he meant to, anyway — sometimes he slept. "Chaffnuts" managed to escape the evils of drill for two years until the great wheels of justice brought his scam to a screeching halt first class year. Collin was a great roommate — always quick to referee a wrestling match. Collin had no luck with cars, especially the ill fated "charge monster." Never one to complain, Collin's cheery outlook on life was a refreshing start to every day. Collin is a beautiful man, but he ain't got no rap. Best of luck in Pensacola, we'll you miss you pal. **The Boys**

Richard Earl Scott
Anderson, Indiana
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Rich spent his four years by the Severn trying to get away as much as possible. In order to achieve this, he joined up with that notorious Underground Party Railroad — the Drum and Bugle Corps. He spent his weekdays resting and packing for the next D&B trip. He showed such promise on the "professional" side of D&B that he spent a semester as the Assistant Drum Major — he managed to have the fun without suffering the responsibility. Seriously, though, we needed him around. D&B wouldn't be the same without him. After all, somebody had to get the short end of the stick, and Rich is uniquely qualified for that, being the lil' sprout among us. Rich, just remember to be nice to the engineering division on your carrier, I just might be there someday. Also — we've not forgotten that you missed out on the Black N from Harrisburg, so you'd better watch your six. The Navy better do the same — ready or not, here we come. — Duckie **PGB**

Ronald Freeman Startzel
Strong, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Marine Aviation

It was a dark and stormy night. In a small town in Pennsylvania, Ron dreamed of being God on Earth. Due to some mental mutation, he thought the Marine pilot was such an animal, and the road to godliness went right through USNA. Ron loved cars, music, and women, in that order. On his desk was a picture of his old girlfriend, covered up by a picture of a '57 Chevy. While I was reading Playboy, he was reading Hot Rod. This might be why he considered dating the same girl for a whole month to be a long and drawn-out relationship. As for Ron's love of music, he never thought the lyrics to popular songs were quite explicit enough, so creative sing-alongs with the radio became a hobby, enhanced by his limitless ability to invent new names for anatomical parts. In addition to his many interests, Ron brought something even more important — his mother's stromboli — which made being his roommate particularly advantageous. **MBD**

William Harold Suggs
Fort Mill, South Carolina
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

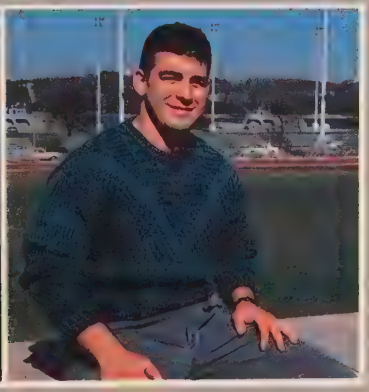
It has been said that to love the South, one has to leave it. Bill already loved it, so instead of leaving, he brought it with him. Everyone noticed when Bill and a bounty of South Carolinian stubborness arrived at USNA one humid summer. Those nights were filled with dreams of airborne speedsters booming through the clouds, and of violent encounters with iron birds sporting red stars. Bill was blind as a bat, but he knew that even bats could fly, so he never gave up his dream. His room was filled with well-built model versions of his dreams. If one came to visit at the right time, there was often a chow package as well. He was quick to share it, while listening to his "Naked Aggression" tape or some other collection of distorted noise he had lying around. The way he practiced telling sea stories utilizing the "big watch" and his ring for effective hand motions proved he was ready for the skies. **MBD**

David Elias Villarreal
Falfurrias, Texas
General Engineering
Marine Aviation

Unlike most midshipmen, Dave came to USNA with an affinity for water, a condition which must be hereditary. His sadistic nature caused him not only to volunteer to be an engineer, but also to join the Marine Corps. His love for the Corps was undoubtedly inspired by the one man he respects the most, CAPT Peele, former 23rd Co. Officer. Dave can be characterized as a man of action; as such, he has had many epic experiences that he gladly shares with interested midshipmen on Thursdays. A gifted man, Dave has been blessed with the voice of a canary and the command of two languages. His gentle nature and reliablitiy make him a valuable friend. **CER**

Diane Rae Wiggins
Fullerton, California
History
Supply Corps

When Di arrived in 23, we really didn't know what to make of her. Three years later, we're still not sure. What can you expect from the woman whose personal motto was, "Damn the regulations, pass me another Margarita!"? We're still not convinced that the bra that SECNAV pulled off Tecumseh's head didn't have her alpha code on it. Through it all, though, like a good wine, Di got better with age. She seemed destined to go Corps. She even ran her mile with THE TOE once — just once. First class year brought many happy returns. She took her squad momma duties very seriously, got rewarded with a sword second semester, and became the two striper from hell. Di figured the only way to keep her Visa and AMEX gold card was to go into organized crime. Supply Corps just came naturally to her. "Support the Navy mafia — kiss your Disbursing Officer." Good luck, Di. Bless you. **DJR**



John Ty Yanvary
Newton, New Jersey
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Ty just wanted to be an auto mechanic. He came to USNA instead, driving his "Jeep of Death." Ty was known for many things, including being the "Goat court giggler," king of the late night photo sessions, and anchor "cheese" man. "Hank" liked to roughhouse — whether throwing furniture in the wardroom, inflicting melon size bruises with his monkey-like feet, giving "wet willies," or putting someone in the dreaded "grapevines," Hank always came out on top. Ty's predeliction for fried pork skins always made him a welcome addition in the wardroom. When Ty wasn't reading Jeep magazines, working on his Jeep, or driving his Jeep, Ty was dreaming of his Jeep. Happy's music tastes were so diverse; he could always find a jam to piss anybody off. Ty has been a great friend with a huge neck and big heart. We all wish Ty the best. Ooh Raah! **The Boys**

24TH COMPANY

Alan Androski
Wickliffe, Kentucky
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

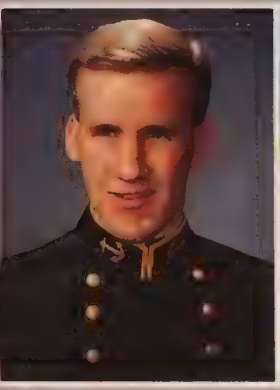
I've been with Baby in this playpen for three years. Conversations are difficult with new words (carbonium, cordulation) and weird noises. Amazing we found time for school. Turkuelation sessions with Pink Floyd or Memphis swamp jam and his strobe light. Nights on the town in his overcoat and pajamas were as interesting as the three big studs story. His family moved to PA, increasing his supply of food (T-court tic-tac-toe). He was busy with Navigators and OCF. His box of tricks kept things interesting: monster mask, purple foam, throwing star, and the Space bunny costume at Halloween. The air freshener appeared when the room began to smell funny. Eating with him was interesting. Sleeping when he was still awake was hard: finding batteries and other items in my bed and under my pillow, quiet whispering in the background, and of course "go ahead . . . go to sleep". Pop the green thing, hit the warp drive, and keep the daytimer up to date. **DAJ**

Charles Mackin Bailley, Jr.
Upper Marlboro, Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

The Egg Tooth entered the military service when we were still watching Spiderman cartoons after school. Prior to his Marine Corps days, the only information on Chazoid comes from a U of Md lab manual involving the gravitational effects on Sony Trinitrons. After a year at NAPS, Chaz found himself at USNA being groomed for a prestigious leadership position. He demonstrated this virile prowess by surpassing the high expectations of even the NAFAC delegates. Many valiant endeavors of King Nimitz will be remembered for years to come. For example; the famed single-shoed expedition of Jan '87 which led to liberal modification of early morning uniform regs. Also included in senior year were surprise inspections of Georgetown powder rooms and a new approach to the Plebe indoc system. The Goon Master is a lover of aerobatic wildlife. Chaz is truly a great friend. Best of luck. Kevin and Joe. **KJW**

Joseph Gabriel Barton
Philadelphia, Pennslavania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

"Oh, yeah, I just moved into your room." Joe's first words to me at the start of youngster year — he's been there ever since! Joey B. came to us from Philly, home of the Army/Navy game. Joe was our company basketball stud until his knee blew-out first class year. I'm just glad he did it AFTER drill season — no one else knew how to march up front. As an M.E. Joe was a late nighter. What better way to stay awake than to have a soda or two and a bag of the hardest, crunchiest pretzels he could find! And you thought the mice were loud. But when Joe went to sleep, he went to sleep!! Buried beneath his blue comforter, alarms, bells, lights, or even the stereo couldn't bring him around. Speaking of stereos, Joe is the only person I know who listened to EVERY station at least twice a day. Joe, good luck at Nuke school and enjoy your career on the "worter" (water), and let's stop ignoring the women, huh? **TWR**

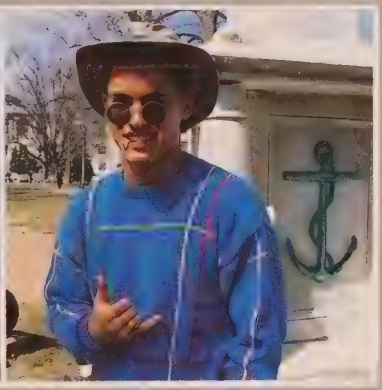


Robert John Bello
Erie, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

"Oh M.P.H.! Somebody else has to drive my car home tonight." How many times have we heard that one Bulky? Bob, the Beerman, Bello was never one to be called a teetotaler. In fact, some of his best adventures came after a few road sodas. Doing his "Eric Stratton, rush chairman . . . " routine, Bob rarely failed to attract the ladies. His only problem was that he usually failed to remain alert, leaving his prey helplessly in the hands of Sky. Being an Aero, "Good-guy" Bello spent many hours studying, furiously pulling hairs . . . and it shows. Often hating life, the "Grumble Bunny" searched for ways to pass Engine Math and EE . . . Oh well! Instead "Felix" Bello became the neatest guy in the Brigade. Too bad he lost all of his neatness and breakfast on the fishing boat. We wish you and your idol, baseball legend Tommy Lawless, all the luck in the world; both of you need to avoid all the cracks in the road of life. **PJY**

Thomas Michael Buehner
Verona, New York
History
U.S. Marine Corps

A country boy from Verona, NY, the Beandog adjusted quickly to the new luxuries of running water and electricity. 33 and "Lima Beans" provided training for 3/c chow calls and training as the "Slimy, scummy, stupid dummy, yellow belly, Mr. Buehner." Basketball, softball, and the Malachi Bros. of fieldball. EE cost him a 5000 with Erickson. Tom's lifetime dream of joining that big circus deep below as the Evil King, horned and masked, leaping from balcony to balcony and taking showers on his head, followed by a stimulating flasher's ballet. The greatest rituals-cards as the Nilmaster with the Problem Children, midnight rendezvous at Hotel Ohio for a night with the wife, and Naked Study Hour. Cheese on the Beanerschnitzel, with pepperoni on a large, and in the undies after an evening with the Stallion. "Care for a burger, sir?" A great friend always. Good luck and Ooh-rah!! **MDD**



Dana Wynne Cook
Stowe, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Dana came from sevenTEENTH platoon only to enter 24 a leper outcast unclean with mono and strep. A track fanatic, he also took time to get his tongue sucked out. Remember to break from late night talks and heated "discussions" to burn incense (navy bean soup). 2/c — My major's most important to me. 1/c — My weekends are most important to me. And so 1/c year starts with fountain pushups, frog kicks, and pier phone calls while on Resolute. Dana Cook on the USS Cook — really!? Drinking Chernobyl's, singing the Beatles, and resident fashion consultant — it's no biggie, "as usual." Women problems? Try sweating, wearing a nice shirt, or playing the game. Mad Dog liked it! L-word and lot's of luck to one of THE BEST! (Even though you don't think so.) Motto — 'tis better to give than to receive when down South. 'The BIG question — "What's that on my shoe?" Look out San Diego! **JK**

Mark Daniel Damisch
Garner, Iowa
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

Mark is a cornhead, wise in the ways of sheep and beans, with a passion for taken women and musclecars. "Good-job" did a bad job with Frank in South Dakota, Amy had the courtesy to introduce Dunk and William at a party, after studying her curves of form in Nimitz. Racquetballs, basketballs, bl — balls with Kropper and five girls at Army. The magic touch at locking doors mysteriously and a veteran of Lt. J's killer party, this amiable computerhead came to us with prior "stinky" experience and became both a problem child and a pighead, moving in with Pesc, Narco, and E. King. Able to carry a hundred pound tent up a mountain without complaint with John whining all the while, gone home with everyone, the greatest friend in the world, he singlehandedly kept the King from jumping. Pilot of the future, don't spend it all in one spot. Thanks and good luck.

Joseph Paul Franson
Longmeadow, Massachusetts
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

The doctor arrived at the Academy with the notion in mind that he was part of some grand experiment in T. Leary's lab, complete with Gretchen's horseshoe haircuts. However, he reversed this trend 3/C year, challenging even Rapunzel on length of locks, and impressing all at formal inspections. Shotguns in the Power Nova on the way to TV parties at the Dove's highlighted sophomore year. Joe just couldn't get enough of Navy that year, remaining back to study rather than going on leave. Junior year brought on frequent trips down to "St."? Mary's. June week brought on the Kamikaze Ace who nearly wrecked a yacht of partiers sailing to Baltimore. Senior year Joe was knighted Sir Dahlgren the First, a truly towering achievement in our school's history. He also earned the distinction of Goon Apprentice that year. In all seriousness, Joe, you're one of the finest people we ever hope to meet. Best of luck. Chas and Kevin **CMB.**

Douglas Alan Jones
Dallas, Texas
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

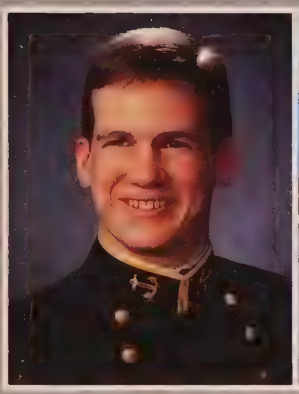
Gumby's been in my room since 3/c year. He lets milk rot and eats my food. A Texan — he lets you know he's from that country. Our room has a peculiar odor from his car hobby (brown sheets). So far he's never had the whole car in the room at once. If he drove slower he wouldn't have to spend so much time fixing cars. Know anyone who's had their car pulled out of a ravine by a crane? Gumby tends to hurt people during rumbles. He's helped my torquelating in the room with his disco ball. The stereo that worked a week before it blew up. He did buy a CD player, but his CD's don't work because he used them as frisbees. The funniest times of my life: Phred visits pep rally, bum on halloween, cutting golfballs, hiding under the desk, coming back from St. Pat's Day recruiting bubbleheads, flying lizards, dancing scratch acid in the strobe. Major influences: Jerry and Carole (slave child). When he's out of vivarins I'll tell him "go ahead, go to sleep." **AA**

Dale Avril Kelly
Berkeley Springs, West Virginia
History
Surface Warfare

Dale Kelly was the only person in twenty-four to want to be a SWO-daddy since youngster year. A good ol' boy from the mountains of West Virginia, he survived through it all like the rest. Body by accident, he had a little problem with the O-course in Quantico — one which left him with a plate in his left arm, a broken ankle during plebe spastics, and a variety of sprains and twists. The only other problem he encountered was academics. As his roommate, I must have woke him up a thousand times so he would study. Women were not a problem, though. He snagged one with the "ring" over Easter of his first class year — his roommate's sister no less. Oh well, may he be successful in all his endeavors after leaving "mother B," and keep in mind that somebody is watching you. **PRK**

Pierre Robert Kennedy
Chesapeake, Virginia
History
Naval Aviation

Pierre Kennedy, the "Frogger" or "Viper," hell he's been called so many things that it's hard to tell what they call him now, is a good ol' boy from the VABEACH area. He had a way with the girls, and sometimes even women. A master of bull, he majored in Historical Eng-in-earing as he put it, with his concentration in DEBATE (yes, he was sooo good at B-S-ing that he gained two berths in the National Debate Tournaments and talked his roommate into typing most of his papers). His mastery in the art of bull also got him out of the "fine Navy" stuff like formations, formals, drill, and watches, but since when does an AIRDALE need to be able to do that kind of stuff anyway. Best wishes from 24 and especially your future brother-in-law. **DAK**



John Kropcho III
Towanda, Pennsylvania
Physics
Nuclear Power — Submarines
Sent from Bohunk, PA via Sweet 16, equipped w/stars, you tormented Sky and Red most of 3/c year 'til the Scandal put us together. By then, there were no push-ups in the nude, but there was — 55 quick steps to a beautiful floor — is this sock clean — daily soft shoe in Hanes — ego in the mirror — contact rituals — look alike sis — and money$$$. After Detail, Navtag and YP's, you were overflowing w/professionalism. Those late nite talks of ice queen shelly-constipated dogs and girls resulting in indigo doo dads — low pain threshold — two year dry spell. Don't forget alfalfa — subscription — skiing w/bulldogs — listening to Eagles and The Beat — 360's on I80 — 40 day lent(intent) — USS Bancroft's XO — Roger — VGEP — peanut warts — roids — Vermont (the food's here, I guess it's safe to have a beer). But, with new wardrobe, flourishing investments and New Yorker in hand, you'll get your masters at APL and become a fine bubble-head. Thanks for the good times. Luck be with you. **DWC**

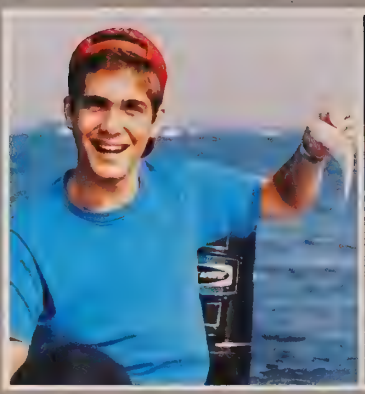
Joseph Francis Lyons
Fair Lawn, New Jersey
Physics
Naval Aviation
On July 6, 1984, Joey transformed from a bike-making beer drinker extrordinaire who was a part-time short order cook into a CLASS A midshipman who was destined to be the Drill Officer due to his great performance rankings. Along the way he would be labled a Card Shark, a Problem Child, a WWF Official, a Cross Country Tour Guide, a Team Xerox Repairman, and a 2nd Class Garbageman. Over the next four years you would find him with LT Johnson, the other Malachi Brother, at Denny's for breakfast (to help him make it thru finals), with He-man and the Masters of the Universe, or the rest of the Problem Children. Now he is at Pensacola looking for his WINGS OF GOLD. Good luck, Jake, Your Friend Elwood. **JKP**

Gregg William Martin
Bennington, Vermont
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation
From enlisted submariner to Naval Aviator. The transition from enlisted man to officer gentleman will never be forgotten. Plebe year was an experience, to say the least, "Who are these people screaming in my face?" Maybe a trip to the Academy beforehand would have given me a clue! But there were good times to follow. Glee Club tours and Chapel Chior trips. Singing and performing was fun — but the time set aside for relaxation was great. People who got me thru, Donna Flynn, Debra Hill, Erika Hoffman, and Miss Kim Henley — those times in Hawaii! Road trips to Vt. Rooming with Fred Malek, Juan Rivera and Mark Damisch, Kevin Whearty, Bob Bello, and Schuyler Sweet. A very special spot in my heart for Ann Wolford and my cherrished Army friends. The Davis family — my home away from home. Company commander. Favorite saying, "The Academy — a nice place to be from but a terrible place to be at." I'll probably miss this place — Yea Right! **ME**

Kent Kelly Muilenburg
Titusville, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation
Astronaut HS produced "Wheels" Muilenburg, future Naval Aviator extraordinaire, but if the Navy knew about Kent's past, it might think twice. Though he may be "Winnie the Pooh" to the OOW, Kent's really the slowest man alive. Even Kent's foot odor can beat him to formation. Kent has been a real athelete here at Navy. He's well known for his downhill sliding, x-countries to Atlanta, and a 5.0 ratio in the St. Mary's Marathon. Kent's thoughtfulness is also well known. His Ring Dance date loved finding him inebriated, two hours late, with his pick-up and two less than articulate friends. And that's not mentioning the time Kent decided to scream for Ralph rather than say goodbye to Hank! We're hoping Kent will learn a new dialect in the language of love over in Germany to add to his Atlanta repertoire; however, for the sake of moral propriety, Bob, Kevin, and I feel justified in denying him the master bedroom. GO JETS! **TSS**

Jeffrey Kenneth Palmer
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Transplanted from the Caribbean to USNA, Jeff never had time to take his skates off. Plebe year breezed right by tossing him into you-can-score-24. Which he did! Jeff played hard for the company basketball and fieldball teams and played cards regularly to help boost his aero grades. Youngster year wasn't all fun and games, it was also relaxing at Brad's — and if you couldn't find a bed there, there was always a nice comfortable shower back at Mother B. 2nd class summer meant parties on 7-4 (while others did nav charts) and watching sunrises on LBI. A sunrise which dumped a girlfriend, soon to be fiancee, right into his lap. 2nd class year Jeff took his skates off long enough to ride the rocket, and not wanting to leave his aero buddies behind he switched to general just to stay with them. What a guy! As a firstie Jeff was rarely seen, unless you happened to be in DC. Look out P-Cola, here comes Jeffie. Flagpoles beware. **JFL**



Robert Alfred Pescatore
Ocean City, New Jersey
Economics
Marine Aviation

Plebe year — Featuring Snobula the big six man and Shock troops: Ralex, Porko Diablo, Treads, Phenad, Spikacon, Clancy the knife, Denise the menace and Goonybird. All members of the U.T.B. Boat Club. Don't turn jo back on me sucka! Youngster Year — Are you in this company? Snobula meets the Beendog and they open Bob's Burger Barn with Jeff when the Jolly Green Giant walks in and draws his mameluke. Snob wins letter. "Ok Navy, I don't think there's any flies on us so . . . " 2/c year — "there ain't no crabs on us!"; Meet the cornhead from Iowa, the Evil Juan and the Evil King. Pescy's not here, he's in Bangledesh. V4w/o wins IRA — beats cheeseheads with a seal 20!aahh! 1/c year — Bophorama '88 Scrawny saves Jokes. USMC Marathon — no train, much pain. Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay! enough! and play Ice Hockey. And if you don't like my lasagna, get the ladder out of my house! CC you're the tts! Vincent's the smart one, Johnny's the athlete, Bobby, well Bobby's just Bobby. **RAP**

Timothy William Reicher
Dubuque, Iowa
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

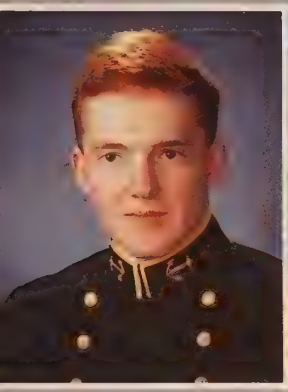
Tim, the corn boy from Iowa. Where exactly is Iowa? Tim started his life at USNA in Tight-2, Form-2. We think that has mentally scarred him for life. Then came 24, Hard-core 2-4. Some might go as far to say 24 was a little slacker than 2 — just a little. Youngster year he and Dana would argue over anything. But they did complete the Rummy 10,000 game — Tim won. Tim's a nice guy, but after awhile it became, "Dana, either quit moaning or die." Third class year came screetching to a halt when the getaway car (Hank, Kent, Tim) got pulled over for doing 90+ back from D.C. Nice try, but you were still late. Second class summer must have been hard, because Tim didn't come back. He ended up at Coast Guard and didn't realize it until Christmas. Nothing like getting a Ring Dance date on the night of. I'll never forget Tim's insistent voice in my right ear during march-ons. Good flying — Keep the faith. **JGB**

Juan P. Rivera
Los Lunas, New Mexico
Chemistry
Medical Corps

Juan came to us from the land of enchantment, and entered quickly into the realm of Narcopolis. Plebe year was tough for Juan, going from desert to Severn shore but he got by with a little help from his friends. Youngster year saw an increase in time spent in the rack and a purple heart for breaking his collarbone during a touch football game. He made the catch, and the TD! Second class year was a struggle; sometimes academics cut into his sleep (rarely). He also met Pesc, Bob, Snob, and Slob. MoaBean, The Evil King, Gorana, and Cornhead also became close friends. Finally, through many hours spent under the eagle blanket, Juan made it to first class year. Senior year he split up the room but kept the friendship. We wish him the best as he heads back home to become a doctor. You've got to love Navy Medicine, You Can't Sue 'em. **TOJ**

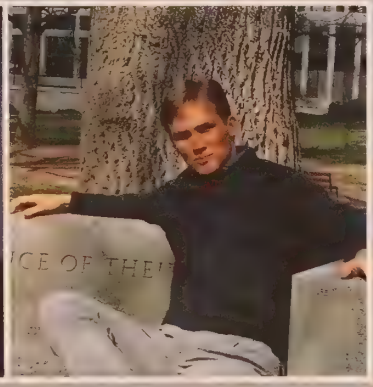
Jack Dene Salyers II
LaPlata, Maryland
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

After skating through plebe year in the Club, under the Houckster, Jack came to 24, a professional. This attitude was evidenced in his comearounds, but even more so in his spade playing. At first, we wondered about this guy who slept with his eyes half open. We did recognize, though, that Jack had a special touch with women. It was said, "I don't know whether Jack has had more girlfriends or covers." However, in some divine attempt at compensation, he was hated by the Academy laundry. Jack did manage to squeak in some academics despite distractors: 3/c cards, making tapes, Salena; 2/c Miami Vice, camping, home improvement weekends; 1/c canoe trips, skiing. Jack manages to maintain his optimism despite a lot of abuse from us, a few parking tickets, and anti-Semitic jokes. We wish Jack all the best, we also hope he will indeed build that dream house he has drawn and redrawn since we've known him. **DRV**



Paul Glenn Simpson
Independence, Kentucky
General Science
Surface Warfare

Juice wandered into USNA from the bulging metropolis of Independence, Kentucky. Plebe year forced him to drop many of his country ways but cityslickers like Harry eased the adjustment. A week of sun in Miami was followed by nearly being shot by the ravaged Bernie Goodman on the L.I. Railroad. Two years of living with Schuyler also had its moments. Who can forget (who can remember) the kamikaze party. There will always be shocking memories of Sky dancing on the desk and John doing nude push-ups. Juice redefined study hour. For every hour he spent in class he spent two hours in the rack thinking about it. All of the sleep was worth it as he set blazing records in the mile run. Weekends found Juice at the Sanders or the Comedy Cafe with the boys trying to endure all of the grief Joe could dish out. Juice spent his summers on the beach in San Diego chasing bikinis. I am sure the memories will last a lifetime.



Timothy Schuyler Sweet
Fredericksburg, Virginia
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Although Sky called Fredericksburg home, he is really a third generation Navy brat. Puddy began his Naval Academy career running cross-country, but by Christmas time he found his girlfriend running from him and himself running from big Al. Most of Sky's campus time was spent wrestling, bedtossing, exploring with the A.I., and relaxing on his memorial wardroom couch. Away from USNA Sky was constantly on the prowl. Once cage dances and bannister leaps failed to attract the ladies, Sky resorted to playing dirt man for Bob and Pete . I guess the quote that best describes his exploits is "I know she's fat — I know what I'm doing." After losing his cookies on a fishing trip, part of a tooth in Quantico, and all respect for his father, Sky naturally choose to fly with the best. Wherever Schuyler goes from here, he is sure to find good friends, good times, and the local Good Guys. GO JETS. **KKM**

Thomas William Temple
Newport Beach, California
English
Special Warfare

TOM-A-TO. I think we're out of gas. Stolen skateboard. Swiss Army dog. "That's tweaked." "Mulchers are fags." "I can't do just two." Get ready for more, like, two hundred. Welcome to Coronado. "Hence home, you idle creatures . . . " Themis Tomato Tomple led the yellow ball squad as El Capitan, and as NCAA All-American. Ruth leads Tom. "There was a time when there was nothing at all." "It was the night before Easter . . . " THE ONLY EASY DAY WAS YESTERDAY. Play some polo. Eat some pizza. Well, the pizza was good, anyway. Kicked off the team again. I warned you about the yogurt cup. Secret Mex. Maybe cars don't go here. Federales, oh boy. So it's a lie, Troopers don't float after all. Bobo. Wedge Whomping. Gerb Warfare. EAST COAST WATER POLO SUCKS. BLT w/ CHEESE. **BLC**

David Ray Valadez
Carlsbad, California
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Hailing from Southern California, our hero was dismayed to find that suntan lotion and a surfboard were not part of plebe issue. Coming east also forced Dave, an avid skier, to adjust to snow of a different sort. Dave's performance and appearance were of such professional magnitude that even officers were prompted to ask the question, "Are you a midshipman?" To this Hood girls would have to reply "No." A shower cap and a bottle of Cuervo Gold made ARMY 86 a wonderful thing. While the ride to Kevin's hit new heights in deception. The owner of the Bear Rug blankedted the halls his hearty laugh. Some of Dave's famous quotes include, "Hey little darlin'," "hi babe," "yo babe," and "yeah, that's what Kevin said." Dave's warm personality is such that he find himself standing on darkened streets waiting for absent friends. Well liked by everyone, is a real fun lover, and truly a good friend. Best of luck, **Chas, Joeman, and Kevin**

Andrew Dryden Wannamaker
Lawton, Michigan
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

From Induction Day, this quiet Beef Jerky and Slim Jim supplier from New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Raleigh, or wherever, was bound for success. Drew took on the Academy and its challenge only to be beaten by a hot dog. That ball park frank which met Drew at the Orioles game Plebe summer deserves some credit. Drew will never be satisfied with the bulletin boards at USNA because he knows he could do better. This plebe year expertise led him to Systems. However, this was not enough to keep him busy so Drew spent time sailing the seven seas, at least one anyway. We never heard of his port escapades but he sure did write enough letters. Drew was the outdoorsman; skiing in Vermont, canoeing close to dams, spinning 360's in Kentucky, and undressing in front of roommates' girlfriends on camping trips. It's a wonder that this outdoorsman chose the inside of a cigar for a career; temporary duty at least. **ADW**

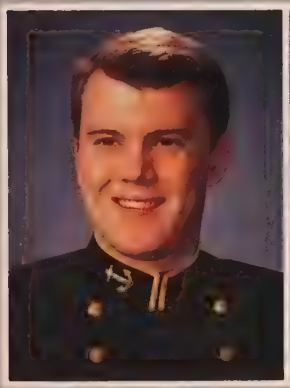
Kevin Joseph Whearty
Marlton, New Jersey
Economics
Naval Aviation

When Kevin's stair-jumping tactics failed to erase his "Big Mistake," he applied himself at high speed. The Fireball Express came to a screeching halt after Stanley Jordan, but he careened onward through Army '85. His junior year hobby was trimming ivy in Annapolis, but that vine soon withered. With all the finesse of a wrestler, Kevin charmed his Ring Dance date in his own special way. Yes, Sir Dahlgren II truly towered in exploits with the fair damsels, although he was "only trying to be nice." His attitude toward the fairer sex took a nose dive senior year, and he pulled out late in his last serious relationship. Proving frugal, he slimed more flight hours in VTNA than some '87 aviators in P-cola. Goon wages supported his weekend forays on VISA. Known as the walking stomach by some, Kevin has a bigger heart than anyone we know. We wish him the best of luck as a Navy pilot and in all his endeavors. **Chaz and Joe.**

Peter John Yannakakis
St. Louis, Missouri
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Wicker is no longer 1/2 price, roadtrips in Rex to Tom N's and the 21st, who knows which Range sister is next, relationships . . . X that, taking Kent for a horsie ride at the Roxy, picking up Hank's, Sky's, and my slack on the fishing boat, surviving exploding cars at Penn State, surviving Bubba the cab driver's DRIVE and light posts at Dave J's, boat tours at the city dock, the Daytona duds. Was it the food coloring or the beer (St. P's Day)? donating dollars to the needy at Good Guys, taking beer showers at Hank's party and what else? Is CAPT Midnite now CAPT 10:30? LATE NIGHT, the Fat Boys, Paint the mother pink, LT Evan's boy, I knew Pete Y . . . You mean President Yannakakis, Elvis Costello, What about Antigua? Johnny Rotten and Steph's mom in the morning, waking up, OUCH!, Thank God that the baseball and brewing mecca of St. Louis gave us Pete. Keep GIVIN' EM THE BUSINESS. **RJB**

25TH COMPANY

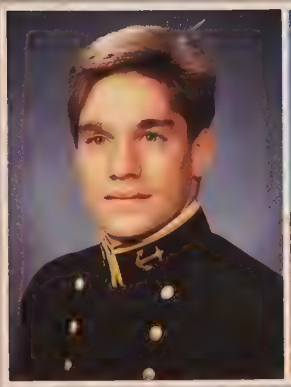


Mark Daniel Altobello
Rockville, Maryland
Oceanography
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Alto came to USNA from the North American Party School.The quintessential middle class suburban white kid spent three years in the Corps (D&B) beating and blowing until trading in his trumpet and boring movement orders for more free time. After considering NFO and surface for a while, he instead reverted back to his first love, subs, and proceeded to laugh all the way to the bank. With no behind, no neck, duck feet, and a receding hairline, Goose kept us all entertained, especially with his sense of humor and acerbic wit, realizing early on in life that there was no way he'd get chicks on looks alone. All kidding aside, whether we were studying EE, relaxing at Ocean City, chasing coeds in Georgetown, spending Easter at your house, or just picking on Curtis, we always had a good time. "That's not my friend — he's my roommate!" Some things are just understood between people. Run silent, run deep. Good luck in nuke school. **EPF**

Nicholas John Amatuccio
Massapequa Park, New York
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Uncle Tarantula came to the Naval Academy by way of Holy Trinity High. He thought he was tough, but he was really just another fat-butt Guinea from Long Island. "He who hesitates becomes part of the pavement" was his motto. But the Gunny put him in his place at NAPS when he told Tuch he looked like a damn soup sandwich. Even Beswick thought it was funny. Once he reached the Boat School, he became a true acadamian. It wasn't until he endured severe emotional pain when his girlfriend suffered from mid-life crisis, that he turned into a hit-the-Rhodes Scholar. After two semesters of advanced calc with Coach Meyerson, he returned for a third to student teach. The love of his life was really lax. Tuch would eat just about any living creature for Navy lacrosse. But Uncle T's most amazing feat was racking up traffic fines twice the value of his car. If by chance you're searching for the meaning of life, just read John 3:16. **JAC**



Kevin Scott Arnold
Scottsdale, Arizona
History
Naval Aviation

Kevin Arnold, the kid from the west. The party animal of Severna Park. Host of unforgetable parties at Mosa & Dick's and Clarke's with "David Lee" Morejon as leader. We spent harsh, sad, happy, and many tight hours together. We shall never forget road trips to Va. Tech, Atlantic City, and nearby bars in the "chevy." He was always quick to give help or advice to a friend. His middle name is patience. Many mids made it through USNA with his help in either swimming, navigation, or in just having him as a friend to talk to. We both learned that it just takes some time away for good friends to come back together. The world is waiting for a Navy pilot with his qualifications and personality. We will meet again when Paraguay invades Arizona. Good luck in flight school and life in general! Rico for the EZ-25 weekend gang. Hasta entonces! **TPV**

Curtis Duncan Avery
Portland Oregon
Computer Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Curtis, aka "Junior," had a vision of flying the F-16 for the zoomies. When that didn't work out, he chose to receive a $150,000 education "a nickel at a time" here at the Boat School and opted for NFO. Plebe year Curt and I became one of the few, the proud, the survivors of 33. You were always the "Beast's" favorite. Remember Army week? The ledge? The attempted murder? The torch under the door? Anyhow, I guess roommies are supposed to get the full treatment. Roommies also keep good secrets. Remember youngster cruise? The Club Macombo? The "dancer"? Well, forget it! How about a certain middy tied to the side of a certain boat tossing certain cookies? My lips are sealed. From the serene heights of 8-4, Curtis invaded the Killer Duck company to prove that screens are people too. "Junior" almost managed to pull it off. Before he knew it, 1/c year popped up and NFO popped out! Look out MUH REEN COE! Happy landings in Quantico!! **TSM**

Daniel K. Bacon, Jr.
San Diego, California
General Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Dan comes to 25.5 via San Diego. Back home he is well liked by his folks despite doing $2500 damage to the rug. Dan spent four years sailing for Navy and lead 25's WSC for which he got a 4K. In the wardroom, Bacon Potato logged days in front of ERC. From a sub family, the second-to-last nuke in our class will stand out at Orlando due mainly to his fashion and musical taste. Third class year Dan became a general, found time for swim practice, NCAA tourney (we're #1), and sought Jean-Peirre. Second class year he took on several personalities from Ireland, Aussie, and France. As Company ops, the Idea Man showed good judgement by setting up a party at the O-Club which the MAJ loved. The Daily Feed was better than reveille. Best of luck to The Fat Kid, a one of a kind who left his mark on USNA and if anyone should ask, its probably Dan's fault. **TAT**

Jeffrey Allen Cassidy
Buffalo, New York
Mathematics
Special Warfare

Since Toes entered the Academy, Lou, Navy swimming, and 25th Company haven't been, and will never be, the same. Insulted by trivial mathematics, Toes chose to excel in medicine, astronomy, the execution of exotic animals and now humans as a SEAL. His collateral duties included: Private Investigation (Toes P.I.), 25.5 miniature golf president, 6-1 barber and Whiteface Ski Director — at least until he lost his consciousness. The 6-1 side shaft has felt his wrath — windows, ceiling tiles, clocks, smoke detectors, nothing could escape the force of Dr. Destructo. Keeping relations between officers and their wives was his specialty, something Mrs. Tobin will never forget. Only the Toes knows why Pumpkin Head would want to hold it for him. Traffic was no problem for the Toe, and he would run anywhere to see the Dead. **NJA**

David Carl Chapates
Holden, Massachusetts
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

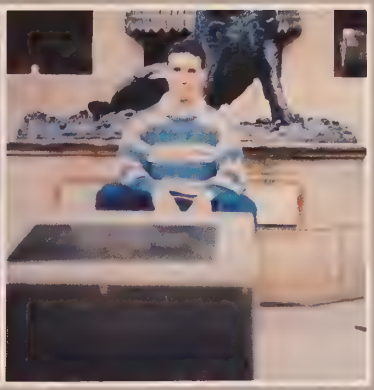
Coming from Woostah, Dave moved up the ranks to become a charter member of the 25.5 miniature golf club. The original stein excelled as the guru of the couch potatoes. His athleticism allowed him to dazzle everyone while he made his whitest of white moves while being glued to the basketball court. He was a stimulating conversationalist, but this was only when he was sleeping. Dave was a caring person, demonstrated by his sympathetic abdominal explosions. It was his caring which made him a true hole debutante. The birdman wanna-be epitomized professionalism while on his first class cruise by keeping up foreign relations and learning the true meaning of "down under" in Australia. Remember, it was 'never' us on the dance floor and eyes are never yellow by choice. See you in P-cola. **TJM**

Joseph Raymond Dundas
Millville, New Jersey
Mathamatics
Naval Aviation

Joe came to 25th Company from downstairs in 26th. As if taking orders at USNA wasn't enough, he was also engaged to the dish. After living through youngster year in that dictatorship, he took control of his life second class summer. Now he frequents the halls of Goucher college were he is known to the girls only as Shmo. Joe's life during June Week that year involved a late night sprint including hurdles where he ripped his trousers, and we just made it in time for taps. To his girlfriend's dismay, Joe loves his car and is known as the Friday night mechanic. He often makes comparisons between his car and girlfriend. Joe is a good pilot and a good friend and will make an excellent Naval officer. **SET**

David Michael Fravor
Toledo, Ohio
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Fravedog came to this fine institution from Todedo, home of Tony Packo's hotdogs, via the Corps and Naps. You would never have guessed he was prior by his aviator attitude and civilian haircut. Youngster year was spent at Brad's Pub, the scene of many outstanding parties and other social gatherings. As 2/c year began, Dave and Fish were on cruise as Dave reached new heights as an Irish ace and enjoyed a fabulous view atop Bancroft Hall. The weekends were meant for fun and we had plenty of them. There was the time at M-street when Dave went yuppie hunting and had to show his ID to prove his age. First class year Dave continued on his merry way as we killed time at Maggies, Fran O's and Riordans. Dave was found with a death grip on his ID and woke up in many a strange place, much to his surprise. Call it destiny or a great three years together, but through the good and bad, Dave and I survived. Thanks for everything. **SFM**



Ernest Paul Fuchs, Jr.
Downers Grove, Illinois
Economics
Surface Warfare

Paul came to USNA from Chicago. He saw Navy crew as his ticket to easy street and rowed plebe and youngster year. Crew turned out to be a ticket to an axboard so he gave up the 0500 runs, the ergs and the Annapolis spring breaks. With his love for math (What's an integral?????) he chose the single E major as everyone knows that econ types don't do math. As a second class, reality struck home, economists do math and play with computers, too!! Econ, EE, and steam sent little Paul to see the Dant's conference room. Given a reprive, he became a studying machine. Grades aside, Paul found time to get to G'town and the local establishments. He just left to make taps at 0100 (or was it 0200? ask Dan). Paul is off to sunny San Diego to haul marines as TOP SWO. Remember, Haze Gray and Underway, good luck. **MDA**

Kathleen Ann Kubiske
Ypsilanti, Michigan
Physical Science
General Unrestricted Line

After the Navy showered her with millions of dollars, Kathy decided that she didn't have anything better to do so she came to USNA to give the women's volleyball team many winning seasons. Celebrated throughout the northern hemisphere for her killer spike, she also did her time in varsity track, proving herself a true studette. Youngster year her heart was caught by the Incredibly Debonair Marine Machine, and it wasn't long before the two pledged to be Glueheads for life. Does he know that she has a habit of spilling macaroni down the sink? First class year Kathy lived in a permanent state of mental shutdown, awakening only once or twice to read a Harlequin romance or throw a softball around. Whitney my love. Laundry bag wars. Cold water didn't feel that good, but you'll get yours. Leisure suit Larry. Thanks for the fun, and good luck in sunny Pensacola! (Please throw out those rancid blue docksiders!) **MLM**

Mark Anthony Lamczyk
Jacksonville, North Carolina
Oceanography
Marine Aviation

Mark came to us via the party school in Newport, RI. A product of Tomcat 14, Mark (aka Lamb Chops, Joey Vegas, Chopper, and Joey) has got to be the most liked member of the company. He is an amiable person with whom all can relate. Despite Mark's success as a mid, particularly in athletics where he went to judo nationals, he did experience some bad luck. First there was the olfactory torture of living with the Fish. Next came the wrath of BATTLAX which resulted in knee surgery. And as with most of us, the academics of 2/c year did not vouchsafe trouble free grades. But Mark prevailed. He even received more than he bargained for; especially with the development of the Mark I mod O Espousal Unit. Of course Mark had to recant his affirmation of the "unsavory." But if there is ever a case where two people are made for each other, this is it. Go get 'em, Mark. **JRD**

Scott Fletcher Manning
Fairfax, Virginia
History
Surface Warfare

Fletch came to us from the huge city of Fairfax, Va. This was convenient for Scott because he took his laundry home to mom. Scott kept to himself until he met Brad of Brad's Bar and Grill. From then on he was out of control. We'll never forget Army 3/c year, fivehead, road trips to MWC or UVA, and Ken's flying log. Scott was a Navy wrestler which helped him when he went out. Remember M-street with Watts, Fish with "God and everyone," and your New Years Eve buffet in Daytona. Jimmy Buffet, Philly when you were me, Labor Day with ILBT, and skiing. Scott will never be a boxer or a blind driver, "I live at 3903 Bentwood Ct" — no Scott, registration, not residence. Remember fake snoring on weeknights, wrestling everywhere, putting mushrooms down the drain and other places. It's been an interesting three years that I'll never forget. To all the times we've had and the one's yet to come, thanks for everything, you've been a great friend. **DMF**

Michael John Marchildon
Mountain Iron, Minnesota
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

This is the beginning of a new day. God has given me this day to use as I will. I can waste it or use it for good. What I do today is important because I am exchanging a day of my life for it. When tomorrow comes, this day will be gone forever, leaving in its place something I have traded for it. I want it to be gain, not loss; good, not evil; success, not failure, in order that I shall not regret the price I paid for it. The future is just a whole string of nows. From plebe year in 17 to three years in 25, four company officers, systems to general (sooner or later), one 5000, three commandants, Lauderdale on cruise, EE with Chip (remember, Brad?!), Boston on cruise, all my Dad's letters, Mom's goodies, football seasons, thanks Mom, Dad, and Mark, getting read our rights, the .38 special and 357 (remember Greg!), NAPS, G-Town with Dan Bacon, GT Coupe, VTNA, 25 — we made it.

Thomas John Melnick
Scranton, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

How ya doin, babe? What's your sign? I'm a feces, my friends call me number two. Ah yes, smooth Mel always had a line. Tim's strength has been making friends. Could it be his shining personality? No, sweet cheeks is the true meaning of the word hole. Was it his skill at foreign relations? Could be, even fat Norwegians did him. It has to be his ability to find humor in the most disturbing situations, even while those around him are yakking. 25.5 charter member who didn't lose his privileges after moving upstairs. He was always willing to help out a down-and-out friend (?) with a shot of banaca. He was 'never' on the dance floor, but has been known to invent his own language at four-thirty in the morning. Do you think my eyes are yellow by choice?! **DCC**

Michelle Lynn Meria
Bremerton, Washington
English
General Unrestricted Line

Michelle, Mish, Mickey, Vomitrina, LBFM blew in from Washington ready to take on USNA with a quick wit and a librarian's wardrobe. On I-Day she got in the wrong line and missed the woman's issue varsity letter. Still, she was a world class athlete, setting a record for most hours spent in a pool drowning. Thankfully she finally learned to hold her breath. Punkinhead, Shaffe, and Killer were OK but the communication Gap sure was a problem. Too bad John made co-location a word to remember, California is a long way from Georgia. Detail almost ended in tragedy when Mish began broom brutality, but she taught a squatter to stand proud and saved her image. Dave made her miss the concert, but at least she used the restroom before the long walk to the gutter. I know that everything ahead will go Mish's way even if she doesn't knock that tube-a-day toothpaste habit. But who will wipe her mouth now? Raisin pride. I'll miss you! **EJS**

Toa'ale Suiava Mulitauaopele
San Francisco, California
English
Naval Aviation

The Wild Samoan. Wally. Toze. Pele. M-12. Toa'ale rowed a log boat from the islands all the way to Annapolis because black and white were his favorite fashion colors. Hey, it's not his fault that his name has 16 vowels in it! Second class year Toa'ale joined the Order of the Yellow Towel for participating in the Rumblefish Experience. Then it was the invasion of Joey, which brought with it wrestling matches at 2 a.m. He acquired quite a large fan club of local girls who baked him boxes and boxes of cookies every week; however, he soon tired of this lifestyle and decided to proclaim himself King of Siam so he could have a bonafide harem. He also gained the reputation of being dance king of USNA. Boondoggle. The Safari Club. The much-dreaded Mastercard bill. Thank you, drive thru! Maybe you'll finally get a real tan down in Pensacola. Say hi to Fasifa'i, and good luck in everything you do! **MLM**

Bradley Scott Mullen
Sparta, Michigan
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

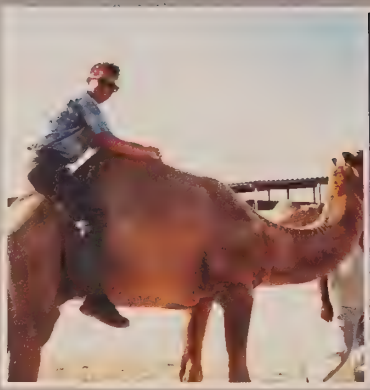
Sweating nothing, Mellow Mullen never believed in getting anything done early. Why waste time when you can pull it out in the end? By looking at the numerous pictures of the beautiful girls on his blotter, you would believe that he was related to Holmes (not Sherlock), but the girls know the truth. His darling has her hooks in him, so the rest of the female world will suffer. Drinking with Brad is quite an experience. When the twinkle comes to his eye, it is time for him to do his "Fred Flintstone Shuffle." To the casual observer, a buzzed Brad is as friendly as a Teddy Bear, but to those trying to put him in the rack, he is Brad the Wrestling Grizzly. On the batt. football field, Brad gave a new meaning to the word "kill." Those who have driven with him know that he will make a great pilot someday. Why did he choose comp. sci? Even he doesn't know. There is no truer friend than Brad, and he is someone who you can always trust. **GSW**

Elizabeth Jane Shaffer
London, Kentucky
English
Supply Corps

Bayuth. Shaffes. EJ. Beth came to us from ol' Kennntucky, bringing many tennis rackets and lots of etiquette tips. After spending two years as a musketeer, she decided to become a Broadway stahhhh. Second class year created the Tag Team, where charter members Mish, Kelly, and Beth raced to their racks during free periods to acquire record levels of sleep. During 1/c summer Beth became a member of the Jimmy Buffet Adventure Club by sailing the high seas to Bermuda (and succeeding in her lifetime quest for the St. Tropez Tan). Firstie year Beth became Dance Mama, but it was not until second semester that she finally accepted her alcoholism. The sneakers from Hell. The Baby Poop Shampoo. Black tennis shoes looked good with SDB's at Army. Dilemmas over Mel's fashion tastes. It's just not going to get done. It's okay, Shaffer, I don't care how you roll up the toothpaste. Thanks for all the good times, it was a great three years. I'll miss you. **MLM**

Russell Edward Sloop
Portland, Oregon
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Slop descended upon our hallowed halls from the northwest, and was soon disappointed to discover he couldn't major in squash or beer bong design. However, he soon acclimated himself to the Navy way of life, and in response to criticism from his upperclass concerning his lacking professional knowledge, held his own unique form of Naval Science 101 E.I. one late night in the foggy backwaters of the Severn. After restricting four months for his nocturnal sea trials, Slop let everyone know he was back in stride again, mixing science with pleasure as he tested the aerodynamic qualities of malt liquor and mexican cuisine. Slop did manage to letter twice during his Naval Academy career — four times in squash, once in conduct. If you ever went out with Slop, you were bound to have a good time, regardless of the 27 cents you likely would fork out on the way home for gas. As Slop embarks on his career as a reluctant SWO daddy, we wish him well. **KAW**

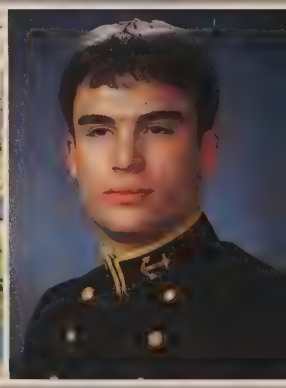


Thomas Andrew Tippett
Linthicum, Maryland
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Tom, a true Baltimorean and x-fighting Archer, was known to us as Grandpa. In bed by eleven, yardwork at Lynn's on weekends, lounging in his lazyboy while admiring his saw/wrench/EE sets, he was the most "domesticated" of the 6-1 family. He is recognized as the first custodian of the Sully memorial Xmas chimney and tree, and owner of Tipp's used car parking lot during any leave period. He worked hard as Co Cdr showing Rod the ropes 1st semester. His hardest job was HRC rep with his roommie being a walking violation; his easiest was parade judge. Got his picture in the paper for that, and even in SI during our plebe Army. Some would say he's part of the Brotherhood by gouge alone, but he couldn't have done it without his fiancee typing his papers. (And let's not forget her aerobic display that one night.) I'm sure we'll end up seeing Tom on TV someday, with his official AMA sticker, giving us the weather for the greater Dundalk area. **DKB**

Steven Eugene Trent
Seattle, Washington
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Steve came to the 25th Company from the hallowed hall of 7-3. He claims his days as a plebe in Serene Eighteen were a terror. As a youngster, he went back to high school but it wasn't to learn, and if that wasn't enough, he also had the midnight rides on the magic carpet. His grades soared and established the CQPR that would later absorb the abuse of Gotay and Rocket Reed. During 2/c summer, Steve was a co cdr and he lead Group Ten into history; they destroyed the myth that "they cannot fry us all." First class year brought responsibility and a ray of light. Steve was the sole remaining "true" engineer in the company. In co football, he was the interception king. In the Lamczyk Dome, he shot his way into the Nerf Hoops Championship. Steve marched through the year as a squad leader and a platoon cdr. Next, he heads for P-cola. Steve is a good classmate who never lets anyone down, and we hope to see him in the fleet. **MAL**



Gordon Scott Valentine
Rochester, New York
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Scotty hails from the state up north, from which he took the long route to get here. His experiences as a "prior" obviously didn't help, why else would he continue making the same mistakes with beer and women. Upon arriving in the "country club" floor of 25, Scott immediately fell prey to the drug dogs of CAPT H. This bust, however, wouldn't stop him from snorting the gouge upon which he thrived. Second class year arrived, with it increased liberty. A summer cruise where the showers are warm and the beaches are hot was highly recommended. As a firstie in the sub-commander billet, where else could we put him to keep him out of trouble? Downstairs for the last semester with wedding bells in the air and graduation in sight. Stay well and come back to the surface. **The Gang**

Tomas Pablino Vera
Asuncion, Paraguay
Physical Science
Foreign National

Rico Vera Vera. Pablo. Pancho. The Mad Paraguayan. A man of many names. Most know him as the exchange student. But to his good friends he has become much more. We will never forget the trips to Va. Tech, the nights with Morebo, or the plane that was shot down by the sidewinder missile. This old place will never be the same without the "Green Macheen" parked in the sixth wing parking lot with six tickets on the windshield. How will Gregory Jones ever survive without your business? You've been a good friend to all. The kind of guy who would come through for you when you really needed him. Have a good time driving the Rico Mobile back to Paraguay. Give your girl my love, she's already had enough of yours. And, don't forget you'll always be my favorite Mexican. Adios amigo. Think of me whenever you take a shot of tequila or shoot a beer. Rei, Morbo, and Kevin. **KSA**

Gregory Scott Williams
Fort Walton Beach, Florida
Physics
U.S. Air Force

Dirt never stuck to Greg, try as we may to find it. He was often found brushing off, though we don't know why. He should have been wiping down instead. Greg's perspiring paid off, though. It was a rarity for his name to be omitted from the Supt's list. But he was not without flaws. As the toll booth attendant will attest, he still seems to need training wheels on his bike. I suspect few will ever know of Greg's experience in SDB bozo as a firstie or his trip to Army-Navy sans shoes. But he has better things to do in Philly than go to the game. He found the Freehold police department quick to respond at all hours of the night. Greg was never so glad to be on the receiving end of a "grab" as he was in Bermuda youngster cruise. We always thought he had a nice "tukas." We'll never understand why Greg chose to be a zoomie. Maybe he just wanted to be a little closer to his twin sister Kim. But Greg will be successful whatever he does. **BSM**

Kirk Andrew Williams
Avondale, Maryland
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Jake Lamotta, the man who never met a chit he didn't like , came to USNA via NMI. The inverted oreo's first love was basketball. He put on many exhibitions for us in the gym and in the room where he perfected his nerf skills youngster year. A charter member of the 25.5 minigolf club, and manager of his own diner, we always knew where Jake was by his nasal sounds. He was almost as impressed with the people in medical, after blowing a tooth out his nose, as the people of Annapolis and other cities on the east coast were with the "Jake Grind." Despite being a member of the chronic halitosis club Jake never met a girl that didn't yell date rape or I love you by the second time. Jake's way with words and his love of school led him to a record breaking five majors in all three groups. Jake came here to be a pilot, hives, unfortunately, didn't drive him to drink, they drove him to the corps. Friends forever, and good luck in everything. **RES**

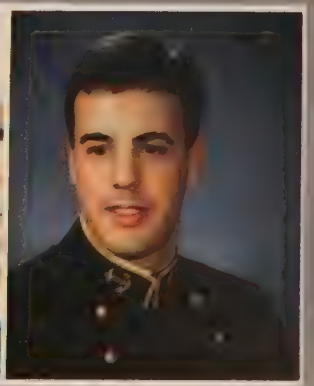
26TH COMPANY

Kevin Robert Barnett
Mt. Laurel, New Jersey
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Barney, also the nickname of his brother Brian, went home just about every weekend to his grand estate in south Jersey. His greatest claim to fame was owning a 1969 Mustang Mach I equipped with a 428CJ engine and a four-speed that was restored to original condition. He thanks his parents for all their support over the last four years. His favorite quote is from Al Paccino in Scarface where he says "You want to mess with me. Well then say hello to my little friend." **KRB**

Brian Edward Bell
Belmont, California
Oceanography
Marine Aviation

Brian came to us from sunny Belmont, CA via NAPS and 11th Co. Rumor has it that he became quite the SAT guru after round five, or did he? When he wasn't sleeping, playing polo, giving out gouge, or studying, he was whistling or shadow-boxing in the shaft. Pulling off miracles during finals and falling asleep on command are nothing for B.B. However, he missed his true calling when he passed up being a lumberjack in Washington state. While dedicating much of his time to polo, EI, and the god of 2.0, his social life faltered. Under the tutelage of the master S.D., he learned of the Red Eye and the R.J., eventually earning S.D. status himself. Having achieved this honor as well as avoiding the ever-threatened AC-BOARD, I'm sure that being a good Marine and a fine aviator will be a breeze for this LTM, known to us all as B. Bell. Semper Fi amd good luck in the Corps. **MLB**

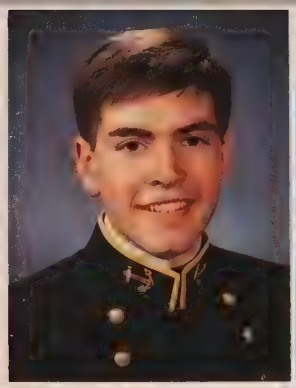


Theodore Albert Biggie III
Orchard Park, New York
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

Theo showed up in 26th Co. with a stereo and an inflatable airplane, which he used as bait to find roommates. Little did we know that Ted's escapades with the girls would lead to the addage of "all girls love Ted Biggie." With a name like Teddy, girls seemed obsessed with giving him cute little teddy bears. Sadly, many of these animals seemed self-destructive, even suicidal. Second class year held many changes for Ted: the jeep, the insta-date for Ring Dance, the Mr. Tact award at Brian's party, and learning not to go mudding on his birthday. First class year has been spent endlessly re-adjusting the jeep, road trips with Billy-Bob, and repeated visits to Maggies and Rudy's. Ted's future lies in Naval Aviation. Let's hope this trip to Pensecola turns out better than the first, when he learned what a handful of sand can do for attracting cops and buying a ticket into Salty Sam. FLY NAVY! **TET**

Michael Lee Bramble
San Demas, California
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

MLB SD (ret.) A man of the world, a geographical misfit, a teacher, roommate and friend. The modern warrior epitomized. His stay here was brief but his conquests were many. A man with a genuine respect for the dead, appreciative of a roommate who sleeps through anything — he will never be able to forget the HUT. A year at Louisville, his mind for math, his tongue for Spanish, his poly sci shovel, and a retired HP helped him make it through the five year plan. After three years with a chainsaw he learned the importance of a daily workout on the big blue trampoline. Life in the shaft, a good cheese, Riordan burgers, will be forever etched onto the bowels of his mind. Now as he continues on the road of life he will soon be green and in Quantico. His next stop could be anywhere, but whatever he does, he will do it well. Good luck in the Corps. SEMPER FI Your friend, B. Bell. We have a quorum . . . SLUM THE GOAT. **BEB**



Wayne Paul Brisson
Naragansett, Rhode Island
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Wayno came to the boat school from RI (you know — New England, Mass). An aspiring EE, after one quite miserable youngster semester (that's why he always had something nice to say about his roommate KB), the Dean and he agreed poli sci might be more suited for his weekend desires. With his first weekends, the boat on wheels and his black buddy would often be found on their way to Fredericksburg. Second class summer he grew professionally from Schaffers to Pensacola. During all this time only one could capture his heart. Second class year Wayne was taught where and when to jog, park his car, to hide in hatchbacks, and the quickest route to N Charles. After spending the summer "sailing," 1/c year brought added respite and a new GT. Wayne often studied in the library (Loyola), but always kept plausible deniability! A rough 21st (throwing up where), he sailed on. Your future's in the air. **DAC**

Alfred Anton Bunge
Miami, Florida
Economics & Political Science
Naval Aviation

Just barely a U.S. citizen, the former Nicaraguan aristocrat came to us via Miami, refuge for all Central Americans. Looking for opportunity and the American dream, he came to USNA for a FREE education, never realizing he would repay the debt a nickle at a time . . . After enjoying the best plebe year had to offer, Al became familiar with every awarding authority at Canoe U. Dedicated to quality leadership, he once lectured an upperclass while inebriated, resorting to the finest adjectives in the English language. CAPT K. loved to see Al's shining face, especially concerning the incident in Pensacola with DKF, his bodyguard. Despite his efforts to exceed the max demos, a townie, who threatened his bachelorhood, helped him put it in one sock. Al managed to make it to batt staff, where he slept through reveille on a regular basis. Only the shadow knows how he will fare in the cockpit. Buena suerte! **LMW & Los**

Steven Edward Cedrun
Los Angeles, California
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

After being banished from southern California, "X" decided to spend the next four years in exile at the Naval Academy. As a plebe, his first love was a uniformed female. (What did you call me?!) He chose naval architecture as his major, but the mechanical engineering department coaxed him into general engineering. In appreciation of his frequent business, Margarita Maggies has decided to display his graduation portrait in their lady's room. Service selection left Steve rolling in the mud. Although he's excited about the Marine Corps, they probably won't give him a medal for playing cards. To all the good times: fieldball, the Booiemonger, Tierns and the box of doughnuts, Panama City, Thailand, Hong Kong (I don't feel good), and Rotten Ralph's (thanks T.A.). Steve will make a fine officer of Marines, and I'm sure he'll make loads of money. **DGC**

Dominick Anthony Cipolla
Massapequa, New York
Economics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

For Dom (aka Cipper, Wop, Hosey, LD) choosing USNA was as easy as saying car loan. Thus receiving his call to duty, Dom left mom's Italian cuisine back on Long Island to become an engineer. After a brief bout with aero he soon decided that a degree in economics would enhance his draft status a few years down the road (are you listening IBM). Dom worked hard at his grades, often taking to the academic buildings at late hours. (Though some say it wasn't to improve his CQPR.) Dom soon pulled himself out of this quagmire and concentrated on attracting women — like at Army 2/C year. First class year brought Dom three stripes and a new reg haircut — well, almost. Reveille, drill, reg pe gear — it was all his idea. Thanks for everything, Hosey. Don't stay under too long. **WPB**

David Gerard Cleary
Bismarck, North Dakota
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Dave came to us from Bismarck, North Dakota. Having chosen the Naval Academy over a promising career as a model for GQ, Dave opted to challenge his mind instead of his body for a change and picked double 'E' for a major. He's been successful in his major — although the Shark and Killer Keith may tend not to agree. Dave will always be remembered for his Friday nights at Frannie O's and cruisin' around the circuit in the Dartaroo. Dave made lasting impressions on everyone he met — like the Segovias in Hawaii. What kind of dinner? Dogger is going to the fleet as an NFO but he leaves behind a legacy of all day/night honor boards and a string of broken hearts at Disco Dahlgren. Remember 'gaters, restriction, the under-the-rack raceway, morality talks at Pete's and trips to Florida. We leave Dave confident that he will be a great NFO. If not, we know he'll make a great used car salesman. **SEC & WPB**

Joseph Fischer III
Cranbury, New Jersey
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Joe came to us from the thriving metropolis of Cranbury, New Jersey. He spent plebe year following the blue line in Lejeune Hall on the varsity swim team. After earning his letter, he felt the irrepressible urge to move on to more worldly things. Basketball and a certain 'young' lady in Roanoke filled his time. CBCCCC's. Big Joe spent first class year in Baltimore (same girl) or playing golf during one of his five youngsters. An expert at avoiding the books, Joe studied past 12 PM only twice in four years. How 'bout a game of cribbage, shoot some pool, or throw some darts? I REALLY don't feel like studying tonight. Did I ever tell you about the time when I was at Peddie and . . . hey, what do you know, it's 11 PM — LIGHTS OUT! Do you ever see the taps taker? I don't. Wow, was there a fire alarm last night? C'mon, we gotta rally! Well, now it's on to Pensacola. Good luck, Joe. We're history! **AMG**

Carlos Rafael Flores
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

"Los" was delivered to us from the beaches of San Juan. He started his SWO career as a charter member of "the greyhounds of the Severn." A member of the infamous "last rank" in drill, he demonstrated consistent professionalism by being 26th Company's anchor man. Unlike many, he had no problem adapting to King Hall cuisine. "Chos" was dedicated to improving his prowess; he logged more miles than the cross country team. The epitome of a physical scientist, Carlos perfected the art of 2.0 and go. Who knows what destiny holds for our beloved friend, but we're confident he will continue to charm his way into the hearts of all who get to know him. Adios, Los! **AB & LW**

Alan Morgan Greenwood
Arlington, Virgina
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Following in the footsteps of his father and two older brothers, Big Al entered the Corps. Al collected three stars and a few records while spending four years in the pool. It all payed off when he received his three stripes. The 5 AM death march. SWIM. Eat. Sleep. Eat. SWIM. Eat. Study? No! 11 PM — lights OUT! Why are you making so much noise? Phew. Rodent. There's only 49 states. "God, I wish my date were here." Hubs. OK — umm — got it — "25." Blue Bug gets one and a half kills. Dude! BB's hot tub party. A few extra formations in Smoke Hall plebe year. Yea Dan, come on, it's great here. The Greenwood legacy continues. Ewok, do you come here often? Daddy-O. Which way to Austria? Grass doesn't grow on playgrounds. Navy colors — hey, the bottom is rocky. Finals — anybody have a good book? It has been a great three years, Al, if only you could have pulled your weight during room formals. Good luck in the Corps. We're history! **JF**

Mark Bennett Guevarra
Winter Springs, Florida
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

When Markus entered the 26th Company, he quickly founded the Abyss. The sign went up, the plane came down, but the flags always remained. But after three long years of systems, he's still just a fledgling engineer. Still, we all have to admit he is the nerf hoop champion of the world, even if it did take four days of restriction to change his playing habits. After four semesters of living with the Pigdog and Theodore, someone felt Markus would know something about "Prescribed Standards of Cleanliness," and they made him the brigade 1st Lieutenant. Perhaps Mark's greatest claim to fame has been his leadership in intramurals. Hoops and fieldball were his thing, and BSTS was always a contender. So Markus, after good times, bad times, and a lot of VAX time, your friendship and good humor have been treasured by all of us. THE GUYS **JCS**

James Lawrence Johnson
Goose Creek, South Carolina
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Nothing cheers you up like Goose. Despite 'thermodynamic tribulations,' abuse from the bloody Brit, and all night wind tunnel labs (even now he's trying to pass off one as some colossal research project), he's always good to be around. With Goose you have dead week fun (poor, kite traumitized kid), inbred musical appreciation, and an uncanny sense of timing (which only applied to his Salty Sam submissions, not his juggling instructions). Proving that the masochist streak in aero majors is not just mental, but physical as well, Goose joined batt crew. Then with the wind at his back (and the threat of another drill season before him) Goose returned to the sailing team. Now if he could just find a simple solution to the Vixen (how a sweet girl got such a name, I'll never know). Well, you'll make a great pilot (or whatever, just as I told you), and remember, if in trouble, just pop the canopy and fly faster. **EAL**

John Joseph Keeling
Pascoag, Rhode Island
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

At first JJ was a nice innocent kid with a normal haircut, but then the scheming and conniving began. Keels always had the coif of justice. The memorable trip back from Gtown 3/c year in Dean's RX7 which only left a few minor scars. That last trip home to R.I. in the green machine with Smitty and Snydes. Thanks for all the adventures when you took me home over spring break and then during the summer when you had to miss NAPS detail. The rocket trips back from Gtown in 30 minutes in crash positions. Who will ever forget the girlfriend Keels shared 2/c summer and the infamous 21st Bday party which Snydes missed. OOPS! The awesome tailgaters, camping, parties at the Parkers, Army-Navy, the 26th Company hotel, late night sub parties, countless women, much beer, road trips, LP charter member, ML, breaking regs, the JJ strut, HMWH, lake baths, parking and speeding tickets, thang medicine, and all the unprintable stuff. **CBS**

Eric Armstrong Laing
Brookfield, Wisconsin
Chemistry
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Clubber became an inspiration to us all by giving up a brief but bold career in aviation and selling his soul to subs after realizing that if he selected NFO, he may have taken a billet away from Bob. Clubber has amazed us quite often by displaying remarkable talents in: taming Herman the ferocious jungle beast, heroically halting runaway Broncos with his own Cavalier, mastering the harmonica after only two months, putting certain female chem advisors in their place, bringing a new sadistic meaning to Calvin & Hobbes (and Garfield), sustaining the USNA dairy farm for four years, and last but not least, his leg was maimed on the way to the brigade soccer champs, but he ran the USMC marathon anyway. If nothing else, his sister's charm was a blessing to us all. Good luck in escaping the top 100 (you probably couldn't do it if you tried). Fair winds and following seas on your Mississippi death voyage! **JLJ & RAS**

James Richard Maguire
Fremont, California
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Jim came to USNA a naive swimmer from California who obviously had chlorine on the brain, since he decided to stay. His swimming career didn't last long after plebe year, because he discovered he couldn't do math to save his life. As an easyography major he found plenty of excuses to get back in the water, even though he used scuba gear most of the time. Third class and second class years were highlighted by trips to Europe in the summer and tending bar in Irish pubs (his favorite place to be, by the way). Also included were binges on the dock, and other wild parties (that I heard about and occasionally got to go to), Nashua nights and Pig Out at UNH. With 1/c year came an '87 Mustang, but he didn't like it so he got an '88 instead (?!). I also discovered that he was on a first-name basis with practically every bartender in downtown Annapolis, which is not surprising. Thanks for sticking by me — you're the best! See you at Christmas . . . **WEF**

Matthew McKiernan, Jr.
Southold, New York
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Eager to put Long Island behind him, Matt headed to NAPS with great enthusiasm. With a single room and a fresh bar of soap in hand, Matt took Newport by storm. One brick wall and a smashed mug later, NAPS was over. The Academy proved no match for Matt. To occupy his time, he looked toward the night life of Annapolis for help. He divided his time equally among the various drinking establishments. Unfortunately, no smiling could be found in Fran O'Brien's. Most conversations with Matt eventually turned towards geometry. After all, his major was math. Matt, you made me a believer that there is truly something magical about triangles and yes, even the box they came in. Always remember the nights out with the Captain, the Elks Lodge, Helen of Troy, L and J sandwiches, and Frank Martinez. The first drink's on you at McCracken's. After all, it is your round. Prove your friendship . . . You can get that. **ZEN**

Marshall Geary Millett
Reno, Nevada
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Marsh came to us from the brightly lit strips of Reno. Once in 26, he was instantly dubbed "Grandpa" (he was the oldest of us by far). With a couple of years of college under his belt before his arrival, Marsh always had USNA in the palm of his hand. He wizzed through engineering classes, and was the source of wisdom and gouge for many an aspiring (or struggling) engineer. Marsh was so quick, that he went VGEP. With that, off he went to Maryland, "a real college." It was here that this poor soul was lost to us in the form of a cute grad student who captured the purest of hearts. First class year was highlighted by our company officer officially dubbing Marsh "The Grazer," after he ate him out of house and home. He also gained popularity with the "needy" in the company, when he set up an unofficial dating service. When not expounding on the virtues of a tax-free Nevada, Marsh is one of the best. Good Luck! **JRM**

Dean Herbert Orvis
Butte, Montana
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps.

DeanO came to us from the snow capped mountains of the Continental Divide. Though he had his share of ups and downs at USNA, the weekly chow package from mom helped him, and his roommates, keep pace. From plebe stars, Dean went on to bigger and better things. First there was the clash with the Rocket in thermo, which led to an encounter with the Axe. (It was nice to know that he was not the superman he seemed.) There was also fun, like taking showers in scuba gear, complaining that oceanographers are always in the rack, and the 'ole Orvis glare. Firstclass year found Dean a power starved three striper (best choice the CDR ever made), 30 jumps, his girl, happy in General, and once again listed by the Supe. Dean, my friend, the time has flown. Thanks for sharing four years with us, we're outta here!!! P.S. God save the Corps from people who like to jump out of perfectly good aircraft, and keep an eye on Mo for us. **JRM**

Kevin Joseph Ross
Atlanta, Georgia
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly, who errs and comes short again and again, who knows great enthusiasm, great devotions, the triumphs of high achievement; and who, at the worse, if he fails, at least fails by daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

John Thomas Santosalvo
Scotch Plains, New Jersey
General Engineering
Supply Corps

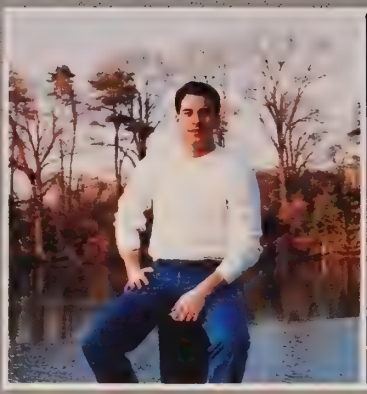
S-A-N-T-O-S-A-L-V-O preped a year at the infamous Coddington Point Community College (NAPS), before granting the Academy his presence in the summer of '84. J.T. spent much of plebe summer watching the olympics and keeping tabs on the nurses at Bethesda. After celebrating the S.C. victory with Phillips in Baltimore, John became aquainted with a certain blond's older brother. Freedom meant good times at Bradshaw's Bar and Grill, Boxing lessons to certain members of '85, and social skills with Tierns. Always having an affection for automobiles, John ammassed $900 in moving violations in Daytona and was then TKO'd. Second class year meant a smile, and 1st class year was famous for the weekend at LBI and the tube at Nardi's. Overall John was a friend and a person that could always be counted on. All of us have faith John will find the happiness he deserves and have confidence that he will find success at whatever he does. **JFT**

James Carl Sarfert
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Bucknell had no rules. A year without beer, music and girls? Thanks for keeping me sane and out of trouble, DWE. You're a great friend, but you really can't sing! Youngster year brought BIG STIX and frequent roadtrips with the Cipper. Second class year systems kicked in and I found myself in "the Abyss" more and more each day, though I almost blew it all with a DDO while vying for the Nerf Championship of the world. Also, '90 and their development became my favorite pastime (at least Mon./Fri.) The ring dance is perhaps my finest memory, with good friends, good booze, and an awesome date. Firstie year they kicked me upstairs. Being the EMI batt cdr brought me in contact with "the lord of Darkness," NAFS, and a well earned six pack. My last semester was back with my old roomie, James. I really didn't mind your all niters. Markus, Pig, Theo, J.J., Blob, Clubber, Barney, Wayno, Deano, Mo, et al . . . you're the greatest. **JCS**

Thomas Peter Smith, Jr.
Long Valley, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Smitty was a bright student who was willing to share his worldly knowledge with all. Test time would come and so would many others to seek him. His door was always open and some say he worked hard enough to earn two degrees. At the start of youngster year Smitty wasn't appreciated enough. As time went by he became one of "the boys" and his social activities blossomed. He joined in many clubs such as the LP Club and B.S. Club which changed Smitty's way of life. On spring break in Ft. Laud. Smitty did it all. He went with a garbage can, port-a-john and ruined the shocks on Snyde's car. He came back and turned professional. He and his squad leader stayed up many nights discussing squad policy and playing chess. Remember Fish's party, Michigan and weekend getaways in D.C. Best Wishes to my favorite roommate. *** FF *** **TPY**



Christopher Bradford Snyder
Birmingham, Alabama
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Chris (a.k.a. Snydes) came all the way from Indi-hio-Cara-bama. Snydes' easy-going demeanor became apparent when he came to the 26th Company. Never one to give up sleep for study, he sometimes awoke with the word Sybil etched upon his brain. Most cherished, however, became the weekends of justice which brought out the real Snydes, the charmer (Chuck Brown), Parker's Beer-fests, 30 min. G-town/Annap. crash positions, Nellie (RIP) Florida, T-Court decorating, Navy game, L.P. club, ride share program,HMWH club (high sign), Syracuse P.D., TPS tutor program, hot tub ring ding, Notre Dame, camping . . . and countless others. These vast adventures coupled with Snyder knowledge made him the BEST dressed, looking, golfer, and academician. Snydes seemed to have a thing for the name 'Beth'. Some would torture the poor lad about one who would snatch him from bachelorhood. The time has flown. *** FF *** **JJK**

Robert Allen Staten
Bartlesville, Oklahoma
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

From where else but the great dustbowl of Oklahoma should one of Navy's finest swimmers come? Developed by Ronco, "Bronco Bob" (knees not included) he out-swam everyone, as long as he avoided the bottom of the pool. With practices that had him up before dawn and gone till dusk, at times he seemed to be more of an occassional occupant than a roommate. The man that begged for responsibility now finds himself drowning in paperwork as CAO. It's only fair though, since he's avoided processing of all types of paperwork up until now (dueces, parking tickets, etc.). You'll have a tough time finding a cross between KI and AB. Of course, who could actually settle down with anyone who owns Madonna discs and drives a Pontiac as if it were a real car. But why would you drive a real car as long as you're not in a real major? No matter how you spell it, Bob is Bob, which is why we call him Merv. Happy trails, Dudefish. **EAL**

Anthony L. Thome
Ontario, California
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Tony came to the Academy from the inland empire of Ontario, in sunny southern California. After a brief stint at NAPS, he arrived ready to make his mark. Quickly tagged as a laid back California-type, he lived up to this reputation his entire time here. Whenever trouble seemed inevitable, he always dealt with it easily. Political science appealed to Tony from the start, and so did the grades associated with it. After plebe and half of youngster year, he hung up his judo ghi to pursue other interests, such as partying and . . . Weekends always found Tony in a different place, and usually with a different girl. He was always a firm believer in playing the field in his love life. Believe me, anybody who knows him can attest to this. But what a heck of a field!! Good luck "Stony," the Surface Warfare community could not have asked for a better guy. **TJV**

Thomas Edward Turner
Hollis, Maine
Electrical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Arriving from backwoods Maine, Thomas thrust his illustrious presence into the 26th Company Abyss. Known for his eccentric film selections, the Pigdog quickly earned the reputation of company odor-producer by going years without changing his sheets, costing his roommates many paychecks for Lysol. He soon exercised his outstanding intelligence in Electrical Engineering, giving himself the dubious name of STUPID. Never one to say he was sorry, Pigdog nevertheless made many close friends. After years of fourth wing "high and stupids," he assumed the looks and demeanor of a typical Marine Corps grunt. So into the Corps he goes, bringing along his aggressive leadership style and plenty of OOH-RAH! to boot. Best of luck and Semper Fi — The Abyss Dwellers. **TAB**

Dean Francis Valentine
Spring Lake, North Carolina
Economics
Surface Warfare

Deano entered 26 in a fury, serving real restriction all fall 3/c year. The prison life brought out the true side of Dean early for which we presented him with "the handle." Then he thought he was Mario coming back from G-town one fateful night and sent his RX7 to the graveyard as well as Keels out the back window. Spring Break was a climax as the boys left him in Ft. Lauderdale because we couldn't find him. Soon Dean started dating his favorite midette for which he took much abuse. Dean became Mr. Stock Market as everyone soon came to him for advise. Valentine was the company rugby star, but also became known for his highly competitive intramural games. It did not take long to transform Dean's study habits from late nights to early evenings as he learned to appreciate the rack. Highlights: Syracuse movement order, parties at the Parkers, Rugby queens, wanna-be girlfriends, and all the magazines that go with new trends. **CBS**

Thomas James Victory
Aptos, California.
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Starting as a swimmer, Vic switched to rugby, then dedicated himself to pumping 'em out and skiing. Aminos and raw tuna are said to be the secrets of his success. The influence of Archie, a.k.a. Chuck, must be noted 'cause where would Vic be without him? The Californian epitomized . . . on the cutting edge of fashion and a future coverboy for "GQ" and "Muscle and Fitness" . . . Cruising in the car-o-justice, top down, progressive tuneage, wayfarers on. Definitely a babe magnet. Some likened his brain to a rollodex of creative stories for every occasion to swoon the ladies of the 80's and 90's . . . Story #453? Although he'll never forget his roommies of the past . . . Salad Bowl, Joe, and Cedbulon, he'll take memories of chasing skirts with Stony to his grave. Although not quite a hoops star, Vic excelled at rebounding for friends, ie. EG, BB, DV. Whether in the air or on the ground, it'll always be "pedal to the metal." **ALT**

Lester Marion Wolf
Baltimore, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Aviation

Mo was thrust upon us from the mean streets of Bawl'mar. After an intense plebe summer with the gang from 29, he proved his mettle by successfully bagging out of numerous physical trials. He appropriately earned the title of "Chitman." These deficiencies were offset by his incredible rackabilities. Able to snore while awake and sleep while AC/DC echoed in his skull, he was a firm believer that racking twelve hours a day graduated you in two years. His proficiency continued to shine in PT, where he was quoted as saying: "I'm just a little slower than everybody else." I wish him the best in TBS. I know he will be able to apply his art of study by osmosis. I enjoyed sharing "the diner" with you, Wolfie. **AAB**

Timothy Patrick Yanucil
Hamilton Square, New Jersey
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Tim galloped into 26 with the speed and looks of a thoroughbred. Never one to let his uniform get in the way, Yani impressed us with his quick wit and creaky bones. After a semester in the bilingual room, he moved in with someone who'd clean up after him and remind him of what class to go to next. Yep, that was Yupp asleep in his reefer, jousting on 4-1 and presiding as the Yani-Cudo over "thy Thang Masher." Thirty minutes from Georgetown in crash position, beerfests at the Parkers, "Here's to brother Yani," catching bad acne in Florida, CWS and HMWH clubs (high sign). A year of weekending in Baltimore and giving out train tickets one night, then the blind date that changed his life. The Navy will never be the same . . . fair winds my friend. *** FF *** **TPS**

27TH COMPANY

Gregory Lee Acton
West Frankfurt, Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

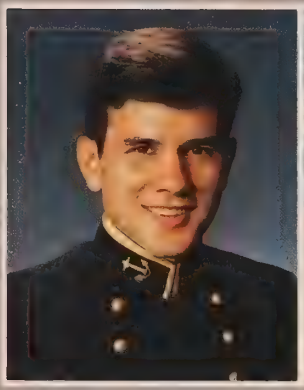
Greg, the Groundhog and a Rocket survivor, was a morning person. He loved to feel the morning sun on his face after a late night with the Mech E. warriors — but only after a couple pots of coffee. Actually, he was a pretty cheery guy. One can imagine how happy he was when after returning from 3/C cruise, a great time with the BTs and MMs, he learned that he had to room with Mr. Happy aka "the Captain." Greg was a member of the 150 pound football team for four years. The Fireplug earned honors at the position of defensive back. He was also quite a wrestler and fieldball player. Just ask his roommie — "snap." Greg put the pedal to the metal frequently, especially Ring Dance weekend in the Nova. There is nothing like taking sharp corners at high velocities, huh? Greg was also a fitness buff — he loved to lift — especially 12 ounces. Good luck down at nuke school and in the future. Keep smiling. **JLL, BAB, JDZ**

Brad Allen Bookwalter
Reed City, Michigan
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Bradley came to the Naval Academy from the metropolis of Reed City, Michigan. His upperclass were quickly impressed by this motivated lad, who they named "CAPT Happy." Brad took up boxing plebe year, which led to a fine career that included two brigade and an eastern championship (good luck in nationals). Brad took a hit in grades plebe year, so in search for higher academics Brad's liberty policy became basically USNA. While the brigade oohed over the Notre Dame cheerleaders, Brad aahed over "Motors and Rotors." He lost his girl youngster year to a man from the orient named L.D.D. So Bradley began a new quest for the opposite gender, which eventually led to an interesting encounter with a dumpster in Georgetown. There was only one service for Brad. He will make an extremely fine Marine. Brad was a great roommate and a friend who could always be counted on. Take care of yourself, Bradley. **JDZ, JLL, LWS, MMW, GLA**

Alan Donald Czeszynski
Brookfield, Wisconsin
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

"Alan baby, why so jaded?" If there is one word to describe Alan's NAV experience it would be sacrifice. Four spring breaks and countless hours were absorbed by the "bowt-house," while the call of MIDGRADE*** sentenced him to four years at his desk, with his nose glued to a book and his right hand strapped to his HP. Not to say he did not have any fun; intermitant success during his never-ending quest for "balle mousse" kept him sane. Service selection did not escape his systematic and thorough approach to every aspect of life as he agonized over six career paths only to decide on graduate school. We wish you luck in finding a roommate compatable with your repugnance of light and sound after 2359. Alan, you have been a great roommate — for an oarsman — and a true friend. **RHF & TCG**



Jerry Allen Dickerson
Fresno, California
Mathematices
Nuclear Power — Surface

Hey, Mr. Double-Standard Man. Here's to your memories at USNA. You proved yourself time and again as the "Master" of the gas game. You were also referred to as the "ultimate" man. You designed your own wreck-a-car club, and Zip joined happily. Remember the time spent rooming with Mr. Reinard — silence is golden. "Rice" nights were plentiful, thanks to your mom. The dark ages brought Snowshoe — the more you got up, the more you got down. What study hour? Twenty-two hundred, time to hit the books. Dude!!! Remember cloves? What about "dip-head" singing to his "wife." And you singing to yours by cassette? Fifteen to twenty-nine, it did not matter. DJ "JD" — the progressive scene was where you were at. Nuc bonuses were made for stereos! Keep on California dreaming, she is waiting for you there. Is USNA all bad? Remember Jerry, warts are beautiful! **JPH**

Matthew Joseph Felt
Poland, Ohio
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Matt, hailing from the motherland of Poland, Ohio came to the Naval Academy with a litle more experience under his belt than the rest of us. Not all of us "boots" could measure up to his standards, but he did his best to indoctrinate us. Matt "switched" majors and was totally captured by the field of Aeronautical Physical Science. Although academics were a must for BamBam, he still found time for a healthy social life. That agile big man always said he was young, single, and loved to mingle, and no doubts lie here. Matt's fondest memories of USNA will undoubtedly involve football. Our All-American had quite a year, didn't he? He will always be remembered as #53 on the roster, but #1 in our hearts. Good bunk. Nice juke. **APM & TFP**

Thomas Christopher Gomez
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

T.C. is a Navy brat from VA Beach who comes to USNA via NAPS and the five-year plan. A four-year varsity sailor, he went math because he was a glutton for punishment, but one visit to the long green table youngster year inspired him to expand his horizons and join team xerox. Tom's reg-flexing coiffure was notorious since he never returned from leave with a reg haircut (well, maybe once). He had a lot of fun in P-cola, as many people witnessed, but being point man when it was "blowin' stink" was numero uno until he met the fair lady (yes Tom, I said it was a nice ring). Frequent road trips to Nashua, NH dominated his scheduling plans firstie year. I still can't believe we've been roommates for three years; maybe that's why we both picked the same ship. The surface navy will be getting a great officer. See you in the fleet. **SHEIK**

Michael Patrick Hodges
Clover, South Carolina
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Sheik, an heir to a multi-million dollar corporation, has been unable to shake his southern slow mannerisms in his four years at TFP, but that's okay. After spending two years in the "Corps," Mike left the ranks of the blowers in a successful attempt to survive as a comp sci. A computer geek from way back, Mike could always be counted on to lend a hand if you could pull him away from that green screen. After experiencing second class summer together I've come to the conclusion that your father was right — the Marines are not ready for you . . . yet. The Surface Navy is getting a fine officer, though and I look forward to serving with you in the fleet. Thanks for all the moral support that ROUGH youngster year. You've been a great roommate from day one. See you in Charleston. **TCG**

David John Hoff
Clinton, Iowa
Mathematics
U.S. Air Force

David came to us from the heartland of the midweast, Clinton, Iowa. Although this area is not really close to open water, David had a natural attraction to the Navy and took a round-about path in achieving his goal of coming to the Naval Academy; that being working his way up through the enlisted ranks and attending NAPS in Newport before coming here. Dave greeted plebe year energetically and made the most of his previous experience. He was one of the few that ever completed the dreaded signiture list of the entire company and also mastered the fine art of reciting every basic rate before starting professional review with the "Tank." Although academics were never his forte, David worked on his strengths after plebe year and was head photographer of the *Lucky Bag* junior year, and the astronomy club president. Finally, new interests led Dave to change course again for the U.S. Air Force. **MPL**

James Edwin Horten
DuBois, Pennsylvania
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

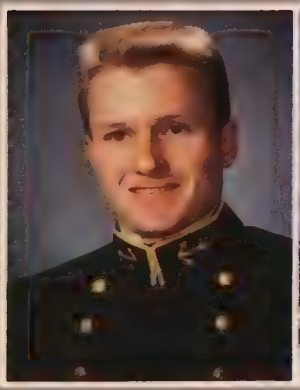
Jim came to the Naval Academy from DuBois, PA, (yes, its a real place) to offer his many talents to the Navy. Since plebe year Jim has been interested in subs, which is reflected in his major. He has excelled academically (except for spelling) while involved in other activities such as the Dolphin Club, Tau Beta Pi, and Drum & Bugle Corps. While the D&B requires many long weekends and nights practicing, they repaid Jim with many trips over four years that have been unforgetable. During the winter months Jim played fieldball, where his record for four years is 3-31-0. He had a perfect record until first class year when the team accidentally won a game (the first game Jim wasn't goalie). My memories of Jim will be late night bull sessions, D&B trips (especially the road trips), skiing (for the first time), and Trans Ams. I know Jim will have a very successful career, and I wish him luck in all he does. **MJM**

Jerry Paul Hupp
Wooster, Ohio
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Mr. Pep came to us from that wasteland that lies between here and sunny Ca., known to some as the midwest. Having four years as a Navy enlisted ATC, Jer has desperately battled off the rigors of middle age as the second oldest member of the brigade. Jerry found his niche in his four years as cheerleader, the last as squad captain, and worked his way up to being its most spirited member. How 'bout those unforgettable moments this year: Displaying Heidi's lack of immunity to the principles of gravity, and lessons to the fourth class in "Judo to Combat Mob Mentality" — "GO NAVY!" Second semester brought more stripes, more privileges and more responsibility, but he artfully delegated the latter down his chain of command to his roommate. Constant bombardment with "New Wave" music from his roommate established the equivocal musical value of Merle Haggard and the Beastie Boys. Good luck in your future as Mr. Reinard and Hi's favorite crooner.

Kurt William Juengling
Chicago, Illinois
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

After leading a nomadic life which started in the Philippines and hit various spots such as Chicago, Italy, Germany, and NAPS, Ying latched roots by the Severn for four years. A prosperous tour with the USNA sailing team was cut short by an errant winch, but this did not deter Kurt. Fortunately, he found a home with Coach Lenz as a conditioning squad DI. If only a white works pension had existed, he would have qualified long ago. Though Kurt was a comp sci major, he still established himself as the company pro-knowledge guru, captaining 27's NAVTAG team along the way. Ying still managed to log countless hours in the rack. Now that his tour in Annapolis is ended, Ying will return to the eastern hemisphere. Any '88 grad who ventures to Japan need not fear being juked, with a hooking dude like Ying on their side. **TFP & APM**



Jeffery Lewis Limle
St Joseph, Missouri
History
Nuclear Power — Surface

When we first met Jeff, the honor rep, he was the symbol of innocence. However, it wasn't long before he graduated from ice cream runs to D.C. runs. We now stand in awe of the many positions he has elevated himself to. He left Schultzie and Whitey second class year in search of a study atmosphere. Of course he was never one to complain about anything, not even honor boards during finals, or 25-page papers, or a little history reading, or . . . Jeff, Weff, Mr. "Guess-what-I-heard" always had the dirt. He usually started with: "Now this doesn't leave the room!" but it always did because Jeff told everybody. In his spare time he enjoyed setting off airport metal detectors with his left arm and listening to the latest progressive CD. No one was more grateful for Jeff's friendship than Whitey was when he dialed 911. He'll never forget that handshake — thanks. **MBS & TEW**

Andrew Patrick McCartin
Cape Coral, Florida
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

Andy comes to us from that shiny little city of Cape Coral, Florida. He excelled in everything he attempted at the Academy as noted by his 3.4 grade point average in Economics and being selected first semester Company Commander. He's always willing to help anybody who's in need, even though he's the one constantly getting juked and counseled. Andy has also kept a professional attitude over the past four years, especially during his semester vacation at West Point. Despite his burdensome work load of academics and room cleaning, he's always been able to fit in the Top Ten List from David Letterman and have "Dibbs" on numerous females. Soon Drew and his purple BMW will be making his way to flight school in Pensacola. I know my bunk will be one of the best backseat drivers in the fleet. He's worked very hard to acheive what he wants, and he deserves only the very best. He's a super guy that we'll all miss. **MJF**

Maximo Quibranza Mejia, Jr.
Quezon City, Republic of the Philippines
Political Science
Foreign National

Jun came to us via the Philippine Military Academy. Plebe year was a JOKE compared to PMA. GOODY2SHOES never served a tour or restriction, although XIMO got pulled out of march-on for Army for tipping his hat (5000). Max, a man of the world, explored Europe by train, climbed Mt. Fuji, and hopes to see the Great Wall with the Chinese mafia this summer. Proficient in six languages (working on JIVE, his seventh), he helped me pass English (I helped him pass engineering) and even won first prize for a paper he wrote for NAFAC (English is only his third tongue). Only 5'4", 114 lbs, Max is an All-American powerlifter. AKA Mr.ECA, he was pres. of the Chinese, Filipino, and combat pistol clubs. Although accepted by the Fletcher School, he'll have to first join the Pinoy Navy for eight years. I hope you find your dream Peenigh and a family like dad's. Good luck to the FCPP. Sige, ingat lang chong. L,P, & H. **RCS**

Scott David Morrissey
Glenwood Springs, Colorado
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Mongo came the long way, Crabtown via Newport via the Amish hinterlands. Despite these treacherous beginnings, Mongo established himself on the mats, freshman year. Youngster year, Mongo enlisted in The SHAFT, under the tutelage of Prof. H. (Tapes, SEE ... A Night To Remember). At Army, Mongo went into Audio/Visual productions, punctuated by a close encounter with a Motley Crue look alike. In the spring, Mongo earned his degree through Potomac University of Seamanship, Sailing and Yachting; and worked in the public school systems of Severna Park, Crofton, and Arnold. Mongo also roughed it up on the rugby pitch at Navy. Tragedy (?) struck junior year; Mongo metamorphosized into Scott, he chaired the Ring Dance, hit rugby parties, and settled permanently in Frederick. Senior year, Scott played the links and chatted with the Marine Corps' finest, and became optimistic about a career in the Navy. Fair winds and following seas. **JCS**

Michael Joaquin Munoz
Liverpool, New York
System Engineering
Surface Warfare

Mike came to the Naval Academy in 1984 the son of a retired naval officer. He decided plebe year to avoid the easy road and so chose system engineering as his major. This required him to agonize through the tough engineering courses of dynamics, cables, and fluids. Fluids also required Mike to "ride the Rocket"; a task he accepted (not cheerfully) and successfully accomplished. Outside the academic region, Mike excelled. He spent all four academy years in the Drum & Bugle Corps, where in his final year he became a soloist. D&B provided him with excellent memories from New York I-V to Myrtle Beach (twice). My memories of Mike include many late night bull sessions talking about D&B trips, company events and people, academy policies, and Trans Ams. I will never forget the numerous field ball games we played nor the wonderful defense he provided. Enjoy life and good luck!!! **JEH**

Thomas Frederick Pietkiewicz
Norwich, Vermont
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Tommy P. (Peach) came to us from the state of Vermont and made frequent trips there and to Myrtle Beach. Sometimes we wondered if he wanted to go to Dartmouth. He had a big task following in the footsteps of the Pietkiewicz legacy, but no problem. Luckily, his parents moved to Annapolis firstie year, and this was a big plus for everyone. Tom is known for his diligent work in economics. As a result he was rewarded with a Burke Scholarship. Congratulations Tom! He kept trying to go NFO but just could not beat the AQT FAR; it beat him. No problem; Tom opted to wear green and we are sad to lose him to the Marines. Have fun running around in the woods, and thanks for the early morning PT. Semper Fi, Tom! **KWJ**

John Edward Podolak, Jr.
Bristol, Connecticut
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

John came to 27th with an eye for trouble and beautiful women. His search carried him from U. of Delaware to Schaeffer's pub, where he became blood brothers with B.I. His love for flying allowed him to become squadron commander of VTNA, where he made sure the first priority was his own training. Although his immediate goal is NFO, he still hopes to fly for Iceland Air and own his own brewery. We still don't know how he avoided the BIG FRY after mess night 2nd class year. We'll always remember him for his 'Get all you can' attitude and disarming smile. And we'll never forget — Clean floors, the 'sters, water-weenies, Colorado Sandwich, 280's, 10th in drill, and that incredible way with women (I mean, words) — 'Gentlemen . . . .' Good luck in P-cola and the Blue Yonder. And remember, "You may fire when ready, Gridley." BLAAAAAH!!! **Z, WES, Sonny**

Dean Albert Sacerdote
Walpole, Massachusetts
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Dean, aka "the screen" came to USNA from Massachusetts, dragging along his worldly innocence and atrocious accent. Outwardly a model of virtue, deep inside there smoldered the heart of a weak-ma. He never had a real girlfriend, only a crush on one of his poli-sci profs and a certain commander's daughter. The intramural scene found him participating in batt sailing, fieldball, and slow-pitch softball. He spent many a long weekend working hard to improve (save?) his car, the "screen machine." A faithful and reliable friend, no favor was ever too great to ask. Best of luck, my friend. **OMT**

Michael Bruce Schultz
Greenbelt, Maryland
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Schultzie is one of the few sports team captains I know who has taken the Navy seriously since I-day. After being told to "go home and grow up" at baseball practice plebe year, Mike returned youngster year to become a Navy record holder. He has been able to remain reasonably healthy with the help of a certain trainer who was more of a (roommate) than I was. His .440 batting average should help him down in Athens where he'll be swinging away at a new line of work. He has provided a cool head in many a heated discussion and in spite of the little hairs in the sink, I've roomed with no finer an individual. It has truly been a privilege and a pleasure. Nickel. **WHITEY**

Jed Charles Smith
Tampa, Florida
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Jedder entered midhood from the sandy beaches of Tampa, Florida. Through his homesick freshman year, many a time he found a certain "Sandy" beach to provide a reminder of the good ole daze. Carrying on the legacy of THE SHAFT, he spent sophomore year under the instruction of Prof. H. (Tapes, See . . . "A Night to Remember"). Through his ups and downs, Jed came to know the ins and outs of G-Town. Junior year, he became a member of the distinguished faculty of Chesapeake University of Naval Technology. He was, and probably still is, well publicized, finding his picture on "most wanted" posters at two local colleges. For the first three years, he led the soccer team in daily "atta boys"; however, senior year found Coach M. nursing a three year headache and Jed on the links. Senior year, amidst a blizzard of changes, Jed doubled his QPR and conquered the Key School. FAIR WINDS AND FOLLOWING SEAS — THE SHAFT. **SDM**

Robert Curtis Sparrock
Queens, New York
Oceanography
Nuclear Power — Surface

Having come from an oceanographic high school, Navy was a cinch for "Jacques." In fact, he is among the highest in his major and got into the Scripps Inst. of Oceanography — his license to cold-chill in grad school in San Diego for the next two years. It's ironic that Swimrock's love for the ocean never helped his struggles in the pool. Never mind, he's excelled in other sports. He ran varsity track and led the brigade champion tennis team. An avid traveler, the Rogue has seen the cities of Europe, the temples of Japan, and the beaches of Puerto Rico and Indonesia. As a firstie, Lysander said bye to D & B on Friday nights, hip-hopped onto his red ride, and went partying. But soon those days will be over. He has heeded the crackling whip, burned his black book, and vowed to settle down. To the future oceanographer of the Navy and his commander, the best of luck and all the happiness in the world. **MQMJ**

Larry Wayne Strimple II
Alvin, Texas
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

Larry came to us from the lone star state with his loud personality and good looks ready to take on the life of a Marine Aviator. Come Service Selection his love for flying led him to choose Navy pilot. The ultimate flirt, Larry is one of the few guys known who teases girls more than they tease him — just ask M.M. "Sonny" and his rifle arm led the heavies to 21 straight wins and a brigade championship. His excellent leadership would have earned him three stripes had he not failed conduct his 1/c year (thanks Dave) — but we had a lot of fun anyway! Some of the road trips are times we will never forget — Snowshoe, the Colorado Sandwich, Key West, etc. Larry was the ultimate friend who would go out of his way to do anything for others. We've had some hard times and some great times, and our friendship will always be cherished. Godspeed to you throughout your life. It's been great. **WES, PODS, Z**

Steven Charles Townsend
Lancaster, South Carolina
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

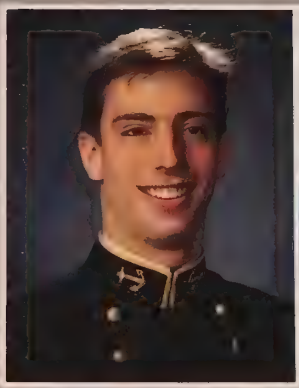
Steve, an easy-going guy — sometimes too easy-going — came to USNA from Greenwood, SC. Tempered in the fires of 11th Company as a plebe, he became one of 27's most ardent, though unnoticed supporters. Although of ungainly appearance, he proved his athletic abilities by participating in fencing, karate, fieldball, and fp softball. His aspirations of becoming a naval architect were crushed when he recognized that higher math was not his forte. An exotic weapons enthusiast, he amassed such a collection over four years that he might as well have started a "weapon of the week" club. As a POV, he selected a '74 Chevy Impala — "the tank," as he liked to call it. The most memorable thing about Steve was his conscious desire to be different from other people — mids in particular. The plumbing experience he gained during 1/c year is bound to serve him well in the fleet. **OMT**

Owen MacPherson Travis
Phoenix, Arizona
History
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Owen was the consumate professional. His QPR, somewhere near 3.9, coupled with A's in conduct, performance, and on the PCR (for four years in a row) combined to place him in the top ten of our class. He spent 78 days on a submarine and enjoyed it. He did plebe detail . . . twice! As a firsty, he was a brigade training committee striper while simultaneously working on his masters at CUA. In spite of this, he was neither arrogant nor a "pencil-necked geek." He played fieldball (proving not only his manhood, but also his insanity), fast-pitch, rowed crew as a 3/c, and even tried his hand at karate. O-Man (a.k.a. Otis, big O, etc.) never did anything halfway. His watch was a Rolex, his car a Porsche. When he went to G-town, it was in mess dress with not one, but three girls (this episode earned him the name gigol"O.") The one time he got fried was for crashing over the OOW's table. Good luck, Bubblehead. **SCT**

Mark Meadors Wesley
Atlanta, Georgia
Systems Engineering
Marine Aviation

Mark was forced to abandon his deep southern roots in order to attend the Academy. Coming from the confederate state of Georgia, he continually boasted of southern superiority. Although recruited for baseball, the skinny power-pitcher found Navy's program a little too "stiff" so he traded his spikes for a football where he secured a brig. champ. in batt and heavies. He could have done the same for Navy football given the chance — just ask him! Wes, armed with good looks and charm, was always on the hunt for a nice girl; but southern hospitality isn't the same in Maryland. Mark's leadership earned him plebe co cdr., and his determination to be the best led him to both the wings of gold and the eagle, and anchor. Mark has been a great friend and roomate. The good times: Key West, the shoveling squad, the sters, 20 days for my b-day, etc. have made it all bearable. Good luck and God bless. Remember PDT! **SONNY, Z, PODS**



Thomas Edward White
Raleigh, North Carolina
Economics
Surface Warfare

Whitey has always been a modest one despite coining the phrase "I'm soooo good looking." It's hard to argue with him because he'll threaten to borrow your car. We all know how careful he'll be with it also, Jeff. We don't know why he just doesn't use the ugly white car he owns. With the odometer broken, it's not like the SAAB gets any older. Whatever car Whitey might be driving it never seems to give anyone a ride to Georgetown. That's okay, however, because we all knew that other people were on his mind. I think the list is in Midshipmen Personnel, or at least something is. In the end, "Whitey" became "Blondie," and this member of the dart throwing, snow shoveling, wardroom rat club was still shining his leathers, and snoring. When I was around, he was easily the best roommate a porkchop could have. **MBS**

Joseph Anthony Zebrowski, Jr.
Englishtown, New Jersey
Computer Science
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Jersey sent us "Joey Z" — a high flying, fast driving, single Navy pilot hopeful. Joe spent many an hour sharing his unique academic flair with his classmates; always willing to help rocks swim. Motivated towards pursuing a long naval career, youngster year found him applying to several civilian universities. But, instead of changing schools, "Z" changed majors. Rid of physics, Joe dove into the world of comp sci — where he became a true keyboard junky. He remained devoted to his hometown drag, yet often heard the call of the wild and went out with the boys. He's as smooth on the dancefloor as he is on the b-ball court. (Just ask him) With a love of fast cars (91 in a 45?) and fast music, we still wonder how money and marriage submerged Joe to the depths of nuclear subs vice a jet cockpit. And how about the 'sters, Heavies, U2, Fla., Schaeffer's . . . Good luck "Joey Z," my friend! **Pods, WES, Sonny**

John David Zimmerman
Bloomington, Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Zip arrived an eager, big eared plebe from Bloomington, Illinois. He didn't lose a bit of that motivation throughout four years, even though Mech E tried to take it out of him. He showed his great athletic ability by competing on the wrestling team his first two years. Then he gave all his competitiveness to 27th co. sports for two years, which many people's bodies won't let them ever forget. It was a given that someone would get hurt when Zip was in the game. He broke his thumb boxing, got stitches playing football, and twisted both ankles playing basketball. Still, this never kept him from his cheerful mood, especially in the morning. Who could forget "Rise and Shine." We sure hope subs prove easier to drive for Zip than Jerry's car. As Co. Cdr. he kept the Captain's life lively and carried on the 27th Co. Cdr. tradition. Three months with firstie brass. God Bless, Zipper. **BAB, JLL, GLA, LWS, MMW**

28TH COMPANY

Alberto Rey Alberto
Miami, Florida
Political Science
Surface Warfare

"Aberto Roberto Alberto," he told us. Although that's not his real middle name, the first and last are enough to describe my roommate. The most frightening thing about living with this meticulous character was adjusting to the numerous gadgets and adventure stories that he brought back after a leave period, or even a weekend. The gadgets that I'll be happy to get rid of include: the rubber-band ball, the bleeding cut-off hand, the pictures of blood and guts, RCH, the grenade launcher, the toy airplanes, and the other launcher. However, I will never forget "FIDO," Barney, late night talks, and the Calculus Cram. Although a true airdale at heart, his hidden love for surface warfare was revealed on Service Selection Night: "Life's a beach, then you go SWO." Not only will this native Floridian's unique and hell-raising personality not be forgotten by our classmates, but he will undoubtedly make his mark in the fleet. **PWB**

Martin Ronald Beaulieu
Presque Isle, Maine
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

PI had the advantages of hometown attire and press coverage, but Marty found his OAO in Univ. Park in 83 and USNA was destiny. Having a real plebe year in Thirsty 3rd left him a sagging QPR, but Marty stuck out Aero with "flying" colors. It seemed Marty's favorite flavor was Rocky Road — unexpected surprise, hole-in-wall, not-so-funny-classmate, "I need space" — but he found another rock (it wasn't two carats) to add to the relationship. Third class year found Marty in battles — fumes, minds, nerf, and "Stop using my washcloth." But he couldn't escape some battles when we moved into the "dorm room." Thanx to SS, JM, KJ for intense convo on hot conversation — the Funk & Wagnall's never got dusty. First class summer saw a French exch. and European liberty cruise. Marty flirted with Nuc ($ — family cars cost money) 1/C year, but his desktop squadron showed where his heart was. Fly high and touch the sky. **DAC**

Patrick Winston Brown
Reston, Virginia
Computer Science
Supply Corps

"I believe the children are our future. Teach them well and let them lead the way. Show them all the beauty they possess inside; give them a sense of pride. To make it easier, let the children's laughter remind us how it used to be. Everybody's searching for a hero. People need someone to look up to — I never found anyone to fulfill my needs. A lonely place to be, so I learned to depend on me. I decided long ago, never to walk in anyone's shadow. If I fail, if I succeed, at least I'll live as I believe . . ." **George Benson**

Deric Alvin Camarigg
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Computer Science
Nuclear Power — Submarines

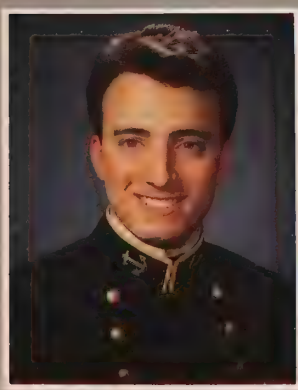
Deric decided to make the 1600 — mile trip to USNA instead of the 16 — mile drive to USAFA. He made it through 17th Co, gymnastics, Chrisx2, gaining many friends with his bottomless chow pkgs. He couldn't stand ticking clocks or acid rock, but couldn't get enough licorice (oral fixation), or Madonna. He started out Aero and Navy Air, but ended up Comp Sci and UB. 2/C yr poked holes in Deric's cloud with a startling revelation, honest BS sessions until 0300, and insights from 2 '89 gals. Ring Dance date with WHO? A zoomie? NO! Lifting, a Sub-cruise to Hawaii, and 2nd set detail made a new outlook. 1/C yr he processed Wendy's pickles until we had to leave the room — "But it hurts!" — but then made amends by offering food from the 6-4 Commissary. "Ramacisms" kept us from studying (Funk & Wagnall's) and the wardroom was a second home. Deric could say something, but he won't — Keep smilin! **MRB & CMC**

Mark Shannon Carlton
Brooksville, Florida
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Capt. America came to USNA from the famous town of Brooksville determined to QB for Navy, but weight loss left him in the 7th slot. Don't worry, Mark did fine as QB for the Heavies and coached them to the ground. Pecs spent Protramid with Jr., Scooter and his tic-tocs, high 5 — low 5, HUGE tracks of land, and Storm Bros. 2/C yr Mark proved to be a professional mid, asking rates between bites. Mark's gal showed up at UM as anything but boring! Quiet Grubber was now a weekend maniac. He yanked and banked the Z out of systems and turned and burned to College Park. Soon Beth had a rock, and Mark heard wedding bells. Chow pkgs & lifting kept the year running, but Pecs never did. 1/C yr was fun: General, 15 hrs, long naps and showers. All part of the study hard and do well image. What does that model do anyway? 2nd sem Wed. nites at Friendly's grubbin sundaes and golfing with Scooter. Best to you both! Jelly Donut! **The Boys**

Timothy Bruce Cherry
Portsmouth, Virginia
English
Surface Warfare

No one has ever figured out how we room together — a Southern gentleman and a Pennsylvania redneck. Walking from calculus youngster year turned into a three year adventure: 8 wks, 12 wks, final, next sem, next yr. You called me at home 2/c summer and said that we'd make it. We'd pass EE at 0300 if we had to-and we did. Cramming for the PCR, my birthday at the Crate Cafe, running on ice for the mile, lying awake at night wishing for a pizza or a burger. All night packing for Italy and Israel the day we put on our 1/c boards; I went to Africa. When I came back, you called — no voice from doing Detail. You left me to wax the deck so you could go on Glee Club Tour. I heard "FLICK" when you got back to 6-4. Now "our year" is done. I'll miss you when I roll over in my stateroom and have no one to talk to — or to wake me up for reville. No one will ever understand because here's the deal: "as strangers we are to them, brothers we've become." **DKF**



Brian Timothy Davis
Panama City, Florida
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

Brian came to Navy with his sneering sarcasm in tow. It didn't take long before we realized the benefits of having Brian as a friend. Spring Break found us all at D's devouring oysters between pitchers of beer and sessions of water skiing. This lust for the wild life landed Brian in a G.W. emergency room with a couple of broken ribs and a chance to reflect upon his evil ways during end of semester leave. He didn't learn. 2/c year Brian went nuts — Home cooking on 6-4 before Cheers, and weekends at the 'Vous and Antonio's became routine. He managed to maintain his academic bearing, though, and "Cyborg" was born — part systems, part man. 1/c year was the year of attitudes for Bri. He became the official sponsor of Party — With — A — Plebe, and fatalism came and went before Brian realized his calling — He became a Take — Charge — Kinda — Guy. Brian, may you never ride shotgun on a first date. **The Crew**

Scott Richard Davis
Mundelein, Illinois
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Scooter's tough plebe year in 25 got worse when his jock team cap'n roomies broke the lock and ate his chow pkg. Scrooge! On to God's country with Henry Blake fishin hat and his throat hack. His love of weird music and funky dancing took him to G-Town, but the trip back was tight. "I'll pay for the cab, Guys!" Protramid with Pecs and Jr., who got him 1-finger gloves. First with Tex there was Dolly and Pretty in Pink x 1000. Next with Red on 6-3, and Scoot's Filipino fixation in 29 that spread to San Diego. Nice sweater, what's the 'M' stand for, Scott? 1/c Year found him in EE lab, crashing his car, bread bombing, making bonfires, on 2-striper libs at the Sports Bar, on Sup's List, cheesed, losing soap, colorful mail, and those California buns! Scott, NOT Brian, LT, is off to the reactor core. Good day, Face, shave those cheekbones, tune that floss! Jelly Donut! **JPK & WGM**

Paul Andrew Dolan
Worthington, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Paul arrived here as a fresh — faced kid from the midwest, and left here a fresh — faced kid from the midwest. After choosing Mech-E, he was pushed into twenty-eighth to find his perserverence challenged by a tough couple of roommates. During youngster year, Paul found just how similar his sink and the Porcelain God actually were. He didn't discover the "true" meaning of life, however, until his second class year — a girl, the PI house, and "Weekends of Passion." Captain Kool Aid had arrived, wearing his ear to ear smile. New pressures came with his firstie year, though. The potential for grad school, flight school, Top-Gun, career, and CNO weighed heavily on his mind. No one could have asked for a better Company Commander or more reliable friend than Paul was second semester; just ask almost anyone in thirtieth company. Paul the world is yours don't be too humble to take it. **The Crew**

David Kenneth Flick
Altoona, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

After a year in sunny San Diego, Seaman Apprentice Flick reported aboard USNA and promptly refused to chop on I-Day. Ten months, five roommates, and two black Ns later, he cruised aboard BB62 and arrived on 6-4 for youngster year. Which caused more panic — rumble-busting (sorry 89), or swimming? After frequent trips home (How many weekends were we allowed?), Dave dropped math and joined "The Brotherhood" of Phy Sci. He dodged the ax-board and started PROTRAMID in typical Flickian Fashion — with a mean sidekick ("not guilty"). Running out of lives, he buckled down with the PhySci/English "Here's the deal" method of higher learning. Firstie cruise took him to Africa for six *!?$* weeks, but he still didn't defect Navy blue for Marine green. First class year has been a blur of Puff-Basketball and Steerage pizza, but I'll see you at the wedding, in SWOS, and in Mayport. For the last time, be careful and keep the safety on. **TBC**

Stephen Gutosky
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Aeronautical Enginnering
Surface Warfare

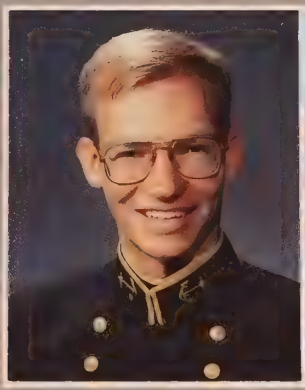
"ASROC sink my sub," nobody could possibly fall for that one — Steve did. During his plebe year Steve excelled as the captain of the Mopping Drill Team. Although an aero major with a heavy 18 hours, Steve managed to match those hours in his rack, daily. Based on the examples set by his roommates, his pituitary glands kicked in and Gut evolved as the "Smooth Operator" of 28th Comapany. He had a creative alarm clock for those early pre-airborne mornings, and what about that Massage Machine. Gut, beware of peppermint candy next time you go to McDonnell Aircraft Co. Good luck to you in the future, and may your life be "ruthless." **PWB & ARA**

Mark Alan Haden
Ladue, Missouri
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Mark arrived at Navy after a stint in Richmond, leaving him two years older than the rest of us and no wiser for the wear. Somewhere along the line he became "Skip," and never has there been a more appropriate nickname. Ladue, Missouri has been called the preppy capital of the world — we believe it. Coming from Country Day, Skip subscribed to the likes of "M" and "LL Bean." However, "Sharper Image" was his true weakness, his Interplak is testimony to this. Although his roommates, we saw little of the Invisible Man outside of school because many of his weekends were spent "making a lot of intense like" up in Philly. We've got to admit, we never suspected you'd really go Corps. The Marine's don't quite realize what they've gotten. Maybe they need an "Outdoor-Life" uniform coordinator. Sorry Mark, but khaki and green don't always come from Banana Republic. Skip, maybe the Corps will even get you to bark. Fair wind and following seas. **The Crew**

John Francis Hawley
Crofton, Maryland
Economics
Medical Corps

Yard Dawg was a local boy and a Lax star. A prior NAPSter, he worked his way into a Med School billet. Bought himself a blue Prelude, matching his blue eyes. Whiteworks and Bethesda sign-ins became his trademarks. Hawley's Hotel and Garage meant a lot to us. John was the great borrrower, including golf clubs when he took up the sport. Many's the time we heard, "I'm just gonna sleep a while" after hitting Sonny's hot tub. His gentleness, politeness, and casual shyness earned him no enemies. Girls wanted to meet him, being the least rowdy, he was an asset to road trips: Southern Tourbassin' at Wilsonville, gators at Okefenokee, Fernandine, J'ville cab ride, Douglas — can't find Rags' house. O.C. — Pasta Night, Decker's and Dai's. O's game and no ride home. Catholic U — Halloween Hippy. U of M — Gugs. Athens — Phi Mu formal. California — UCSB Babes on Bikes. Hilton Head — barechest reaction. Good luck Doc. **BONE & BOONE**



Daniel Joseph Higgins
Marquette, Michigan
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Dan, the man from Yupper Land, took a lot of convincing before he decided to stay — too bad his hair didn't. You could always find him in the rack, starting a fight on the basketball court, or occasionally in the weightroom training to save face in the late night wrestling matches. Dan was quite a lady's man. He had 13 blind dates last year alone. If you don't believe he was a lady's man just ask his girls about his sweet smelling pillow or his Saturday night massage parlor. And being the studious individual he was he could always score in the library. By the way, have you held her hand yet! **RAM**

Curtis Michael Irby
Richmond, Virginia
Political Science
Supply Corps

IRB: Chief-of-Buzzard Operation, Richmond's finest, elite member of the LBD Good Wood Crew, and epitome of a model Midshipman. He was initially recruited to improve a struggling water polo team,but later became a football player. Strong influences by Dre', Mike, T.S., Vee, Mellow, Word and fellow rack specialist Brad, altered this once model midshipman into a premier buzzard. Ultimate times include: Bent-Blind-Blowed-Booped Jams, Bent-nics I & II, Greek Picnic in Philly, Spring Break excursions to Lauderdale and back to Cali. 2/c summer with the Rogue Crew, Brink of Financial Disaster Jam (Thanks Mike), and don't forget 'CUSE! Irb's greatest contribution was the quote "POW Navy" and model advice in times of dire stress "Have A Good One!" (HAGO) USNA will be saddened by Irb's departure but . . . WHATEVER! **THE BOYZ**

Joseph Patrick Kerstiens
Commack, New York
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Joe came from Longisland — no haircut nec. Plebe yr (25) had extremes for Joey d'Fish: tic-toc, slimin'round, black hole, Vic's tcfs shaft, Fred's A/N bash, Ernie, Dean. 3/c yr had 28's nocturnal life, Nerf, Peewee, 3 wks on crutches (new lump). Grant, Mike, Marty endured allnighters, barn snoring. Then P-cola and Detail — "Hurricane Joe." 2/c yr brought Steve's odd hrs, 8wks unsat (EE), CC, Wacky Scooter, UA in St.L w/Guts (no Smoke Hall-Thanx LT), 4/c janitor, and Cupid's arrow after Mag's party (6-3/6-4 love connection rumors spread). Then USMC cruise (go Navy Air), #2 Detail and cont'd romance. The K-Co Cdr always had an officer at his table. 1/c yr and back to the barn — bread bombs, snowballs, Dancing Queen. A new car for faster trips to VA — too fast for VA troopers! In Feb the Ens went to Adak and Joe returned to our social circles but left the co. for Batt-Sub w/Bill. Besta luck, Red! **WGM & MML**

Michael Mearns Lanterman
Titusville, New Jersey
Mathematics
Civil Engineering Corps

Mike came to USNA via exit 7A and spent plebe year in 10th Co learning to tie Larry's shoes and study. 3/c yr-studying at Luce, a 2300 curfew, earplugs, the tent, and an appreciated alarm clock. Lifting, P/J, Koolaid, Protein Powder. A rocky break up with his hometown honey was tough, but he lived to tell. For fun, Mike started a fruit-fly farm in his drawer. Want some change? Spring break in Killington, nice cliff Grant, another fruitbar anyone? 2/c summer will be remembered for fun with Dick 'n Jane. P-cola led to romance with a lifeguard who knew as much about plebe year as Mike. 2/c yr — serious studying, leading plebe indoc as CC, mailbox always full, how many allcallers? Money for plane tix, how to get rich quick? Summer cruise on the E, off, on, off. C'mon, I want my $50. 1/c yr saw Mike as a 5-striper, CEC, barn life. Nice Erdman, meathead, Lanterstein. Don't lose the music collection. **JPK & SRD**

William Grant Mager
Annapolis, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

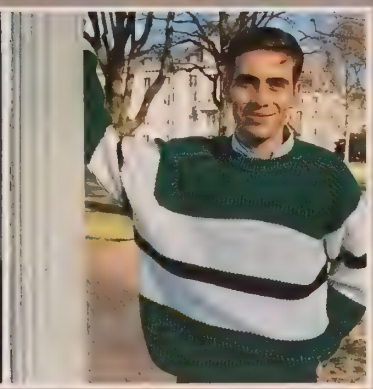
Grant, a Crabtown native, spent plebe year in Mean 15, with 2/c Dean. He barely made it to 28 after losing 5 roommates. His stereo earned his roomies' favor. "Money for Nothin'." 1st semester it was "Addicted to Love"x4, enter Kendall. Spring saw the Mager bicycle club form with PM rides thru Annapolis, cartoons, dinner by Mom, and swims in the creek. 2/c year was the power tool shed with Mike. 17 plebes on all calls. Too tall? Get a chair. Love went west to FSU — 200 miles, and still addicted. 1/c Cruise he tested his budding wings on the Connie driving Tomcats in the IO. 1st sem he took a sword and mischief back to the barn. Bread bombs, DQ, snowball ambushes, bonfires, cheesin Scooter, waterfights, and 2-striper libs at the Sports Bar. Rolling Rock? 2nd sem found Grant's squad running the old-fashioned way, while he kept his nose in a EE book. No, not another night of drawing planes. GET A TOOTHPICK, PENCIL. **THE BOYS**

Mark Prescott Maglin
Rockville, Maryland
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

Mags, a "geek here for a free education," came to us from chilly Minnesota. He came to 28 after a short stay in "if I had done my job you wouldn't be here" company. After a semester in heavy metal heaven, he a got a new mate, Nap, and a shiny white Z. Though the car didn't last long, the roomie made it to graduation. Chief's first two loves, fast cars and boats, brought him hours of enjoyment and literally months of restriction. His exploits also gave him the opportunity to to become intimate with nearly every officer at the Academy. Mark walked the infamous tight rope through 2/c yr, a banner year after only being threatened with a 6k, we were so proud! 1/c yr saw the return of the dreaded conduct monster. Mark, brandishing his trusty snow shovel, managed to repel the attacks though. Mark will be remembered for his killer parties and his ability to imbibe, heavily imbibe. Good luck buddy, remember red, right, returning. **JTN**

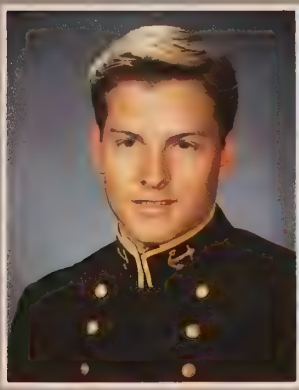
Michael Patrick McConnell
Endwell, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Michael, otherwise known as Mike, is an easy going, laid back kind of guy who has distinguished himself among the Brigade of Midshipmen as a scientist and a member of the dying brotherhood which specializes in academic survival. When Mike isn't in search of the "gouge" or thinking about the latest weapons for home defense, he is in a deep HP230 hypnotic state. As if he is not in control of his actions or at least not responsible, he goes to his compact disc collection and reaches the ultimate dilemma. Ozzy, Maiden, Dokken, or Great White: what should he do you ask? Mike follows his instincts in finding the morally right and carefully selects his faith, Judas Priest. Loud and obnoxious it may be, but away from the power, the electricity and the mystery of it all, Mike slides back into the reality of pricing guns and ammo, and above all, searching for the happiest 60 minutes of the day. **DKF**



Robert Adalbert McLauchlan III
Lubbock, Texas
Physics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Rob, more affectionally kown as "Junior," descended from Texas, where all things are big, especially his ego. Too bad his body can't match it. Rob endeared himself to his roommates by playing the same songs over and over again (Someone should break that repeat button). In his '77 Grand Prix, he was either pulled over by civilians (or was it a chaplain), or was running over Marine gate guards. His car was as immaculate as his desk, both being declared disaster areas. Everything found its way to his magic drawer: "Where are my keys"? But times have changed, two new cars, furniture, and a wife to be (Hopefully she can teach him to use a hamper), all on credit. (Ain't sub pay neat!) **DJH & MSC**



Erik Arvid Myhre
Flemington, New Jersey
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Erik combed his way into USNA one summer's day with dreams of Harleys, ragtops, and women under each arm. His connections with the Terps brought us "simple props to occupy our time." A preppy school background built from a cement childhood pushed him toward the engineering side of study. Erik worked very well with people, especially when his grades (flight billet) depended on them. As a young 2/c, the Norwegian traded a few hours in town for an extensive tour of Smoke Hall. A sailing venture over 1/c summer brought restaurants of flying shoes, a mooring line climbing, and a Babysan for our hero. Erik has an attraction to ALL girls, a quality everyone appreciates. Now, as the end approaches, he still talks of uncompleted engine projects, screamin' Harleys, and headaches stemming from a choice of which car to take to flight school. We hope the future holds great days for two twin ensigns and their family from the "River." **THE CREW**

Jeffrey Thomas Napoliello
Cinniminson, New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Surface

Once upon a time, a young man named Nap sailed from the idyllic Jersey shores in search of new challenges. After a few SSA regattas and "breaking in" the new crews, sailing itself was replaced with his quest for stardom in 12 Meter designs, which were doomed for America's Cup extinction. Well, those research projects conflicted with Jeff's true major: Naval Narcolepsy! After a semester of Country Rob and then the 6-3 Crew, Nap rescued his old buddy from the SLUG. Jeff's exquisite tastes: riding shotgun with the spare; Grizzly and sour cream chips (both times); dropping WW trou in Disneyland and cords on the beach. Jeff missed out on the M subscription, but style didn't stop the party animal, who showed Biff the Annapolis scene while maxing out 2/c summer. No one knows what Nap was upto 2/c year, he was the only one not on restriction; his only regret at Navy is never winning the Black N. **MAGS**

Jason James Ross
Bear, Delaware
Chemistry
Medical Corps

Let's see, so you want to be a doctor? USUHS will never be the same, with Run DMC in the O.R. JJ will always be rust on the wheels, so turn the music down, take it out of first and put the car in drive. Jason always admired Mickey Rourke, and he plays the part well. "Goin' back . . . I don't think so"! She will never let him go, but that never stopped JJ from having a good time: remember Fort Story? I don't think New York's Finest will ever forget New Years Eve '88. JJ was always on the move, and often didn't even have time to get out of his car before it crashed into his house. That's OK, you'll operate better than you drive. I hope! Keep it on the road, you ol' Winkie Dinkey Dog! **DEF**

James Steven Schwab
Orange, California
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Jim came to USNA from Orange, via Cal-Irvine, to "RISE ABOVE." Jim was a go-getter here at Navy : four stripes (for honor?), a telephone, and a local girlfriend to boot. This is not to say that he was self-centered. No, not in the least. Jim was even kind enough to take leave of us for one semester to give us all somewhat of a vacation, while he had one of his own up at West Point. At "The Point," Schwabby discovered the all important "MALE BONDING" — rugby. While on the Hudson, Jimbo also managed to perfect his sleeping skills. He got so good that he was even able to fall asleep in the 'Vous — no small feat. What we will remember most about Jim are his infamous quotes : "Dude, we're there. Let's do it together", "Nuke is WAAAY out", and "When I get my BM'er . . . " Jim, tear 'em up in Nuke school. There really is no end to what you can achieve, but remember, without a Gold-card, there are limits in this world. **THE CREW**

Juan Ignacio Segovia
Honolulu, Hawaii
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

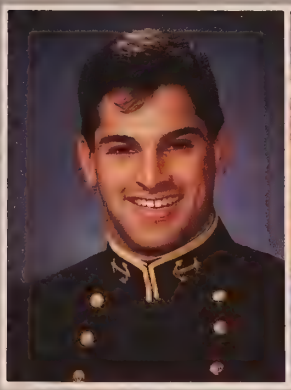
Juan Segovia, or should we say Snakovia, came to USNA from Oahu to discover life in the military — actually to find out what the military even was. After the shock of Plebe summer: Eyes-in-the-BEAK-Machine and the all hot-water showers, he found youngster year in Smoke Hall quite relaxing. Juan and roomie Schwabby became closest of friends, sharing everything, even the same local girl. Really local. 2/C summer in Quantico didn't convince Juan to become part of the Corps, although he'll always remember feeling a part of it. 1/C year at the Echo and New Order concert, Juan decided he wanted Z-TRUK but settled for a less dependable VW bus, $1400 . . . Tow rope and jumper cables not included. Don't worry, there'll always be plenty of Foot-power for pushing. Knowing Juan has been one continuous "Hawaii According to Segovia." Although we all hope to get there someday, we all feel we've been there. 6 or 7 times a week. Look out P-cola. **THECREW**

Darryl Leverne Smith
Los Angeles, California
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

L.A. (the city), The ROUGE was a born striper. Even before plebe summer, SMITTY, sported a short haircut and a MR. PROFESSIONAL attitude from JROTC. Originally intersted in USMA, which turned THE BOY down, DEE decided to come to USNA via NAPS to join the Few, the Green, the Jarines. Morally, his 3/c cruise to Subic, et al — well, just give him a $5 round of applause. Mentally, he survived an ACBOARD; switched from MATH to ECON; from UNSAT to over 3.0 the next sem. Physically, he was a MEGASTUD; fininshing 2nd in Boxing Nationals; AN ALL-AMERICAN. After doing a "cost-benifit analysis," however, he dropped boxing for STRIPERHOOD. ON weekends, we grabbed a case of brew and deployed to DC, B-More, LA, NY, Atlanta, or Memphis with the beaver patrol and never suffered a MAJOR casualty. The DOME, in G-TOWN, was his most successful area, being 5 of 5 at last count with one coming to MAIN-O the next day. DARRYL-TRUE STUD AND FRIEND. **RCS**

Hampton Hollis Tanner
Douglas, Georgia
Economics
Supply Corps

Georgia boy and Diehard Dawg, Hambone started his weekend plans Monday morning. Known to stretch the weekend cash, financial wizardry and arthritis allowed him to return to Dixie in the Supply Corps. A football prognosticator and rugby rebel, he had a story for all occasions. Whumper was his boy. After 3/c coast to coast phone calls, his roster contained a prospect in every state. Pretest Nebhead bought an '87 Cherokee. Newly acquired skill in Jackson Hole furthered in Sun Valley. With the 2-min offense, famous road trips include: Athens — taming the Schmoo, Ron B's and SAE reggae; Vous-Kappa girls, loop earrings, 52 hoops, Buffet duo with T-Bone at Heidi's; Ocean City — bar tricks, wave psycho, Trader Lee's, Anglers, Fantasea; Catholic U coincidence, block parties; Homeslice reunion in Crabtown; PCola — high-grade diesel fuel; Hilton Head — K-I, Remy's; Bill and Mary — car repair. Go meniscus shooters you Kamikaze. **DAWG & BONE**



Braddock William Treadway
San Francisco, California
Economics
Special Warfare

Ole Boondocker was a world class crew stud, until he reached burnout. Then he tried rugby and track. Unsatisfied, he became a Seal. His motto: workout-eat-sleep. With an academic goal of 2.0, telling psycho stories became his study-hour passtime (and-all). Being a fierce competitor, he became the Anti-man and a fooseball hacker. We never understood the organism bag! Great Clint Eastwood impersonation — his raison d'etre was to beat the system. Two lemons — clunker then the Jeep, which got us to Hilton Head with Zar — 2.5 months with the Horse. Surprising us, Sis Steph dogged him about Hearicanes and teering and bears. Girls loved his good looks, body and tan which made weekends with him fun . . . Athens — midnite escape — REM — yacht, O.C. — Decker's and Spring Break in Calif. — decadent surf den, D.C. — comedy shop, Vous, Sgt. Pepper, slam dancing, Catholic U moonstomping, etc. Good luck and take care. **DAWG & BONE**

Brian Matthew Van Norman
St. Charles, Minnesota
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

BVN arrived at NAVY from the farm in Minnesota, and promptly made the VANNORMAN — I mean VAN NORMAN — name known. His calling was comp sci, and we who know his handwriting are glad he learned to use a keyboard. Through the efforts of his ever-concerned classmates, Romeo learned about the fountain of life — though he never did beg for JD. Special excursions for flight instruction gave this pilot more freedom than others, except when a little ice visited the wings over PA. Second Class cruise and the Lively brought new challenges to this professional rack-hound, but he managed BOTH pillows through all storms with flying colors. As another resident of the Up-Out-and-Down Room, Bri always brought life into every discussion with his "Well, it all depends . . . " answers. Good luck at P-cola, and learn to let the other guy do the flying! **CAW**

Lawrence Austin Wadford
Harrisonburg, Virginia
Economics
Nuclear Power — Surface

The Wad, (sans HS diploma), arrived at USNA after NAPS and service as one of the CIWS FT's on the infamous Stark. Wad-Mod went for youngster cruise on the Kidd, but found himself on the Neverdock. Returning to shore, he met his June Week bride-to-be (along with some very explicit magazine collages). Youngster year found our hero tossing his statics book out the window in exchange for the Wall Street Journal, and Second Class year taught the Eco-Geek that you can earn 4.0's by worrying. First Class cruise brought two of the Up-Out-and-Down Room together for battles at sea. August found our 28th Company Financial Advisor in command, at the expense of stars and the income of 15.5 gallons. Good luck on your MBA, and have fun on those glow-in-the-dark skimmers! **CAW**

Curtis Alan Wold
Lompoc, California
English
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Curt (aka Brutus, Astolfo, Mr. World), an Air Farce brat, came to USNA from abroad. Plebe year he aspired to be a computer geek, but traded in his keyboard for a pen. The Dark Ages of youngster year brought higher MCI bills and greater frustration, as KF sent him packing. Rebounding second class year into a love triangle, Curt's spirits lifted after finding a belle with a four digit number. By first class year, Curt acted himself into the presidency of Masqueraders, a phone for the Up-Out-and-Down Room, and in a clever endeavor to claim yet another drill exemption, he resurrected a spring production of Godspell. By the time May rolled around, both his ring fingers were sheathed in NAVY. In the end, Curt loved USNA so much that he decided to stick around for another semester. Good luck with the engineers at Orlando and the sewer pipes that lay in waiting. **LAW & BVN**

29TH COMPANY

Elena Lodronio Abuyen
San Diego, California
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

Elena brought her sunny San Diego smile east, having never seen trees or eaten bagels. A silly, happy plebe, her quest began: breaking her goody-two-shoes reputation, hearse parties, spaghetti fests, pitter-patters of the heart — crazy for who? Missing the Dirty Dozen on the Far Side, she became a social butterfly youngster: 7th to 6th wing in three minutes, daiquiris, falling asleep behind curtains. Good things come far and few between — 2/C summer. She made up for lost time 1/C year. With a Bali tan, she turned 21 in Newport, and broke more hearts — is this the girl you'd take home to Mother? Certainly not after Sup's rec. or St. P's Day. She never wanted to be socially crucified; indecision reigned with fufu drinks, and the perfect date happened! Whether sailing, dancing, lazing, she'll remain the bestest buddy and pal. Off to Iceland — watch out for knights and beware of F-18 pilots. Keep smiling, keep shining. **JEA**

Joseph Reyner Brenner, Jr.
Wilton, Connecticut
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

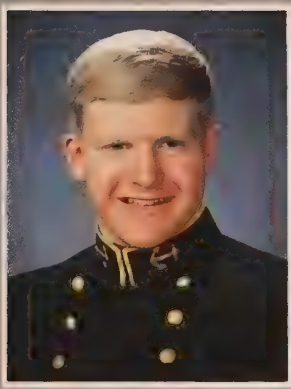
Joe joined us at "Country Club" USNA from the high class town of Wilton, CT as a recruited lacrosse player. After Captaining the "B" team and seeing some varsity time, he began to apply himself in other areas, although homework was certainly not one of them. He found Oceanography much to his liking, as he had a certain facination for underwater exploration. Joe perfected his skills as a romantic with a tall blonde from Vanderbilt, but after two years of loyalty, he was released on the general female populace with a hot convertible and a suave debonair. That left him juggling more dates than coats of wax on his car. Even with all this activity, Joe never forgot his friends, and he loved road trips, Sunday touch football games, and catching rays. We certainly hope he brings as many good times to Charleston, SC, and the Navy as he brought to us. From VMI '55 to USNA '88, the legacy continues. Hasta . . . **SHD**

Timothy James Brunn
Pepper Pike, Ohio
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Bruno lumbered into the yard from a strict Ohio Catholic-school background where academics and athletics were easier than a "piece of cake." With Tim's mathematical bent and a genuine gift for gab, gouge, and cramming, he literally ate his way thru course offerings . . . As for the gridiron, he owned a spot on the offensive line. Big number 65 was seen across the country, and he more than held his own against the nation's roughest competition in the trenches. Without a doubt, Tim was considered by all who knew him to be a true friend. Road trips, drinking beer, and a rag top mustang kept things happy for him. During the weekends, he could be found at his favorite watering hole with UL, Joe, The Joker, Plowboy, and JR. Brains, guts, and ambition are probably enough by themselves to let Bruno achieve his goals in the Navy. **JRB**

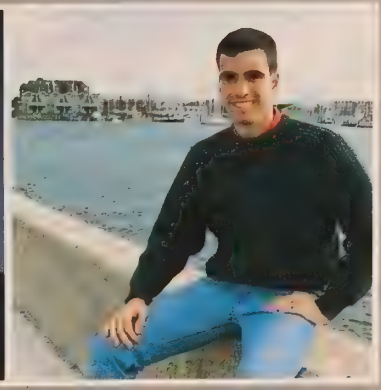
Robin Dale Buxton
Charleston, Illinois
Oceanography
Oceanography

Bobbin' Robin — straight from the pyramids of Illinois. An adventurous girl, she can tell you a few good sea stories. Just ask her about those Artic Ops in the Ho Chi Minh trail and about Op "C" in T-court. By the way, what took you and "T" so long in the trail? Robin never did have much trouble catching guys. Hailed for the best set of legs in the Brigade, she finally got an "E" for her efforts. Not satisfied with her trips to the Bahamas and Alaska, she is leaving us to see the real world — Indonesia. Robin, you've been a good roomie, despite the fact that you do talk to yourself (especially in the back seat of taxi cabs). If you don't go sledding into trees and testing your head on YP walls, You'll be all right. Watch out for "toe jam" and computerized typewriters with weak ribbons. Have fun out there! This time, take enough underwear. **CLP**



Michael Terrence Camilleri
Champaign, Illinois
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

On July 6, 1984, USNA received its first albino midshipman. Mike stepped out his first year by being a member of the football team; of course, his disappointment was evident when he didn't receive his varsity letter . . . as a manager! Mike turned out to be a lover, not a fighter, so he began his long quest for female companionship. Mike's love of airplanes led him to an airline stewardess who took him flying higher than he had ever been before. While giving him lessons, a former student, Jimbo, called her and requested a flyby. She then learned that a VTNA ace like Mike just didn't make the grade. This led him to devout worship of the Dionysus. Just when the situation looked hopeless, another instructor came along with flowers in hand. Mike's great sense of humor and generosity (of other people's clothes), make him a good friend that we'll never forget. Soooooouuund OFF, Mike! **TEM, JLC, BPC, WWW**



Brian Patrick Clancy
Moorestown, New Jersey
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Brian is the only mid who owns a $30,000, Turbo-charged Porsche and failed to bribe a date to the Ring Dance. As a matter of fact, we can't remember Brian ever having a date! This does not include the woman he attempted to seduce over second class summer. Drill was always foremost in Brian's mind; he marched around Daytona Beach and did push-ups in public to impress the bathing beauties surrounding him. After three years of total dedication to Navy Crew where he had a beautiful relationship with his coach, Brian surrendered his sport for three stripes and a tender relationship with the Schween-dog, who liked him "more and more each day." Brian is headed down to P-Cola and is sure to make his mark in the aviation field. He has been a great friend and we wish him the best of luck! **WWW, TEM, JLC, MTC**

Stephen Conway Coker
Jacksonville, Florida
Computer Science
Supply Corps

Born the son of a career Navy man, Steve was destined to become one of the few, the proud; a member of the Corps . . . Supply Corps, that is. Steve's claim to fame is his constant and seemingly successful pursuit of losing roommates and sending them back to the civilian world. Perhaps it's his incessant clicking of the keys on his computer keyboard at zero dark thirty in the morning that drove them to quieter surroundings. Whatever it was, this roommate has beaten the "Coker Curse"! Steve, it's been a good year, and you've been a good roommie. May your pleasures be many and your troubles be few. Good luck!

James Lendon Cox
Bowling Green, Ohio
General Science
U.S. Marine Corps

I remember: plebe summer, smiling too much, The Club, Hosk, Mike M., CAPT H., Ac Boards and UNSAT, FF1052, Woody, Japan, put in hack, PI, summer school, cool youngster, gross room, Okie, not being very picky about the girls I dated, Quantico, airborne, getting dumped, P-Cola with CR and Penny Sue (who dipped), raging with Mike, Ring Dance, YP680, getting engaged!, plebe detail (sound OFF), camping in MI, USMC, Econolodge party, Powerlifting Nat'l Champ. I would like to say thanks to my mom, dad, and family for their support through my imprisonment (especially the first two years). Also, special thanks to MFM, MJH, PLD, CRO, CAC, CR, SKK, SRS, ERW, RBM, DCH, TEM, BEL who has always been a true friend, Uncle Chuck and Aunt Diane, MTC in whom I have truly found a great friend, and last but not least, M.: you are the light of my life. "Man's noblest moment is the one spent on the fields of fire" — JW **JLC**

Shaun Hayden Donnelly
Ava, Missouri
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Shaun, "Rocko," "Plowboy," came straight off the farm in Ava. He arrived in Annapolis with a look in his eye similar to that of a dog awaiting a fresh rocky mountain oyster. (Analogies made possible thanks to Shaun's education of the backshaft cityslickers.) Shaun did very well in the classroom and was living proof to all that intelligence and culture don't always go hand in hand. His bull headedness finally became an asset youngster year with the discovery of boxing. In two years, Rocko became the 165 & 172lb Champion and an All American boxer. Shaun's conquests in the ring were surmounted only by his feats with the opposite sex. After literally disengaging himself from a hometown honey, no female in the civilized world would be safe from his boyish smile. But Shaun was truly a dependable friend, and weekends at Grandma's, the Voo, and Amendment won't soon be forgotten. Good luck in the Nuclear Navy. **JRB**

Andrew Jon Greene
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Andrew Jon Greene was born on June 25, 1966, in Chelsea, Massachusettes, but he considers Pittsburgh, PA to be his home. He graduated from Central Catholic HS in Pittsburgh and looked forward to the good times which college life promised . . . A.J. didn't quite find what he expected during his freshman year in 30th Company, but things began to look up after he was scrambled into the 29th Company. Through it all, Andy has carried with him a charismatic attitude, a sense of humor, and a gregarious nature which won him many good friends at the Naval Academy. He is looking forward to being a Surface Warfare Officer and working hard wherever he goes. **MRB**

Robert Scott Harrill
Westford, Massachusetts
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

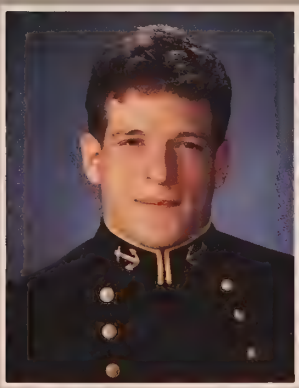
Scott, the "Mighty Mite," has always lived his life knowing that "anything of real value is worth fighting for." Snowflake drills, uniform races, or "sticking out a claw" never got him down. Late night Aero labs (just to make the grade). Wake-ups at 0500, pre-airborne week to prepare for "jumping out of a perfectly good airplane." And what does he have to show for it? Soon he'll be wingtip-to-wingtip with seagulls in an F-14 (just keep working on those legs!). He already drives around town in a sleek, ice-blue RX-7. More importantly, he also has a loving family. Scott hasn't always been "all work and no play." Any lack of stature is certainly made up for with an irresistable charm. M.A.A. and the "Chilean Wonder" can attest to that. Scott could woo (or Wow!) them in French or even impress them with his artistic talents. Dahlgren and USNA will never be the same without him. Good luck and God Bless. **JCQ**

Jon Steven Hooper
St. Louis, Missouri
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Know, O Prince, that betwixt the years when the oceans drank Atlantis and the coming of Armageddon, there hailed from St. Louis one Jon Steven Hooper. Others knew him as Melvin Intrilligator, the Angel of Death, Ninja, and Captain America, while some called him . . . Tim. Whatever the name, this warrior arose from the depths of Missouri and strode forth to smite all that stood before him mercilessly and with great malice. Quickly learning such valuable lessons as "what is good" and that good intentions only pave the road to hell, Steve became a great leader and an even better friend. Always someone you could count on to raise your spirits, Steve was either laughing, listening to classical music, or stalking some poor victim as the Ninja. Ride with the Valkyries, Steve, and fly as no other Navy pilot has ever flown. Life begins at Mach 1. **TAS**

Judy L. Kempisty
Monroeville, Pennsylvania
English
Naval Aviation

Judy, Pittsburgh girl at heart, spent four years at USNA supporting her many friends. After a thrilling 4/C year, good ole 31, swimming, El Paso, she never would have guessed what surprises were in store. Third class year, what's with those Southern boys? After 2/C summer full of fun and mischief — YPs, Fast Eddie, the Oxen, the Body, Q-co party — Judy hit 2/C year ready for EE, with help from the green EE god. She also went back to the pool — love those morning practices — and fit in time for other activities, from restricton to luaus. Attention on deck! 1/C year she did all she always said she would. I can't imagine these past three years without you — Wednesday libs, basement talks, alumni house, happy hours. What does P-cola have in store? Whether going our separate ways, or with you in P-cola, we're never far apart in mind or heart. Fly like the wind, Babe. God bless and keep you — love ya. **MAD & MMJ**



Ernest Peter Kotsos
Glenview, Illinois
Chemistry
Medical Corps

ERNBOB KOTZI MOLECULE THE THIRD was unique. He laughed his way through plebe summer and marched his way through plebe year. Lifting and rugby consumed his afternoons. This avid Cubs fan became a chemist with hopes of Med School down the line. This Greek could eat; so could Pete and brother Tom. "E" was the whimsical wizard of the weekend. His open mind created no adversaries as he tolerated Lunder and Clem. His sense of humor and jolly disposition kept him in good standing with the fairer gender. Anthropology and philosophy were his guides. Trouble stalked "E," but he took it all in stride. Weekends in Lauderdale, Athens, G'Town, and a cruise in California were great. Our usual spots at Griffin's, the Market Place, and Navy-Marine Corps Stadium will forever linger. His friendship is treasured, and he will be sorely missed. Have a great one — Hamp. **HHT**

Gregory Chester Lamb
Wyalusing, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Greg came to us from a small town in Pennsylvania and has survived life in the "big city" of Annapolis with little mishap. Despite his unparalleled feats of extended rack-ops and unswerving devotion to the motto, "don't put off 'til tomorrow what can easily be put off 'til next week," he has managed to squeak through the rigorous academic pace of this fine institution. As most of the company can attest to, his mother is an excellent cook and has often provided him (and, consequently, us) with great quantities of food to supplement the fine cuisine we received from King Hall. His mind is often occupied with thoughts which may be considered unbecoming of an "officer and a gentleman," as anyone who has roomed with him can confirm, but I'm sure his training as a mighty surface warrior will excise those tendencies from his mind. Good Luck, and may you have fair winds and following seas, Greg!

Timothy Edmund Mattison
Ridgefield, Connecticut
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

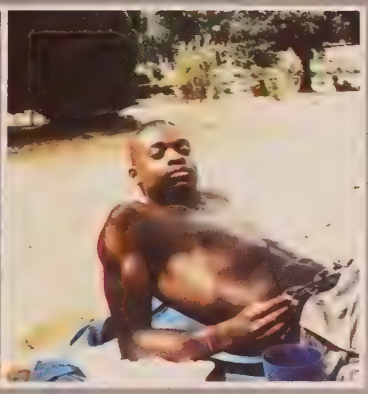
Number 86 had his day in the sun when 150's were losing to Army; fourth and twenty, a fake punt, Timbo down the sidelines — what a catch! When a new woman entered "bowleg's" life, she rocked his world. Together, hand in hand, they ran through the grass at a friend's sponsors, studied together in specific academic buildings, and sometimes slowed down to take a look around after a friend barged in. Boy, something's wrong when a man chooses a woman over his best friend. "We never go out any more." Remember those road trips: "I don't care get what you want I don't have any money anyway," the ring dance, when you finally arrived, the lawn mower, and Tim's taxi service. After football Timbo worked out faithfully and learned many lessons. "Hey, don't throw the weights." Tim is a great friend and was always there to lend a much-needed ear. Look out P-Cola, here comes a man of the world. Good luck! **MTC**

Richard Brian McGrath
Jersey City, New Jersey
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Rich came to the Naval Academy from Jersey City, NJ. Coming from a military high school in New York City wasn't enough to prepare him for plebe year, but he managed that and engineering academics as an upper class to finally make it through. His dream of being a Navy pilot had to clear some obstacles, but it finally came through and he celebrated with a bang. Between studying and sharpening his professionalism he managed to squeeze in time for "adventures" in Puerto Rico and the Catskills in New York. I wonder if he ever will go spelunking. From a fellow Navy pilot, I wish you the best of luck. See you in the air! LNP-ITMEWGETIWBTM. **SDS**

William David Park
Rock Island, Illinois
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Billy Boy came to the Academy a backwards, Howdy-Doody farm boy from Illinois, to be taken in by all-knowing friends. Through divine guidance by supposedly "experienced" friends, Bill quickly learned the ropes and met new friends. Consistently torn between moral dilemmas, he hung up football his junior year and grasped the concepts of Rugby. Moving up to A-side in his first spring season opened up the opportunity for successful aftergame parties. During one of these adventures down south, he went on a quest for a Ring Dance date and got more than he bargained for — we haven't seen him since. Billy Bob also earned two things along the way: his nickname "Hands," for his large hands and affinity for touching everything and everybody in sight; and second, his horns with his best friend, Ted. He taught poor William not to be scared of women. Long live huge orange Chevy boats! **TB3**



Howard Payton
Greenwood, Mississippi
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Howard, also known as Word, came to USNA via Greenwood, MS. He turned out to be one of the most notorious buzzards in Navy's history. This aspiring Marine turned SWO made a lot of friends in his four years and was generally known as a real nice guy, but his closest buddies knew the real man behind the uniform. Word, we've hung tight for a long time, and, man, we've finally made it. Lining to all the weakness is the call. Always remember: the Bentfest '87, Mr. Kimbo, the Annapolis Four, J and D, Stock fits, hoop sessions, and all the other crazy things we've done together. Thanks for being there when I needed you. I'll always remember. To close up, Howard, you've been the boy, Tau Beta, the greatest — WORD! Good luck, Mellow. PS — Good luck to U. **DJA**

Cassondra Lasha Preer
Columbus, Georgia
English
General Unrestricted Line

CANDY girl, dancing queen, an excitable girl with her own dialect of high-speed English. Some will remember you as blended into your B-robe, bedspread, and rack. Others will remember you dancing in your seat while studying with your walkman. But who held your hand in the Ho-Chi-Minh during the "blizzard burrito run"? Remember our 3/c dance fest and the uninvited OOW, trick-or-treating, climbing the tree in T-court for the sake of a teddy? Always the last to make taps — and were you really off studying during those wee morning hours? And what a confusing social saga! Funny — as you get older, your men get younger! Although we wern't the best dance students, we all now understand "booty funk." To the civil rights woman who can have fun anywhere with anyone (even a hang-gliding worm), thanks for being a great roommate and friend, knowing when to talk and when to let me be. Look out, Memphis, here comes Precious Preer! **RDB**

Scott Robert Shire
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Economics
Naval Aviation

When Shirea stepped into NAPS they scared the hell out of him; four years later he was back there like canned heat. When he was in high school, no one could believe that Stein would someday be a respectable citizen. Now that it's almost time to bug-outta-here, he's on top of the world. Jeez, he's an Econ major with respectable grades (2.0), Fieldball All-American, and, after three years of me hearing woe, he's actually going out with someone with the right genes (see how long that lasts). SRS is a stud by anyone's definition (especially his and that high school senior of his across the river). I can think back on his greatest achievements as: finally shaking that girl who always left him blue; seeing Dubbs leave; and being a proud member of the Dick Tracy Team. Hope that he'll be happy being strapped into that flying contraption. Who knows, maybe someday we'll hear about him flying air strikes against Syria. Tschus!! **ERW**

Steven David Sladky
Wahoo, Nebraska
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

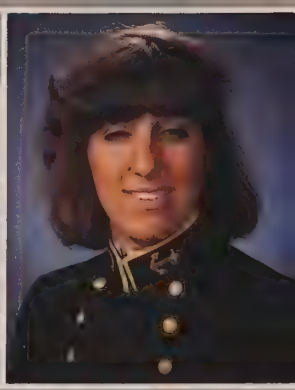
Slads arrived at the Naval Academy fresh out of high school, bright-eyed and eager to find out what the navy was all about. The farmlands of Nebraska turned out to be far away from the fast-paced life of Mother B. Slads was greeted by a wonderful squad leader plebe summer who gave him special instruction on squaring corners — captured on video. Sladman has had his sights on Navy Air since he received his appointment, always wondering if he would get in with his knee. Well, after four surgeries, his wish has come true. Father Time survived the trouble of being a math major just to fly at mach one. If you ask him, "Who's number one"? he'll reply, "the Cornhuskers, who else"?! Once a Cornhusker, always a Cornhusker!! Where the hell is Wahoo, anyway?! FLY NAVY!! Remember, it's not over until the Fat Lady sings !!!! **RBM & LNP**

Thomas Andrew Smith
Schenectady, New York
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

The indicator of Tom's personality is his nickname, the "Lord of Darkness" (at least to the plebes). He was more often known as Smitter or NAFS to his friends. Tom came to the Naval Academy as a hoodlum, and often returned to his homestate on leave periods. He had a habit of verbalizing his emotions (MAD!) but always delivered street pizza on time. Nevertheless, he was a hard worker and a good roommate. He earned himself three stripes and a wrestling letter before his time was up. Too bad he did not have a real major. He will be a successful officer, though, if I do not implode him. (And a special thanks are due to Hoops, Jack, Grim Reaper, Slave and Crew for helping to corrupt me and making these four years a little more bearable.) **JSH**

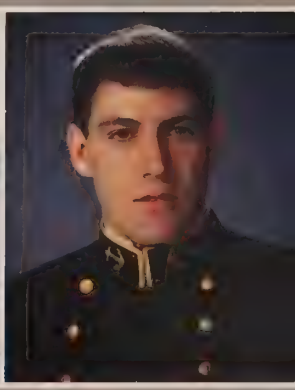
Gretchen Carol Stage
Rochester, New York
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

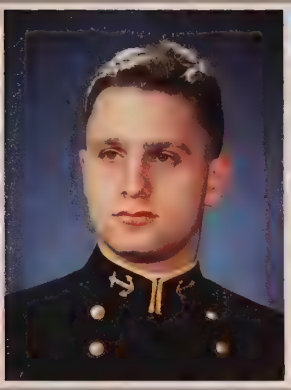
Gretch came to USNA expecting people to be more casual about things then they were. Although she adjusted, some things just couldn't be dealt with. The El Paso is still wondering what happened at that party, and who was the third invisible person in the back seat? Who would've believed 3/C year we'd throw our bags in the same room and be roommates for three years — dancing on desks, hurricane parties, champagne runs. Third class year showed Gretchen's attraction to those younger men. What up with that Long Island attraction? Second class year, civilian men were in and also restriction. Sailing remained her greatest love. Memories of many road trips in the reliable Thrifty van, no drive shaft, not very fast, regattas all over, warm Christmas's in Miami and CA, reggae, Dead Week on the bay, just like the Adirondacks, but no mountains, Nationals — much wind and no wind, friendship bracelets, and speed beads. Sail fast and fly Navy! **ELA & JLK**



William Wandle Wheeler III
Cross City, Florida
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

When Trey sent his SAT scores to USNA, he received a request back for the second half; then they learned that he was a football player who was raised counting 'gator eggs. Plebe year, Trey made the first string . . . JV, that is. While being dumped by the football team, he was being dumped by his girl back home. Unfortunately, his chit to attend her shotgun wedding was denied. If this wasn't enough, he forgot to set his parking break, and his truck met up with a fire hydrant. But his love for football continued, as he tried to get on the Georgia Tech football team through the coach's daughter. Trey didn't make the team there, either, but he still got the better deal. Gator is a good ole boy who is a great friend and always willing to extend his southern hospitality. WHAT THE CRUD? **BPC, TEM, MTC, JLC**





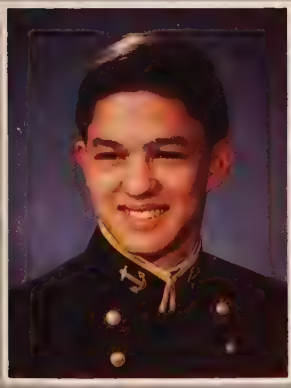
Eric Re Wyatt
Port Angeles, Washington
Economics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Five years ago you would have thought that Eric would be content with his fraternity brothers at that college in Washington. But no, that wasn't enough for him, he wanted action. He found it and even created some of his own in the past four years. The sailing team couuldn't handle his antics, then he went through boxing matches with the women of Maryland and the tragic breakup with the dancing machine. Everyone thought he was one card short of a full deck, but that's just the way he wanted it. Let's face it, in every sense he was a rebel without a cause. For three years, I listened to him stutter through Chinese, and now he's finally getting to test the Zhonghua rap. I sure hope those nuke pukes are prepared for the "intense maniac" known as Eric Wyatt. Five and Jive? Stanford MBA? Plush home? Fancy car? More money than a human should be allowed? No way, bud, I know him, and I see a lifer in disguise. He'll always be Hen Hao. **SRS**

30TH COMPANY

Keith Albert Beals
Albany, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

"The Beave" emerged from the hell of Stalag 18 and his buddy Mark to "hit the deckplates running," and have a successful upperclass existence. His ability to "get the grades" luckily went up at about the same rate as his desire to study went down, allowing him to carry a 3.5+ QPR to the finish, including a stunning 4.0 semester at 3/C year's end. Keith emerged from first semester 1/C year with his teflon-skin conduct luck intact and stars finally glinting from his lapels. One of the few mids with enough money to lose several hundred of it during "Black Monday," he showed a keener talent at collecting nicknames (see quote log), than women for most of his stay here. Now he has hot wheels, a pilot billet, and a loving Aussie. We'll wait and see whether his great intellect and stamina overcome his great klutziness at P'cola. At least there are no guardrails in the sky! Remember: One pilot, one plane! (Don't E2's have more?) **CJD**



Michael Ray Bynum
Odenton, Maryland
Physics
Nuclear Power — Surface

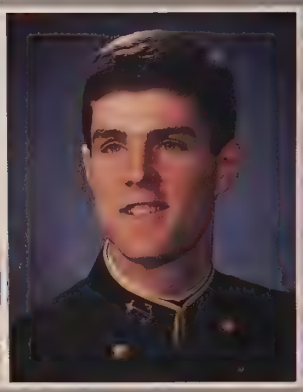
Bynum? Bynum? I thought his name was Chang. Well that was easily mistakable for the first USNA day student. When he went into the hospital due to his brush with death, nobody knew he was gone, or was it that nobody cared? HA!HA! Nobody could find him second class year, since he was always hanging around his zoomie buddy, Doug. First class year he seemed to come out of his shell, but not his rack. When he did crawl out, it was to recite movie quotes or to bang on his drum, to the annoyance of the people who lived below us. One of the last true Trekkies, Mike has always been obsessed with Vulcan ears and he has been witnessed trying to alter his, perhaps, in his sleep. Fascinating. Even though at first he wanted to fly, the Force dictated that he go nuke. Was it the Force or his new found love? Whenever he came back from driving his Turbo, he always seemed so tired. Will he wait . . . ? **TJG**

Timothy Walton Conway IV
Plant City, Florida
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Surface

Tim came to USNA as only the second person in his family to walk upright. You could always find Tim by following the trail of parts left by the Thunder Bunny (now deceased) or by the radar signature from one of his outrageous belt buckles. Plebe year was characterized by yogurt fights, wild Thrift Inn weekends, cheeses, the Speez-monster, and Tim's inhuman capacity for losing roommates while gaining the undying attention of his favorite firstie. Youngster and second class years rushed by bringing more cheeses — compliments of the SPA — and a rash of unbelievable yet comical sports-related injuries (watch out for low lying chains!). First class year brought a real car (TB II), a new tooth (Grace strikes again), an interview which landed him over three grand, and many fond memories of the insides of trash cans. Take it easy, buddy, and the next time we go sailing, remind me to check for alligators! **MAC & RG**

Stephen James Coughlin
Levittown, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

COOOOGS! Heeeahh! Get it!! The hallway high-five king. Cogs joined the DIRTY company as USNA's gentle giant. Four years of LAX couldn't change him. Five years of Doc couldn't change him. Solid ground upon which his OAO will build a life. Mr. Nice. Mr. Clean, except for 4/c urinis/interuptus. Cogs met X on a Club Mid vacation at Bethesda. The Doc told him to lose some weight. Cogs, Physics, the Blue magnet, and Coulomb's law — need we say more. Junior year and a room with a view. The Red beach balloon bombings of beached whales. Lights out! The 4-2 streaker. Co Christmas party, lights, music, Coke machine? A tree in the shower? Remember the group studies? You, Doc, Tucc, Darc, and Devine; total OOM 5001. Long live the morning LAX workouts (What morning quarters, Capt?) senior year and a room with a couch, a fridge, a TV, and a view. Count'n the days and put'n in time. We all wish you the very best. **MGM & JMF**

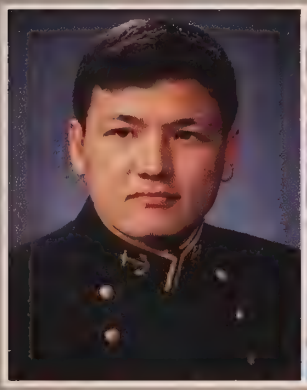


Mary Louise Cummings
Memphis, Tennessee
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Missy started her Naval career with a flash (literally, in Lejeune) and has been causing trouble ever since. The corruption of this sweet Tennessee girl began with D&B and progressed (along with her hair color) to the editorship of *The Log.* No one, not even the Dant, was safe from the wrath of her mighty pen. In her new sports car, Missy showed us exactly how much she loves life in the fast lane. Things we'll NEVER forget about Missy: spring break in Daytona, her rise to punkdom, her purple, scubawuba, obsession with workouts, recons ("Are you OK?!"), her closet (4/C: "I think it cut off my toe!"; 1/C: "Hey, can you help me shut this thing?!"), drinking out the side of her mouth, playing with her food, the youngster bagel test, being handcuffed to Pizza Hut, and her pink piggy slippers ("Are those reg, Miss?"). Yes, Missy, I think I finally did drive you crazy (or was it the other way around?) We love you, BoomBoom. Good luck! **SML & LSS**

John Michael Freese
Dix Hills, New York
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

FREEZER, DEEP, POINT FOUR. You have completed four years here at Camp Tecumseh and been reduced to these nicks. Such a tragedy, my dear friend. As a lowly 'ster you began to realize your EE mistake — General looked so tempting. Those late nights bugging X. Wrestlemania I. Beep, beep, beep baseball — Schley aye! Of course we had fun junior year. Remember Twitty's stereo — it never did seem to work right. The booting of Twitty and the year with Doc and Cogs — ooh that lockeroom smell! Christmas and a party with our own Coke machine. You and Frostyburg!! What weather? No matter, you slid by and received your Z star. Yet, first class year is another story. THE PIT. Our own 0725 revielle — or none at all. Tailgaters and road cokes — ah, memories! Your 2nd Z star. Late night talks. Exchanging letters. My dilemma, your dilemma. Lucky's song. Everyone's BUD. UR TAU BETA! Love and Kisses. **Micro**



Thomas Joseph Gaffney
Linden, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Full of brotherly love for all, Gaff came to us from the land of the Toxic Avenger. Heaven forbid that this shy and gentle guy ever lose his temper. I'll never believe any of those stories about knocked out plebes and choking fits. Gaff? Never. The wardroom will never be the same without Tom and the Letterman faithful. Even though we had some rude intruders, these times will always be remembered fondly. Who can forget Tony Montana, Vito and Michael, Clint, candy colored clowns — the list goes on and on. First class year brought about some major changes in Gaff's life. Now he had his Trans Am to escape with whenever things got a little too weird. We were also both fortunate enough to qualify for double secret undercover Sup's List. How Tom can be a devoted Cowboys and a S.F. Giants fan, I'll never know. To those who knew Gaff well, there can be no substitute. Take care, amigo, and have a ball in Japan. Humm baby! **GUZ**

Robert Ray Grasse
Port Washington, Wisconsin
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

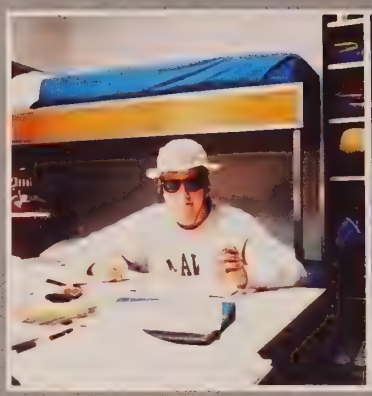
Bobbert came to USNA from Dairyland USA with a wide-eyed innocence that was as total as his lust for cheese, women, cars, and stereos, which he either suppressed or starved during his first years here. Gradually, his "friends" tore at the bastion of morals that his mom had spent years building, and he now has heavy metal wattage, fuel injection, and the beginnings of female companionship. His pristine record was smeared late by his clashing in public with major effect. First Class cruise on a frigate found Rob "ralphing" as regularly as breathing, so the Navy logically NPQ'd him for NFO due to chronic motion sickness, and sent him to a destroyer. I'm sure it won't roll as much as the AFS he puked from for all of 3/C cruise! (He's lying.) Rob, you've been a great friend and roommie. I'm sure there's one helluva Buick in your future, but whether you'll be driving it or groaning it is uncertain. Godspeed, ya big SWO dad! **CJD**

Milton Kenneth Guzman
Daly City, California
Economics
Surface Warfare

Guzman, Milton Guzman!! Well, he might not have been 007, but he was just as famous, and as well liked, as Bond. Even though he didn't drive an expensive Aston Martin, we all did enjoy his clown car. Of course he did own a real Rolex, to make sure he made it to Late Night to kick out the unwanteds. Milt's best contribution was the saying "to Guz." We will all remember Milt doing the bataroach when he was depressed. Especially when the Giants got cheated out of the pennant, the killing of one of his "distant cousins" while it crawled across the floor, and all the women leaving his life. While his grades paralleled his moods, which meant they were like a sine wave, they also followed his love life. When the redhead left, he went to give his Tony Montana imitation for the Admiral. When the midstore girl went to Germany, he sent LUKA with an offer they couldn't refuse. Today is GUZ chasing friends, or are mad fathers chasing him? **TJG**

Scott Foster Lowry
Nashotah, Wisconsin
Economics
Naval Aviation

Scott came to us out of the wilds of Wisconsin, with an unquenchable desire to fly. He soon realized that his destiny didn't coincide with the swim team — so he moved on to bigger and better things. He insitituted the Sandy Point Bay Bridge Swim-a-thon, became the first in his class to fly without wings (Superman, eat your heart out), and showed his undying enthusiasm for the Brew Crew (and his beer list). With a flare for the progressive, Scott always managed to entertain visitors to his room with his innovative guitar playing and song writing. We are still waiting to hear the recorded version of "Wanda." Scott's company will be sorely missed by many, just ask the guys at Griffin's or McGarvey's or . . . Well, as hair, or we mean space, wears thin, we have to wish the best of luck to Scotty as he begins his new love affair with the wild blue yonder, where he claims he will touch the hand of God . . . P.S. Guz and Paul helped write this. **JES**



William Anthony Macchione
Camden, South Carolina
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Anyone who knows Bill won't argue with him, unless sure they want to win. Such tenacity, coupled with obnoxiousness, could be exasperating, but never boring. He evaded capture/rescue in the Chesapeake, taught half the brigade Lotus, opened a bakery in his room, quit the rack cold turkey for days, saved gum wrappers and bought a Mercedes, and ran the Jed-Rogers gauntlet to reach flaperons and a degree at the end. Wild Bill was especially wild when formals came around and would spend all night doing nothing in particular, except perhaps displacing his volume on command or playing the triangle. When the allnighter wasn't enough, the scruffy little mutant would become even more cheery and wake guiltless roommates from ignorant rest. Bill knew the value of money (ask VISA), but not even Nuke$$ could deter him from his dream of Navy Air. Best of all, he always stuck to his beliefs and made his family extremely proud. Soar high, my friend. **TBM**

Todd J. MacDonald
Harbor Springs, Michigan
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

The Toddler thrived on Academy life, and Academy rabbit food. He became an integral part of many ECA's, including JUDO. He won state and regional titles, but lost the finale in Georgetown. Peabody played musical majors, ENA, EME, and finally brought good things to light. Looking back over the years brings memories of plebe year, Karp's Cokes, yogurt wars, and the Speeze. Youngster year reminds us of Tim's rack the morning after, the 4-2 leaps and Tonyia. Firstie year was loads of fun. Toad met Mr. Five and Mr. Six, had several dates with the top Dawg, had a fun winter, polished his secretarial duties, and got a new doo. He was easy to spot in his room with a mug of jo, and his cute undies. Throughout his time here he has been a good friend and roommate, even if he is not always playing with a full deck. We look forward to serving with Todd and his undying sense of humor in the fleet. **TWC**

David Brian Madigan
Franklin, New Jersey
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

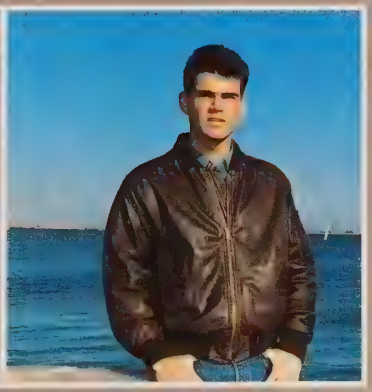
For once the luck was not with this Irishman; much to his dismay, Dave was bestowed Cheese Whiz and the more sticky Jughead. After a brief collegiate football career, Madman moved his talent and suicidal tendencies to the Rugby pitch; or more accurately, to various hospitals along the East Coast. Maddog's total disregard for his body earned him a varsity letter and the respect of his opponents. Whether it be pavement cracking, wall-smashing kamakazi basketball, pillow and food fights, eating, or just stealing sheet posters, Maddog always gave everything he had. Madman received the majority of his mail from Ed McMahon and CBS record club. Eternal white works and a series of almost all-nighters is all Dave needed for a 3.0 and invites to ODE events that he never went to. USNA has done their job with you, Dave; you are now truly an officer and a gentleman. With sincere thanks, **RFS & CW**

Charisse Maria Mann
Schenectady, New York
General Engineering
General Unrestricted Line

Hey Fun. T. #1! Girl, you're that special blend of sugar and spice and everything naughty. Where did you learn to play so many contact sports? Talk about A through Z! I'll always remember soaking up those rays by the Florida surf, smoking stogies and dancing up a storm with "The Girls". Remember that the fun times always start "After Taps." I know you'll be a ray of sunshine wherever you go. Babes, remember to "never say never." Love will come and go, and one day, stay, just like you always will in my heart. Forever friends, ANNETTE **ACS**

Michael George Milo
Columbus, Ohio
Chemistry
Naval Aviation

Mike came to USNA not knowing how much fun his big brother had here. He spent the next four years trying to prove that insanity is the best route to graduation. Serene Eighteen wanted to educate him, but Bubble Butt was always hiding — uh, at football. As a 'ster, Micro became a blur of Football, sleep, nights in G'Town, sleep, and reciting inorganic reactions in his sleep. Second Class year saw Jaws foresake Football for the safer Rugby, while yearning to be a EE. Actually; he should have studied Finance (something he knows nothing about) or DELMARVA colleges . One Christmas party (I'll fry them all) and a million non-studying days later saw the start of 1/C year. A stint of Plebe Summer Professionalism quickly transmorgified into Friday afternoon fashion shows. ("Wait, I'm almost ready.") Coasting began in October, but 2nd semester saw the Big Cheese sharing time with the Dant, Rugby, signing chits, and DD. We love ya, dude. **FREESER**



Terence Breffni Moran
Sausalito, California
Naval Architecture
Naval Aviation

Terry, affectionately known as Breffni to his friends, will be remembered for his many accomplishments here at USNA. Among these include the illustrious position of company HRC rep — yes he was the HRC rep. He also fulfilled the dream of all Naval Architects by selecting Naval Aviation for service selection. This seems simple enough, but for Terry this road was long and hard. During his time here he was really into just about every warfare specialty one could contemplate, including Marines, SWO, Nuke Power, and Aviation. Always one to wait until the last possible moment and never being a man to sweat anything, unlike J.D., Terry even went so far as to go to his Nuke interview before realizing what he really wanted to do. Luckily things all turned out right, or it might have been Orlando and not Pensacola. Through thick and thin he has always remained a true friend, and we wish him luck as he shoots for the stars. **WAM**

Michael Paul Qualey, Jr.
Annapolis, Maryland
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

At one time blindly bent toward a life of matrimonial imprisonment, Paul considered giving up his dream of flying only to be near his former honey. He finally opened his eyes and liked what he saw, becoming the scamdog that we all know and love. His newfound freedom would catapult him through the envelope of commitment and into the arena of female juggling. How did it go again? You can drop a couple, but as long as they don't break, hey, just keep on juggling! Armed with an eye for style and certain other things (how many rounds in those clips?), there can be no stopping Ludes. Looking back we sure had some great times . . . Cam's house, UMBC, the Roy Orbison gang at Loyola, the list is endless. So like yo man, you got a problem or what? On a serious note, I must say that a guy couldn't ask for a better roommie. Best of luck in Pensacola and thanks for everything. As for me, I'm off to surf North Shore, dude. Aloha! **GUZ**

Christopher John Rackow
San Diego, California
General Engineering
Special Warfare

Cheese came to us from San Diego. Loved to fly, sorry about the nose. Dads just want what's best for us. It's out in the waves, or in the Mecks' front yard — naked. Nice haircuts, cult tape, Corona. "It was the darndest thing you ever saw . . . " — We're finally going home. — Bruce. — Cheese came to us from San Diego and could ride Bacon's bike into the surf like no other. Ode to roommate Den-Den. Here's to a picture, free dinner, hot tub, and pitchers of wine coolers. There was a time when there was nothing at all. The Iguana never got her claws into you. Trust. — Lindsay. — A true mender of bad soles . . . like a cobbler. After eligibility and tolerance ran out, Cheese remained and played under the remarkable tyranny of our most beloved coach. The only easy day was yesterday.-Tom. **BLT w/ Cheese**

David Domenick Romberger
Stone Harbor, New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

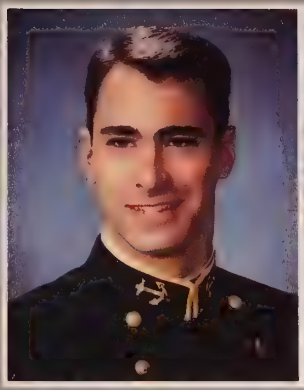
These past four years have been dificult, yet rewarding. It has been the type of experience that has pushed me to work hard from the first day. I have tried to do my best in every way, and I feel that I have learned a lot about myself and about other people. I wish everyone of my classmates the best of luck in the future, and I'll see you in the fleet. **DDR**

Annette del Carmen Schlutermann
Melbourne, Florida
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Red came to Camp Tecumseh from Melbourne, Florida via University of Miami. She started off her illustrious career known as "Shoot-a-Clue." She hit the deckplates running, but more often than not, she was found hanging over the life lines communing with the sea during Youngster Cruise. Between cake and ice cream, slumber parties, and church, Red didn't have much time for socializing. That is, until second class year. Professional recognition became a goal for Red. Many a time she was heard to say, "I want a Regiment!" but little did she know that she would have the Brigade. Ah, but this was not to be. During her time at Camp Tecumseh, she participated in fencing, track, tennis, and Battalion cross country. With her determination and fervor, Annette will undoubtedly succeed in her Naval career. Best of luck, roomie . . . **CMM**

Andy Louis Shaw
Lancaster, Ohio
Naval Architecture
Marine — Flight Officer

Andy came to the Academy just a farm boy from Ohio and it took him a while to adapt to the new lifestyle of USNA. But by the end of Plebe year he learned to duck and hide like the rest of us. Andy sailed through classes, making A's like everyone else made C's. He ran three sports a year, but could never earn that varsity N. For his persistence he earned the name of "boomerang." Andy also dated a lot of women. The only problem was that the relationship would last one date. But it gave him more free time that way. Andy could describe women like no one else we knew. (They're all . . . what?) He just seemed to see them differently, and they saw him differently, too. (Carpet ?) Andy served first semester first class year as MIR. The duties overwhelmed him, so his roommate let him help out with Sub Commander. Second semester he was a fierce squad daddy. Good Luck, Andrew, and don't forget about our bet on who gets married last. **MTT**

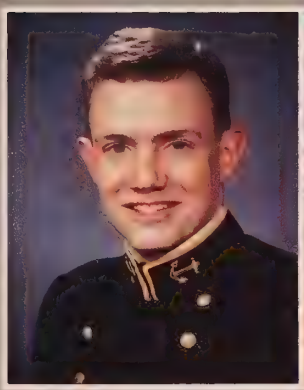
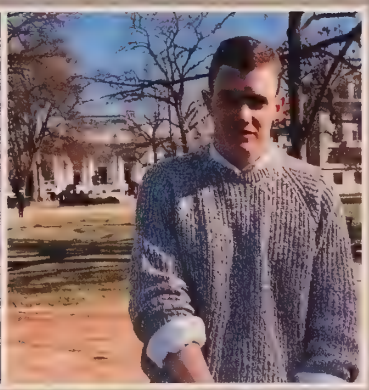


Robert Francis Simi
Rockville, Maryland
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

OPs came to us from Rockville (Don't Go Back). After signing a national letter of intent to play hoops for the Nav, he spent a year at a junior college in Newport, sharpening his skills. His first year at the Boat School was filled with J.V. Hoops and Hard-core 24. He came to 30th Company in the fall of '86 with the hopes of being the next Michael Jordan. After 20-20's and too many crab feasts, Bob was once again denied the chance to be a part of a final eight team. 2/c year was filled with Towson St., more 20-20's and another state of unsat. The Boy Wonder, however, kept his head at C-level. Never the geek, Bobby could always be found with a libation in one hand and a girl in the other. But after all the senseless dates and wasteful trips, Bob — inspired by his roommate — locked onto a "mate" closer to home. We always knew that he was a home-boy. The Marines are gaining a true individual and a great friend. **CW & DBM**

Laura Suzanne Stroman
Columbia, South Carolina
English
General Unrestricted Line

S., M., S., A., S., E., J., S., M., S., J., J., J., Oh, I could go on forever. The Academy never considered Laura when they made the statement: "Midshipmen lead a restricted and limited social life." But, no matter who came along over the years, I ALWAYS predicted the outcome and I haven't been wrong yet. She never listened though, and my favorite phrase was, "I told you so." Three years as your roomate lead me to hate a few of your quirks: your little secrets, your car (I told you so), turning only one overhead on, and moving everything around to make me think I'm crazy. I think perhaps you succeeded. You sparked my love of progressive music ("I'm not crazy, institutionalized!") . Is it really possible to be such an anarchial, radial non-conformist and be in the Navy? Thanks, Laura for all the good times. You were a great roommate (even though you always did go to bed first.) You were always my biggest fan, Sis! Love, **MLC**

Jon Erik Swanson
South Holland, Illinois
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Swanny, the man who enjoyed plebe summer so much that he did it 3 times, impressed us all with his blood, guts, and sweat, oo rah, go Marines attitude. What happened? Well, he turned down Mother Corps for bigger and better things.($$) We had some good times, Swanbo, sorry I got you in trouble but it was the Bears fans who made the noise. We all had fun senior year with you as our impervious leader, Dirty Thirty really earned its name. Although we will never know how he pulled out those stars; life away from coeds will surely get him through Nuke school. Swanny pushed his last semester to the outer edges of sanity with the help of his friends Jose and Pepe, and attempted to break the W & M 25 min. course record. His feats of daring (3rd floor restrooms) and wit (BBQ'd X-Mas gifts) will not go unremembered (or unavenged!) His persistent effort will surely triumph in the end; but it may take the extra cash to do it. **SFL**

Matthew Thomas Treaster
Beloit, Kansas
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Clark and I were brought together through the mutual dislike of . . . and our relationship blossomed. Leading to two years as roommies before he deserted me for life on 4-1. He had all I wanted; deeply devoted girl friend(s), athletic stature, a golden(child) personality, and wanted what I had; academic prowess and height. Skipper first found the transition from 4 time state champ to college competion tough, but fought his way to nationals as a youngster. His second try at the top brought a 5th place, Navy's only All-American. His mortality returned as a 1/c as he missed team captain by a single vote and a neck injury ended his bid for a national championship. CSA's first trip to G-town, March 3/c year, his first dance . . . and they're going out as yet. A man who is never quite complete without a girl, he'd risk one for two or three or . . . but jealousy ran high when an old flame, psycho, took a liking to his roommie's smile. Love & FF **ALS**

Christopher Dean Warren
Newport News, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Never missing a rate and watching a long J.V. b-ball season (except the away game) summed up freshman year. Never mistake Pel's quietness for shyness. Youngster year brought a not so sunny trip to Florida, many even less sunny ones to the Gobi, M*A*S*H*, the Guz, an early exit from a moving car, and nite time nav on the Bay. Your Miracle Mets returned 2/C year, along with Oreo dunking, Post sport pages, a Pel-coached champion team, All My Children, Whoville, and, of course, Seem's old girls "digging you." That summer gave us P-Cola and pseudo-Marines and our destinies (or fates). First class year meant the wishbone, a Jetta, no Robinson (no NAV hoops), a $30 sorority blow-off, "acting" Batt drill, 'gaters and running the court. Thanks for sharing yourself with us, Chris. You've been a great roommate and even a better friend. Good luck, you naval aviator you. **RFS & DBM**

31ST COMPANY

Kathleen Mary Brennan
Dunmore, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

Kate, Buffy (heh, heh), where do I start? The Dorf, your swimming prowess, or the fact that you're marrying the guy next door (literally)? Kate came to USNA via NAPS with a serious case of professionalism (We took care of that in a hurry, didn't we?), and a severe height defect. "How tall are you, Midn?" Second class year was a tough one, my friend, but your mom will always be with you in spirit. The o-course was always your nemesis, how did you validate anyway? Crew was the best thing that ever happened to you, not to mention the five beers before Army. Can't go vacationing in the V.I.? I still have yet to see a Form-2 cross your desk, but I'm working on it. Kate, you're the best roommate and friend anyone could ask for. Row 'til you drop . . . **LINI**

Michael Joseph Civello
Libertyville, Illinois
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Mike was brought to us from an average Midwestern setting. His ambitions were desirous — career in aviation, and to have a few laughs along the way. But for "Bad Luck Schlepprock," as his friends knew him, the road to graduation would be an interesting one. Mike possesed the unique ability to take absolutely nothing serious. But with those long gooney arms, how could anything really be serious for OSMIAC 1? Mike's string of bad luck started second class year with EE, and ended with a humorous Ring Dance that even I'll never understand. Never has anyone so smart received such bad grades, or more qualified to fly been denied that privilege. You've been a good friend, and I probably wouldn't have made it through here without your help. Have a ball in Hawaii, and do great in the fleet. Remember, it's been a town full of losers, and we're pulling out of here to win. **DMW**

Craig Alan Colby
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Surface

From the megalopolis of Grand Rapids, Craig brought his love for a good time, the Tigers, and fine boats, but it was here that he refined his taste for women. It is said that after a few beers, if he's not "dancing" with the ladies of his soon to be alma mater, he can handle more woman than any man. After braving the torrential storms of plebe year with Willie, Craig came to 31, and he braved third class year with Chesty before rooming with me. Let me just say, I truly believe that some day Craig will find himself a woman with a soft step and plenty of patience. Craig will be remembered here for his casual strut and the cock of his head, which for one semester infiltrated the hallowed halls of 4-1. Since the day they issued Craig his glasses, Nuc power was his destiny. Let's just hope they issue clues in Orlando. Best of luck to you, Craig. Not everyone can be a career man, but someone has to do it. Your roomie, SNAKE. **CJL**

Currie Patrick Crookston
Littleton, Colorado
Naval Architecture
Special Warfare

Currie, alias Capt. America, Savy's cohort and the other half of the dynamic duo, also survived the Kenny melee. Currie "let me fix it" Crookston managed to avoid a few pitfalls, i.e. "Snow Queen." He and Savy lettered in black N together. Currie is the only person who, while talking to a girl, broke a window pane in 3rd edition by flexing his calf. Currie diffuses the guido scene with his surf pelt and attire. Thanks to his friends, he became a certified porcelain bus driver. Currie will tell you everything you were afraid to ask (and didn't want to know). Spring break in L.A. with the Green Lantern and Jim, (Miramar O-Club); St. Thomas with Flash and Habius in repose; stars of the Carribean spinning; jumping on the "train" and don't forget to "get a map." Thoughts: yummy drinks, Jenkins Hill, The Sign, happy hour at Ha Penny Lion, "Cheesehead the stray dog killer" — Sav. **EJS**

Rasheed El-moslimany
Kuwait
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

Rasheed El-Moslimany, and if you can't say that, Elmo, is quite a guy. To some he is known as a shy young man (although very few) — to others fun-loving and care-free, to yet others, leader of the Elvis cult, and to his professors, manipulative and cocky, but forgiven because he was seldom wrong. The art of sleeping he has mastered, or so his teachers tell me, but why not sacrifice getting a 4.0 for a 3.4 and a little sleep. It is important to be well-rounded, but not above 210 if you're only 5'11" like he usually is when he returns from Christmas leave. However, he needed this incentive to begin training for the Marine Corps Marathon. My friends, my roommate never ran more than three miles a week before he ran that marathon. Damn, he looked good. I told everyone he did it for the Corps. When he heard that, he selected for the other Corps . . . no, not the Supply Corps, the CEC. Don't forget me, buddy; I'll surely never forget you. **JHS**

Keith Edward Folkerts
Pella, Iowa
Political Science
Surface Warfare

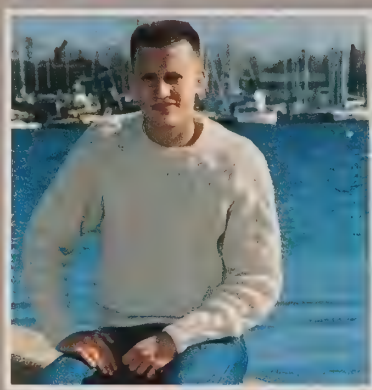
Keith came to us from the little Dutch town of Pella, Iowa, and never quite let us forget it! A desire to be a "real" student and sound advice from the Deputy 'Dant on getting a liberal arts education by "reading more books" convinced him he needed a vacation. As we studied Steam, Keith was on sabbatical in Wales and touring the Soviet Union. For him it was "leave Navy and see the world." For some reason though, he came back once again to enjoy the fun and sun at USNA. He spent his years here singing his way across the US and studying his way to honors. First class summer saw Keith biking in Europe and at sea with the Dutch Navy. As a firsty Keith established himself as a serious political scientist. Service selection only confirmed his idea that the Navy is just a well-concealed travel agency. Above all else, Keith lent to our time at USNA a sense of goodness which is too often lacking. Fair winds and following seas. God bless, Keith. **MLS**

James Daniel Grassey
Bel Air, Maryland
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Originally from the hills of Bel Air, this competitive go-getter came to the Academy to prove a point to the world. This point (we are still trying to figure it out), which he has proven to all, is that you can make a bet on just about anything. Through long evenings of topping his adversaries at anything from backgammon to blackjack, Jim did manage to study a few hours. A friend to everyone and a well known Casanova, Jim has been the life of many parties. He has broken the hearts of young women as frequently as most people change their shorts. Scattered among these broken hearts we found parts of Jim's car. It is obvious that his luck will change for the better and his future success is a given. A dear friend to us all, we wish him the best that money and charm can buy. And hey . . . life goes on. P.S. Mom and Dad, I thank you for your support. **KMP**

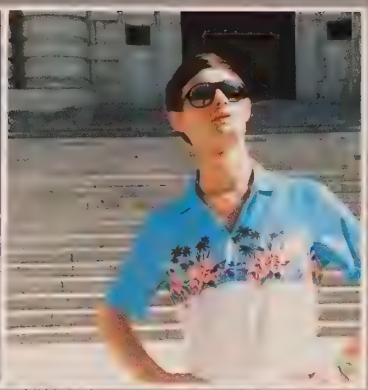
Rudolph Michael Janiczek
Wheaton, Maryland
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

"Rudy," "Rudolfo," "Dolf," "The Original Party Animal," are just a few of the names this power partying man will be remembered by. As bayliff to the Supreme Tribunal of 8-l, he carried the rod of justice proudly. His prowess in combat will never be questioned, as "Kid Janiczek" gained his Southeast PA Flyweight Boxing Title against a Whoop during second class Army-Navy weekend. His professional, hard-hitting manner make him a natural for the Corps. A true friend, honest and intense, he will make a fine grunt. Don't pick up too many speeding tickets in Virginia. **JAR**



Margaret Mavourneen Jockel
Annapolis, Maryland
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

I didn't know there would be someone like Betty here. She traveled a great distance, even stopping at a real college for a year to have some fun. Her All-in-the-Family backround helped her master the plebe lifestyle. Cheering enabled her to show her Go Navy Spirit (How about that basketball team?). Second class summer pointed this SWO hopeful in the P-cola direction (you are not to go out, lost items, the oxen). Attention on deck led Maggie from the Cpt. pied piper to Cpt. Morgan, the luau, tag team spring break, predictable Jockel parties, and put Betty in love?! Maggie was in no mood first class year, but she did her best (Wednesday libs Alumni House games). Now the days are counting down; I'll miss the memories, but good times are to come. Look out, P-cola. God smiled when he looked down at us together second class summer. Now will he look down and laugh by putting us in the same plane? God Bless — Maggie. **JLK**



Christopher Karp
Tallahassee, Florida
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

From the depths of the waters of the Florida Gator Haters comes the Fish. With a thirst for computerization, and a desire for the obnoxious, he reeks havoc everywhere, fulfilling a never-ending satisfaction to know that one more person has left for a vacation in a nice padded room. While at the Academy, he spent two years on the Varsity swim team, and a year on the YP squadron. He gave up many a delicious King Hall supper for a mere pizza, served to him and the other members of the MidStore Advisory Committee. First class summer, he earned Coach of the Year award. He was the most effective pistol coach, terrorizing the plebes into understanding that, "You shoot at the target, not at the guy next to you"! His tour of duty would not have been complete, however, if he had not beautified offices by transforming them into a look-alike of his natural environment: the Florida swampland. Look out Fleet, the Fish is among you! **TEM**

Christopher John Lord
Roseville, Michigan
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Chris came here from the great state of Michigan, taking the long way. Plebe year was fast paced, and he was ready for a change when he came to the rat pack. Chris was already over the hill, and the years were showing their wear. He will never have to worry about a flat tire, since he carries a spare with him. Studying never worried Chris, since he never did any and was always in bed by taps; luckily, he chose a real major. Second class year I moved in with Chris, and it was to my surprise that our room became a port for all his love boat buddies. On weekends he was seen being whisked away in a station wagon of classmates with strange hats; the more the merrier. Later, I realized this roommate came as a package deal with a girl from home. It was lucky for him that she came along in time to make up his mind for Service Selection. The trip to Bermuda was great, full of tales never to be told. The Navy's getting one hell of a pilot. **CAC**

Anthony John Ludovici
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

"Yo, Adrienne . . . Rock, you haven't been the same since you won the belt . . . cut me, Mick, cut me!" Tony, going to the Academy has produced a cross between Sly Stallone and Albert Einstein. I've never seen anyone who could carry a 3.5 in Mech E., while at the same time working out hard core and partying at will. Now that we've blown up his head, let's get to the dirt: (1) "Tony, you have a visitor in Main(O), and she wants her engagement ring back." (2) "Guys, I'm gonna tell her: strike one, strike two, strike three, yerrr out! . . . Dear, give me your hand, I have something to tell you." (3) "Tony, let's flex . . . where are you, Tony?" (4) "Dude, what's up with those after-taps encounters?" (5) "O-Kay, Lou, the boy, the kid, the stuff, the what not, cut the deck for ten bones?" (6) He struggled in Karate at Army, but stole the team captain's girlfriend BEATNAVY? "Good Luck, Lou"; see you at P-cola! **BC**

Lini McCarthy
Wilimington, North Carolina
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

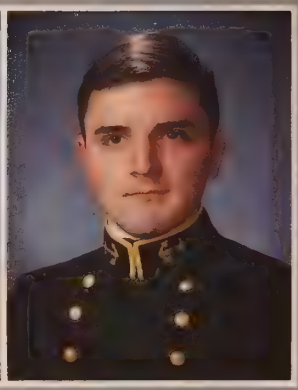
A dirty mind is a terrible thing to waste, isn't it, Lini? What we'd really like to know is how one person could get in so much trouble, and still wind up with three striper libs all year? She came to us via Adak, Keflavik and the USNA steam tunnels, much older and wiser (but too much of a kid at heart to hold it against her . . . "really, it's not my fault.") Why is it you usually wound up inspecting yourself at restriction muster when you were MOOW? Hey, did we ever do anything youngster year but shoot the bull and row our butts off? No, I didn't think so. Mama Lini, you took care of more lost souls than anyone we know, and none of us will ever understand where you found all the connections you did (or that abundance of infinite wisdom). Hey, Captain, do you think anyone ever knew you had a crush on coach? . . . Nah, probably not. And just what was that comment about redheads . . . ? Best of friends for life. **MMB, AK, KMB**

Thomas Edward McKean
Aurora, Colorado
Mathematics
Marine Aviation

It all started with: Sign my list! You waste my time; I waste yours. With the help of his cohorts, SpyBiscuit and SeaSlug, Tom made it through plebe summer. MAWG-WHY, MAWG-WHY. During Plebe year, McSound's career in show biz blossomed: Tom, we need sound on the Carrier, just tote it up the gang-plank; nice speakers but sound has been cancelled again; why the feedback? Hey Tom, is the key to the music office a flathead or a phillips? But things changed: you have the key, right? Tom, call Doc Talley URGENT; where are the scripts? The costumes cost how many thousands? What else do you need to buy Phred? Can I borrow your truck? Don't worry, it will get done. "Please do not take flash photography as this may cause . . . flashes!" Ronnie, how much over budget are we? How much has Talley spent? Going to the Mansion tonight? Tom, congratulations on getting the last Marine Pilot Billet . . . twice. Good luck, SpyBuscuit. Watch out for that Mountain! **CK**

Kenneth Michael Pascal
Staten Island, New York
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

From the slums of east Brooklyn to Annapolis came the great Pascalini, a master of many things. The well known satirical cartoonist of sixth wing kept us laughing at even the worst of times. His many sleepness nights proved to us all that you don't have to go over the wall to get out of the yard undetected. Ken has been a close friend, but he is closest to his rack; in fact, I fear that one day he will need to be surgically removed from his bed. It's been a blast, Ken, and I am sure you'll find success in the air. May the Jammin' Rats be wild and crazy forever. Good luck, Ken — you are a god. No, you are more than a god; you are a supergod; a man whose boots I would gladly lick clean until holes wore through my tongue. Just remember, it was all just a momentary lapse of reason. Later, meathead. **JDG**



Joseph Phil Phillips
Adel, Georgia
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

He left his home in Georgia and headed for the Chesapeake Bay. Young Phil was slated to graduate in 1987, but due to a misinterpretation of the regs, he will graduate a proud member of '88. Phil's taste for the finer things in life would lead him to the finer establishments in the area. We could usually find him in Taber's or the Vous. The Corps and the woman he will some day marry have no idea what they're getting themselves into. One thing for sure, they will not be short on good laughs and good times. I am sure Phil will be missed by all. Best of luck, my friend. I hope your belly and your gas tank are always full. Until we meet again, I know one place not to look . . . hey batter batter batter batter sa..wing, batter. Sweet Ginger Brown. **JDG**

John Anthony Romines
Brandon, Florida
Political Science
Naval Aviation

A refugee from the Florida Outback, I left the land of sun and fun to see how the northern half of the nation lives. I'm proud to say that four years of cold and gray are enough, and I'm returning to the land of Gators, Skynyrd, and Phosphate mines. Thanks to all who helped me survive the Frozen North. As Director and Chief Researcher of the Naval Sleep Research Center, I feel that these four years by the Bay lasted only three. **JAR**

Eric John Savage
Lake Bluff, Illinois
Systems Engineer
Naval Aviation

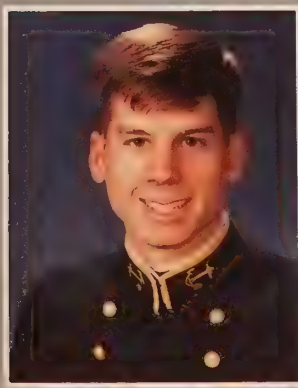
When "Johnny Savroc" met up with Crookstone, they became known as the dynamic duo. "Savy" and his partner in crime were off on the wrong foot, and word of their exploits spread far and wide. Eventually Sav would make his way into T.V. After exchanging privileges with CAPT A for a few seasons, Eric decided to go into private ownership, despite the lamentations of women everywhere. Among his Achievements as CSF (clueless, systems), he founded the "brotherhood," received a medal for his actions during the Kenny melee (awarded for never letting the girl that he was talking to out of arms' reach, while twenty police cars with dogs showed up) — thank you, Spyro! He also won a varsity letter and MVT for most valuable tanner while at the Academy, "Grenade catcher" for the "Flash." Myrtle Beach and women to remember? A few thoughts: Rum and Cokes, The Sign with the Cheeshead, Coxy, and Currie; the Harlow, and Schmitt sisters and Delaware. **CPC**

Lori Lynn Sorokatch
Yorktown, Virginia
English
Surface Warfare

Lori went away to the Coast Guard Academy the first semester of her 2/c year and things were nice. And then Lori came back. Despite certain appellations (perhaps a bit too acrimonious to be renumerated here) Lori, upon her return, overcame all expectations and anticipations to become — if such a thing is possible — the sweetheart of the company (no implications necessitating HRC action, of course). There is a certain essence about the child that elicits an exclusively Lorian concurrent charm, wit, warmth, and worry. Such ambition, such a sense of duty, I submit, have seldom coexisted so easily and with such a sense of (shall we say) felicity. Lori has ended up with a couple less stripes (only three — thank God?!) than we expected, but with enough at least to get out every so often for those vodka shots. Do svidaniya, Lori, bonne chance et Carpe Diem! **MDC**

James Hugh Spence IV
Crownsville, Maryland
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

The memory is still fresh . . . Spyro coming around the corner two minutes 'til formation — suitcase in one hand, guitar in the other. Nilo! Youngster year was wild — no work done, many hands of gin played, late night weigh-ins and many "post" nights. Second class year found juggling Jim catching one girl. He went Latin American, first with his sweetheart, then with his cruise — to Brazil. Jim managed to bag out on stripes by speaking his mind on the system at his striper board. First class year, Jim achieved his lifetime goal and selected Navy Air. Spyro was a multi-talented guy who could do it all, he was a great tennis and squash player and a better entertainer with his "8-1 head concerts." He could play the sax with the best of them. And through these times, he was a best friend and brother to me. Get some "hop." **REM**

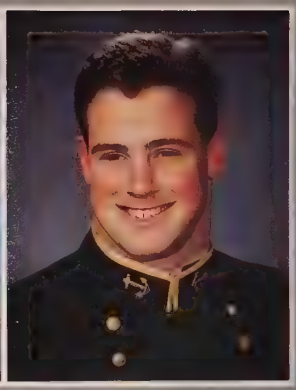


Marshall Lloyd Swor
Wichita, Kansas
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Marshall came to Annapolis from the flatlands of Kansas, full of boundless ambition and enthusiasm. He managed to focus his energy into academics (as the 31st Company Econ guru) and professionalism. Oh yes, professionalism — Chesty was famous for taking the idea of professionalism to its extreme. Who else would've had two 1/2 hour comearounds with plebes — as a youngster?! Second class year Marshall decided to take a vacation from USNA — at West Point! The phrase "hell on the Hudson" took on a whole new meaning. His escape from razor-happy plebes after selecting USMC, by repelling from 8-1, will always be legend. As Admin Officer he served with such distinction that he earned TAD at USNA pushing paper all summer. Way to go, Marsh! Behind it all, though, has been, and will always be, a simple desire to serve his country in every way. This place wouldn't have been the same without you. God bless and good luck in the Corps and beyond. **KEF**

James Francis Traa
Sarasota, Florida
General Science
Supply Corps

Jimbo . . . the leader of the 3-2 Zoo. Neck. World pillow fighting champion. Oysters Up — three for one. Muffler? Cliff walk. 0800 practice. Faithful copilot on the sidewalks of Boston. Quick breakfast at Friendly's, reserved parking, and our favorite waitress. Exit the CPCC, quick haircut, and report to USNA. Varsity Football and etiquette lessons at Bradshaw's Bar and Grill. Babysitting cousin Dave ('85) in Towson. Army-Navy '85. Uniform? Exit youngster year. A-B Classic — naked diving act, lemon peel — Goal Post in NJ, Yellow tsunami on the Potomic River Bridge — oops! Fourth of July weekend, CAPT Gino and the rental car. Second class year — scientist. Mexican jails. Veterans' Day '87, miniature golf, bar surfing. Long season. VGEP at CU: "A+." CO of 31. Jimbo could always be counted on when the chips were down. A good friend and fellow "PORKCHOP." All of us wish Jim much success and happiness in all that he does. **JTS**

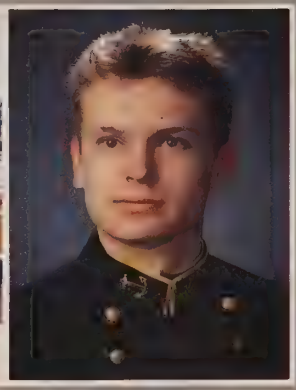


Nhut Quang Tran
Louisville, Kentucky
General Engineering
Marine Aviation

I have struggled through these four years trying to rectify my academic problems and avoid Navy dentists (unsuccessfully), in order to enjoy life more. Without some very special people, I wouldn't have made it. I must first thank a very kind and loving family who became my family away from home, my sponsors, Fred, Doly, Margaux, and Brad. They were always there when I needed them. Next I must recognize all those special friends I have met at the Academy, especially my roommate, Erich, for putting up with all my idiosyncracies. A special thanks is deserved by two of my closest friends, Van and Gary, for being there when I needed you. I must also thank the most important people in my life, my family. Thanks Mom, Dad, Sis, and younger brothers for being so supportive and providing me with all the good things in life; love, happiness, and everything that I needed or wanted. Finally, thank you, Lord, for being with me through it all. **NQT**

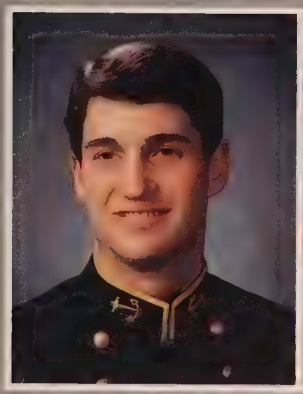
Erich Joseph Wahl
Seattle, Washington
Political Science
Naval Aviation

I, Erich Joseph Wahl, being of sound mind and clear complexion, do commit to paper for eternity facts of my life which concern no one and most certainly should bore everyone. I am the offspring of my parents and was delivered in the little town of Bellingham. Having had my innocence and ignorance nurtured carefully on Bainbridge Island, I proceeded to the Academy to complete the process. Four years and many expletives later, I proclaim that the Academy has indeed accomplished its purpose. This fecund establishment of higher learning and the surrounding environment have impressed upon me the advantages and supreme possibilities to be found in the Pacific Northwest. It is with much sorrow that I bid adieu; the tribulations, however, rode lighter upon my shoulders because of a saint from Seattle, a knight of an Irishman, a man handy with a wench, the Brothers of Blaumann, my blood brother and a Kentuckian whom I will always remember. **EJW**



Donald Marion Waymire, Jr.
Springfield, Virginia
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Don, the Biscuit, Twinkie, Hummer, Mr. Ed, TFO, has put 'em back with the best in the land; Spring Break in Hawaii — "Hi, Bart, get in." Haggling with workers in Jamaica — SuperBowl XXI with Boog + Denis Conner's hat — "look at this hat, isn't it great" — Learning to project his lunch from a YP with Elmo 2/c Summer — New Year's '87 in Chicago marking the Essex as his territory. After losing Barry to the waters of Lejeune and Brother Bart to the mighty Axe, we were sure that Don was jinxed. For four years he was set to go USMC — luckily, he came to his senses and now an airsick-prone aviator flies Navy. (Go Helo's.) Unsatness is his way of life. "We learned more from a three minute record than we ever learned at school." Don has the practical knowledge an aviator needs for success. Cover your six, and thanks for the name, room, training, and for relieving the boredom. See you in the fleet. "No retreat, no surrender." **MJC**



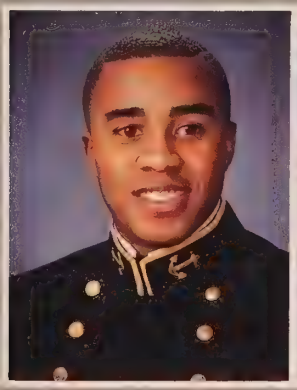
Thomas Mayo Williams
Mobile, Alabama
Economics
Surface Warfare

The sinewy dude from Alabama arrived at Canoe U with more Navy experience in his duffel bag than most of his upperclass. This definitely proved helpful, as demonstrated by his uncanny ability to woo the ladies — of all ages and ranks. Despite the perils of institutional living, Tom managed to keep a grin for four straight years. He must have acquired this trait in the simple backwoods of "farmer" country. An avid sports fan, Tom coached most of the company intramurals teams while sporting the unique number square root of 4761, whatever that means? Just before taps, he can be seen roaming the halls with his huge, obnoxious, ten gallon Auburn mug in search of a high calorie beverage from the fridge. Remember Syracuse and all the pools from days gone by. **AJL**

Erin Ayliffe Wilson
West Hills, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Fred left the oasis of L.A. to experience an even more liberal life on the East Coast. Not only was she my fellow fallen comrade on the o-course, but she also seemed to take a dive during those fun finals. Speaking of swimming expertise . . . Fred loved stripes (blue ones!), and classical disks and sci-fi novels added to her decor. Her four-wheel (?) drive gets great gas mileage. G.E. certainly brought good things to her life as well as stage crew (Help, I'm falling!). Good luck at your native SWOS and enjoy Zorro!! Your swim coach, Kate (Water Polo stud) . . . **KMB**

32ND COMPANY



David Jerome Albritton
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Mellow Dee came to USNA from the streets of North Philly, but I've never held that against him. He escaped the rigors of plebe year playing 150's and most of youngster year was spent pleasing the crowds with the Brotherhood — Jamm & T-Bone. The last two years were spent just hanging out and going to school on the side. We formed our two-man posse youngster year and it's been a wild ride ever since. After I mastered his strange language — shortay, semi- — , I'll holla, busta grub, etc., Mellow took me under his wings and showed me the ways of the big city. I'll always remember the good times we've had. I'll never forget teaching you how to hoop, forties-n-shorties, the Bronco Tango (I'll never), EE622(POW), Annapolis4, Numbni House(Thanx Mr. Kimbo), and the most memorable of all — the Rogue Fest '87. Mellow, you've been the best buddy a guy could ask for. You've made my years here at FAVY bearable. Thanx a million! I'll holla! **Word**

Timothy Andrews
Annapolis, Maryland
Physics
Nuclear Power — Surface

Hailing from the mighty St. Mary's High School of Annapolis, TA looked at USNA at being in his backyard. Not everyone can look out from the library and see their house! TA is just another part of the Andrew's Navy, following in the footsteps of his father, brother, and sister. While his sister was getting an Olympic Gold in '84, TA was considering getting out, but lacrosse came along and he stayed with us. When he arrived in 32, he didn't even have a bed to stay in, but he surely got the royal treatment on the lax field (even his own poster). Always a hard worker and determined studier, TA kept up great grades, so good he went nuke, and got summer pistol detail. TA has always had a big heart coping with his bad wheel. Good times, Ocean City beach house, Loyola, dinner at home, Frankie's parties, Blue Angel's Picnics, taking over McGarvey's, boardsailing. Always the absent minded professor, TA has been a great friend. **JJN**

Craig Stanley Bender
Erie, Pennsylvania
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Craig came to us leaving behind his small town life and looking for adventure. Adventure was soon to come as he traveled to the Big Apple. Memorable were the road trips which included barbed wire and "I can't wait till they grow up" girls. Home roots could not be forgotten, though, as he enjoyed walking along the wooded river with friends. His exraordinary success in dealing with EE earned him stars and stripes. As Regimental Sub-Commander, he undoubtedly gained valuable experience which will help him as he joins the SWO's that glow. We wish him the best of luck and hope his car will eventually arrive. **MJH**

Kenneth Bruce Burgett
Phelps, New York
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

"Mr. Happy" managed to bear four years of "college" just to live his dream: a chance to fly. After a shaky take-off, things stabilized with a new company and a bright horizon. A laugh a minute, Kenny always looked at the bright side of things: Summers in L.A., "cranking out" engine math, double-fisting with T-Dog down town, trips to G-town and bringing back some cheer for the boys, and flying with Wild Bill. His girls have been mysterious, but we know for a fact that his bent little pinky is often quite stinky. Patient for good rewards, Ken is willing to wait for his wings almost as long as he did for his car. Seeking adventure and always volunteering, Ken found himself as plebe summer company commander, exploring "heavenly bodies" atop Mother-B. It's safety first for this career man until he flies the friendly skies. **LBM**

Helge Frank Carson
San Rafael, California
Political Science
Naval Aviation

A late arrival, Helge came to us from a year at sea. From his awesome physique, unlimited mental capacity, rugged good looks, and animal magnetism, we knew right away that Helge would one day grace the right seat of some lucky SH-60B. In his efforts to enlighten the entire Brigade, Helge was never at a loss for words. His adventurous life was characterized by the famous quote "can you come get me? I'm at Dover . . . yes, Dover, Delaware" (6:20 p.m., 13 MARCH 88). Always in a cheerful mood, even after the object of his supreme love was destroyed by an ape in SDB's, Helge always gave us something to laugh at. Having survived the semester without being shot-gunned in his sleep, Helge is sure to survive Pensacola and make a great Naval Aviator. **MCJ**

Frank John Dembia
Highland, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

As an aerospace engineer, Frank truly understood the law of conservation of energy. He conserved energy for five days each week only to expend it on mad runs to 'NOVA, a fact greatly appreciated by the town of Ridley. His four years by the Bay were a series of periods of procrastination separated by harried crossings of the Bay Bridge at 6:25 PM. Besides serving as an endless supply of marginal cheese and "liberated" apples, Frank served as a loyal friend and sidekick. In keeping with his tradition of being down and out, Frank chose surface warfare in hopes of serving on the pride of the fleet, the USS Emery S. Land; but got the Persian Gulf-bound Callaghan instead. **MCJ**

Bryan Paul Graham
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Computer Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Here it is, Bry. Don't forget: shave-a-woop, SDB bros, with contentedness — mediocrity, M-V in TJ, HBB — I'll miss you more, hacky-tennis/youngster messin', mindless repetition, 99.1 WHFS — you NEVER heard this song? recon cats, the Georgetown Log/Oar, Niggums coins "COOL BREEZ," Gep and Clem — miss you dawgs, TAN's HC hit/miss, KES — Beeb, Tom, and others: "She's gonna try and marry you," The Mall Easter 86 — Hey b! TAN's dawg ears, Cheez Whiz book cover, pistachio/hilighter fight, HBB and DeSoto, Actramid crabs, p. summer NODOZ, ABQ 1-2-0 (Breez, Weave, Grohowdy), Skatin! Gumby, KES Army, Touch Me, CE or FL? Thomas, I'm very sorry, Mellow Dee, Drill music, MORE Skatin! SD LV LA 29 Plms in the BMW, LANL & Libt Rockin' America, Otowi Cafe, work on project? 6th Batt CC — we hate life! USMC Marathon, KES good luck, LibT Army, NATO, USMC Ground, URAH! Key West — It doesn't . . . and too many others. Good luck, all. **BPG**

Gregory David Hitchan
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Intelligence

It's been a long journey for "six-foot-two with eyes of blue"; from the Northside to the Islands of Hawaii, to Hitchan of the Naps Hogs, to the mysterious intell man of D.I.C. University. How about plebe year? Third class j.g. from the start, Hitch and Chad the wrestling duo, the barracuda rap, Dubie, Ice, Big Ben, and Grell. Tour of the Med with Sparky to become international. Then he was off to 8-0 and ruling the center shaft with Dane and TA. JD in the alley. Then our Hitch became her Gregor. Gone were the high-fives and early mornings of Pensacola. Now it was dancing in the sprinklers, rolling down the hills and weekends at Vick and Bill's. Tweet, Tweet!! With VGEP and his computer, Hitch became even more scarce. "AMP." The hooks have been many — Mom, Vick, Bill, Alex, Sarah, weightroom, NPQ, the Puffer, and the boys. The rest is classified. **ABM**

Michael John Hosken
Muskegon, Michigan
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Mike started at Navy on the tough side as a plebe in Club 34 and a member of the dingy sailing team. After an equally rough youngster cruise in San Diego with Fuzz, Mike returned and joined the real sailing team. He was successful on the offshore team, becoming a skipper 2/c year. It was as skipper of FURY 1/C summer that he earned the name of "Halfmile," after missing a finish line by that much. The weekends were usually spent sailing, partying after sailing, or recovering to sail. There had to be something more to life. Mike found that something in the form of academics, where he mastered the art of being barely sat with minimal work. The gap between sailing and not studying was filled by the Rack, the Beemer and Maggie's to round off the Academy experience. Mike is destined to do well in the fleet where he can put all that water time to use. Fair winds, following seas but no death rolls. FUZZ **SAM**

Bruce Alan Jobe
Portland, Indiana
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Bruce, a Hoosier at heart, came to us from Portland, Indiana. The hard charger that he is, Bruce selected math as his major. He managed to break academic records left and right achieving straight A's every semester except one. Bruce became involved in many activities such as D and B, president of the Baptist Student Union and finally boss of the the Sixth Battlion. He wanted to become a bubble head, but when told his aegis ability would not work well under water he took to the sky. Being a Christian is an important part of Bruce. Keeping Christ at the center of his life and serving others is at the top of his list. Its been great knowing you Bruce. Have fun at Oxford! **JJT**

Leland Barry Johnson
Scottsdale, Arizona
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Lee came to USNA as a motivated, ready to kill, swimmer. Little about the East has enchanted this rough and ready wildman on the ski slopes. He did manage to find some comfort youngster year in his rack and an awesome stereo system. The woman situation got a little hard during Lee's flamer (?) year. His dreamboat aka, roommate's sibling, brought him to new plateaus of humility. But Lee bounced back as a firstie to do a good job as Batt swim coach and found one in N.Y. City. Hope he finds his niche in the Navy, this wild man with those audacious NAVY 88 plates will long be remembered by the rest of us '88 thirtytools. **PAS**

Michael C. Jones
Fairfax, Virginia
Computer Science
Nuclear Power — Submarines

After two aborted attempts at military service, Jonesy has finally completed something. He might not have made it without the nuke bonus. Jonesy's specialty is maintaining the figure of a SWO and the fighting ability of a SEAL. It's not suprising that Mike is committing suicide (excuse me, getting married) on graduation day. After all, he has been engaged for five years. After numerous searches of his house, no one has been able to find his kids, but we will. Mike has a lot of disciples; unfortunately, they are all computer science majors. When he is gone, what will they do? Whatever Mike does, he will do it right. Take care Jonesy, we can't wait to meet your family on graduation day. **FJD**

Timothy Patrick Keefe
Medford, Oregon
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Having been a "boss" DJ for WRNV, "the Beef" was never at a loss for words. We first found him youngster year, and haven't been able to get rid of him since. Tim seems to have a magnetic effect on girls, and was never without 2 or 3 on the make. Unfortunately for all of them, Tim never did tie the knot, despite one close scare. Always a staunch Green Machine, he nevertheless enjoyed the lighter side of P-Cola (remember the rooms with no purpose?). Tim's successful, if somewhat short-lived boxing career will always be remembered by all of us. Despite his struggle to maintain satness, "Bill" managed to have a blast, or was it the opposite? He was able to recapture his liberty during his last four weeks at Navy. In any case, Tim will always be remembered for his wit, his tidiness (Ha!), and most especially for his warmth and friendship. His future Marine career is sure to be a rewarding one. Semper Fi, Tim. **AMM**

Thomas Koloman Kiss
Rockville, Maryland
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Surface

Tom entered Mother "B" plebe summer and enjoyed it so much he never left. "Spot," hailing from the distant land of Rockville, MD, soon found his niche in Naval Architecture and other academic areas. Suffering from a terminal case of Supe's List, Mr. "Grades" soon learned, at the hands of S.L., the laws of mass proportion and brute force. Thus humbled, Tom fell in with the "wrong" crowd, learning to "beep," conduct late-night bull sessions, and spend his free time "kissing Rat." Devoting countless study breaks to finding new ways to stop AM's snoring, Tom became the original night owl. Somehow he always managed to keep two steps ahead of the Idiot List. After grad school at MIT, it's on to Orlando. What would Tom do without school? The Nuclear Navy needs men like Tom (not Tom, just men like him). Just kidding. A great friend, Tom will go far, in and beyond his Naval career. Take care, buddy. We'll miss you. **TK & AM**

Daniel Lyman Kramer
Cincinnati, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Dan is a very enterprising young man. His extensive and orderly financial records are a constant reminder to him of just how deep a hole he has dug for himself. Dan will do anything to avoid drill, up to and including jumping off cliffs after young maidens. He has a lot in common with Conan the Barbarian. He knows the riddle of steel. He also knows that a springtime of lifting and tanning will get him whatever he wants during the summer in Orlando. Dan's numerous talents are a well-kept secret. In fact, so is his identity. It is Dan's fervent hope that one day someone will walk past him and know his name. Until then, he will revel in anonymity. Regardless of whether or not anyone notices, Dan is going to be a big success. We all love Dan; we don't know who he is, but we can't help loving him. Take care of the Citation Bar and Grill, and good luck, Dan. **FJD & MCJ**

Matthew Walter Le Clair
Burnt Hills, New York
English
Naval Aviation

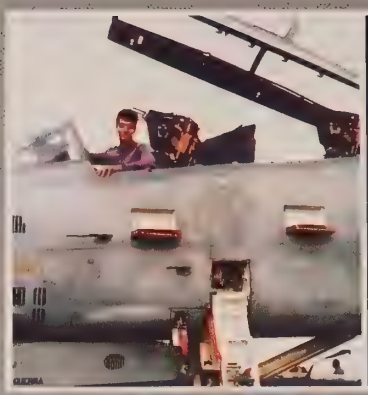
"Le Frump, Golden-Glow," the strawberry blonde sun god from Charred Slopes, NY, has done it all. Good times came quickly starting youngster year with blue blazers, cheese fries, and schooners from the market. Then Georgetown came to Maggies, and the adventures continued with psycho wrist-slitters, chain smokers dreaming of the Arian race and cure-all salve rub. Second class summer with Hitch, Dane and Wades: just hanging out, sun, surf, sand, girls, learning how to rap and hook, and showing the "move." Intense curl workouts, both kinds, helped Matt excel in all physical activities, especially the o-course at P-cola. Touched by frequent rack attacks with his serape, the P-3 burrito bomber is a stickler for deadlines, no problem there, with the luck that never ends. Football games and tail-gators with Mom and Dad. All the support from home. Ease up on the postman. Rack hard, slug a lot, pray often. **LBM**

Stephen Edward Lorentzen
Ewa Beach, Hawaii
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Polynesian, Zen. A man of many nations still searching for the ever elusive American citizenship. Zen began his naval career at Newport's Coddington Point C.C. where he excelled in baseball, platoon runs, and horizontal meditation. Always flexible, Zen made the transition from junior college to the Academy quite easily. Initially he pursued a degree in Aeronautical Engineering, but later he discovered his mind was geared for bigger, more "general" intellectual areas. Although normally studying, Zen found time to socialize. He met Dwight D. Eisenhower up close and personally received a maternal cleansing in Baltimore. Zen managed his finances carefully, saving to purchase a MR2, but could only afford a lemon. Zen, if history repeats itself, you're in trouble. Remember Newport's Mexican, nickel beer night, the quest for pineapples, and McCracken's, the future home of our good friend Captain Morgan. Attention on deck! **MMI**

Sanjay Dayal Mathur
Lincoln Park, New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Sanjay is unimpressed. Over the past four years, the entire naval service has tried to impress him with no success. In fact, we have not even been able to keep him awake. Sanjay's first love has been to fly F-14's, so naturally he went subs, because of a weak excuse about bad eyes. I think the real reason for his going subs is a need for increased funds to support his caloric intake. Never have I seen anyone eat so much and not gain an ounce. Sanj, run silent, run deep (Sanj loves to run).I was going to stop but SanJovi wanted more. He is one sikh dude. He is very coercive and shows an amazing resemblance to a certain Bhagwan who made a lot of money and got deported. For that matter, he looks a little like Opus, too. After numerous trips to New York and elsewhere to meet women and show off his libido mobile (5.0L Mustang Midmobile), SanJovi remains unimpressed. Don't sleep in Nuke school. **FJD**



Daniel O' Brien Merrill
Temple, Texas
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

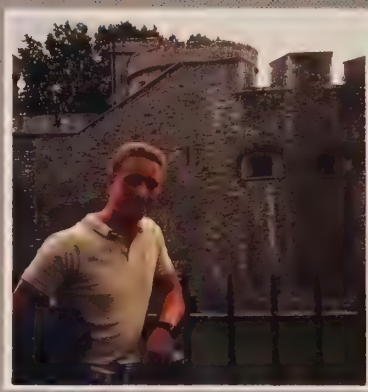
O'Brien, sometimes Dan, hails from the Airstream nirvana of Temple, Texas. The Naval Academy hasn't bothered him much, especially when rooming with the barbarian. Besides chasing various illegal feminine bodies, he has perfected the art of preparing microwave cuisine and late-night computer-gaming. A classy individual, O'Brien has proven a great roommate, except when macaroni is served six nights in a row, or when all of our discs are stolen. Good luck on the ONE GUN USS BOWEN and remember to "crush your enemies, etc." **DLK**

Michael Christian Morris
South Bend, Indiana
Computer Science
Naval Aviation

"Mouse, Squirrel, Little-Mikey, Big Man" left his wheelbarrow behind and acquired a 5.0 litre Z28. Next is, God help us, an F-14? Never a stranger to the weight room, Mike began bulking-up youngster year. This helped him to capture his dream girl. After many letters and glazed donut-faces later, Mike's first runway could be the aisle. He should be ready after leaving many a broken heart on the dance floor at Maggies. The leash just couldn't reach all the way from Farm Town, Indiana. It was only a momentary drift off course, though, and now he has his sights on the right target. A trained tennis star, Mike eventually discovered his real talent lay on the hoop court. Just call him the "J-Master." Mike's physical training extended to all types of activity; his double O-course time is one for the record books. Any man that can survive his run-in with the "Law" should ace flight school. **LBM**

Adriaen Meredith Morse, Jr.
Fairfax, Virginia
English
U.S. Marine Corps

"Lambchops" came to the Academy from Fairfax, VA, Tel Aviv, Brussels, Arkansas, or wherever else he felt like mentioning at the time. When he wasn't asleep, our "French-Canadian Hockey Player" could be found roaming the hall in search for a new method of avoiding work. An English major, he spent many a night rubbing his nose, deep in thought, creating a new poem of which only Hallmark could be proud. Second class year Adriaen's cynicism and sense of humor kept the room alive. Many times he kept Tom and I entertained, especially while eating aerosol cheese. First class year brought some difficulty upon our "anti-boy." Overcoming a "nagging pain" with extra doses of Motrin, he only had one major decision left: Nuke (ha ha) or Marines. He made the right choice. Adriaen, may you never appear on the Idiot List, and may you never again take another Waugh in #2. Take care, good luck, ooh rah, and all that other stuff. **TPK**



Andrew Bernhard Mueck
Woodbridge, Virginia
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Mr. Woodbridge. Mueck like the Buick. His professionalism or lack thereof was rooted in his plebe year company, slack six. This All Met Athlete from Virginia is known for his lack of hang time on and off the field. Head dive at Bambi's, Tijuana. Hot Tub. He packed the whole sophomore season into one game against North Carolina. He decided to visit the fatherland over Christmas (HH). Then we enter the preamoure phase — Minnie and Mickey. It's been true love ever since. Jan. 3, 1988, the drought was over; he scored more here than his EE, swimming, and PCR tests combined. Tailgaters with Steve and Deb, Mom and Dad, the Raaschs, Jagermeister, and the boys. Unconscious in Pensacola, Car crash and explode in Norfolk with C.X., Sean, Monty, and Peff. Key West, Buckdang, Hawaiian pizza, it was Captain's orders. "It's the memories and the smiles that erase the miles." **JDT**

John Joseph Nobers
Industry, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Nobes, Bunk. John came to us from cozy Industry, PA, and has reminded us ever since that he is a Pittsburgh Boy. A good athlete with a lot of heart, Nobes prospered through four years of football, his family supporting him all the way. Taking only small breaks from his busy academic schedule, Nobes managed to break the hearts of little fillies all accross the East Coast — from Spring Breaks in Florida chasing "Tarts" through numerous Newport trips to Army/Navy Social Dinners in Philly. John always maintained a positive attitude, even in the face of having to study. Youngster year brought about polishing up our gate-jumping abilities as well as road trips to Virginia, Georgetown, and Moxie's (so we weren't big on distances). Second class year found more road trips to Moxie's and downtown for some "Midshipmen Humor." John, it's been a great three years. Best of luck, stay out of trouble, and thanks for the memories. **SCT**

Paul Anthony Stader
Annapolis, Maryland
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

After three years of aimless studies, Paul saw the men in uniform doing much better at the U of M than he was and decided to join their ranks. Believing that EE stood for "extra easy," Paul studied enough to learn that a General Engineering curriculum was much more conducive to sanity. He quickly replaced his late night studies with late night paper-pushing, as he was transformed into 32nd Company's Stader Monster. He capstoned his first class year by purchasing a car door and winning bowling pins. We wish him the best of luck in the surface fleet, and may his coffee always be hot. **MJH**

John Dane Thorleifson
Tempe, Arizona
Oceanography
Special Warfare

The Great Daner from Arizoner. Loved college so much he decided to do it again at the Naval Academy. Plebe year was wrestling and the movie night with Wass, little Jimbo and Irba Dirba. He has applied his physical prowess to more than just P.T. tests. SQ, the Gaper, the graveyard, honey, and the condo woman. But DOD has never forgotten its only conqueror. Tweet, Tweet!! Three years in 32nd Co. have turned this former fighter into a WB and a FLOM. 5000's are his favorite number; beg, borrow, and — his motto. Franny's, the laundry room. Taurus Luck, a Seal billet, friends, and JD have helped him through. Jump school, marine option, and Scuba school have sharpened his skills for BUDS. Maggies, Back door club, WCA. Through good times and bad, he has never lost his sense of humor. HEY . . . It's been fun. **GDH**

Steven Craig Thorne
Iowa City, Iowa
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

T-Dog, Thorne-Dog, CornDog, Thorney, alias Steve Thorne, arrived at USNA from the vast "cornfields" of Iowa City. He still disputes the cornfields of I.C., claiming it's a great party town. He took me home — I believe! When Thorne arrives I.C. comes alive! Annapolis also felt the thunder of the Thorne storm. Along with his brains, he brought along his renowned partying ability. Always the tailgator butterfly, as long as there was food, er, a drink available. Third class and second class years were filled with "chasing." Moxie's and Randy's houses kept the weekends full of fun. Second class year T-Dog's one way comearound conversations with Weaver were always heard. First class year brought the same fun with new responsibilty and a few grumbles, too. It has been a blast to be around the 'Dog these three years, and I expect more at P-Cola. Great fun, great family, great friend, great person: that's Steve Thorne. **JJN**

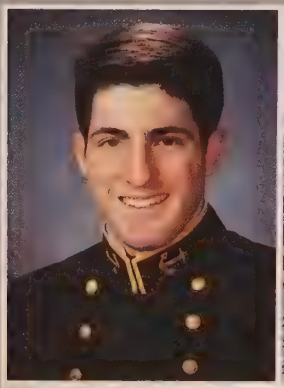
John Michael Tramont
Rockville, Maryland
Chemistry
Medical Corps

Mr. Happy, Monty Tramonty, what can you say about someone who has it all? There is not one person in the company who wasn't touched by Monty's happy-go-lucky attitude. Monty had the gift for always seeing the silver lining of things. Always defending the system, he was ever the optimist. Not much was seen of Monty First Class year. He spent most of his time with the little woman . . . What was her name? Are you sure? Monty service selected Medical Corps. I knew there was a reason he came back smiling from our commissioning physicals. Just mentioning the possibility of him conducting physicals in the future makes Monty throw his head back and shout "These hands have been touched by God!" Keep those fingers clean and good luck at USUHS. See you in twenty years when you can finally get out! **SEL**

John Jay Twibell
Phoenix, Arizona
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

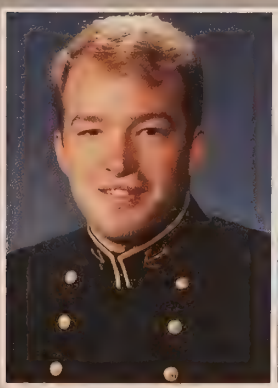
John was always kind of a late bloomer. He spent three and a half years thinking grunt green before seeing the light and choosing Navy NFO. It took nearly that long, too, to get him out of Mother B on the weekends. John rode the rocket into General Engineering and a first class year where he could finally go to bed before 2 A.M. every night. John was always the picture of dedication and commitment to excellence. He trusted the Lord for guidance and worked hard to make his way through good old USNA. His hard work finally paid off with a 3.8 and Dant's List first class year and a TAD on the beach in Jacksonville for the summer. To a great roomie and my very best friend, see you in the sky. **BAJ**

33RD COMPANY



Paul Alfred Ambrogi
Richmond, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation
He came from Richmond wishing to be a flyboy. Mech E. gave him the gray; USNA the chance to soar. He gave me his friendship and he has mine. Good luck in life, but I know that you'll kick some . . . **JER**

James Ernest Bartlett
Cummaquid, Massachussetts
Economics
Naval Flight Officer
Jim came to NAVY following in Russ' footsteps. Fresh from Tabor Academy, and out of range of the M.P., good fortune found him experiencing plebedom in Club 34 with Bill and Greg. Lisa being at G-Town was a real plus as was being Capt. of Plebe Lwt. Crew. The scramble moved him up one deck to the Rat Pack, and a single room with P.A. Then we became roommates, got cars, and the sky was the limit, or was it UVA? The boxer party aftermath, 3-wheels in D.C., Russ' wedding (do you remember it?), also finding a hubby for Lisa! Second class summer gave Jim command and a 5K! And the year saw his 34 attitude shine (soft-core 33!). We both got our best grades with the least effort. The Ring Dance yielded M and the rest is history! First class year saw Jim at Wintergreen more than NAVY! Memories: sailing on C-bar and Mo-light, Oxford, Spring break and the love boat, and Spag nights in 8331, and Pusan! Laws-a-Mercy its been a blast! Thanks! **DML**



Daniel Lewis Begeman
Golden, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation
ZZZZZ — The Rackman of 33, Dan spent half of his four years here at the boat school in the blue monster. It didn't affect his performance, however, as he is leaving with his precious pilot billet and a future wife to boot. Part of the infamous duo who rarely stayed up past 10:00, Dan quickly perfected the skills of drinking, sleeping, not studying but still passing the courses of an aero. Rising rapidly through the ranks in 33, he reached the pinnacle of his career as a motivated drill officer — what a contradiction in terms! Several questions still remain; Are you guilty of W.L.? Was the eraser that important? Can you afford the ring? and just what exactly were you doing on the floor at the Co. dining in? Dan's heading to Florida after a brief stint in hometown Denver, so to a guy who's been a great friend and roommate, here's wishing you the best in Pensacola, and I hope you get your A-6. Keep in touch. **DMO**

Matthew Blake Blackwell
Roanoke, Virginia
Political Science
Special Operations

From the pages of the Roanoker comes the all American boy, The Blakester. A former tennis champ and running stud, Q-Blake continued to excel here, joining the Polisci gang and becoming Mr Intramural. Youngster year brought us all closer, but separated Dan's speakers. 2/C year added more chapters to the already too familiar life story of Mr Jones. Our AQT-FAR expert acquired an affinity for restriction and for a nuke Capt. 1/C summer — 28 day trip to the Gulf, FT Benning Airspaz school and plebe detail. Service Selection — do you need to be able to swim for Spec-ops? How tough can SCUBA be? Following a championship XC coaching season, the marathon man learned the meaning of 'We Hate Life'. After a short stint as Pizza Man, he found himself without car or insurance, but back on restriction, and still with his distinctive taste for Danish. Blake is Life, right Helga? USMC? FI! This spaz is a Navy Diver. Good Luck Blakester! **AJM**

Robert William Cooper
West Chester, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

COOP, the elite 1%; how you did it, we'll never know. A St. John's original, ONE GLOVE — YOU BET! Shall we talk about women? Becky, Sam, Leslie, and the girls, AH NFW! What a trip, baseball, the PEN, P-Dog; your last two years were the best, being the BOY after a cut and suspension. Hey stiff BTFO. Will you ever forget O.C.? How about the Bahamas? "Put it to your head!" "Pickle juice anyone?" "Thanks Coop for picking the chunks off my shoulder." "Ugh, who cooped?" Let's go to Colin's house for New Year's Eve. "Tequila anyone?" Hey Johnny, have you seen my clothes, my watch, my ring? Coop, we're gonna miss you. Thanks for putting up with my music and crazy ways. I'll never forget our secret talks, especially the late night one's. Good luck in everything you do. Love ya. **JMK**

Barry Wayne Crosby
Arlington, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Barry is the definition of a rat. He has worn the same pair of flip flops and sneakers for the last four years. He changes his sheets twice a year, and instead of taking a shower, he sprays Right Guard on while still in uniform. He is a hard worker who has over a 3.0 and built his car engine in our room from block to carb. From his $13,000 loan plus $1,400 from Beneficial at 24%, all he has to show is his engine, bondo mobile and his new ears. As for women, he has ALWAYS been hooked up but did manage to snag one on his own, she was on 5th Batt staff. He learned about standard transmission the hard way by breaking his leg on a Nighthawk. Of course all the Betty's flocked took care of him. Yeah right. Lancelot Link Secret Chimp . . . I'll save you Rob . . . Just don't mention my name . . . Sir, he's not in this company . . . Don't forget Barry, I'll give you $50 but its got to be clear plastic. **DAH**

Rhodel Felix Dacanay
Powder Springs, Georgia
Chemistry
Naval Aviation

"Hector" came to USNA from an urban combat zone looking for some peace and quiet. His hopes were realized when he joined up with the care-free plebers on 7-3. Regular visits to Georgetown and battalion office filled up the occasional periods of boredom. Youngster summer transported Rhodel from the frozen wasteland of Maryland to the Promised Land where he managed to find sun and enlightenment. Youngster year saw the rise of Joe, as a force to be reckoned with, though an aquaintance later forced him into an early retirement. A "real major" made second class year a virtual rackfest, and the ever-present wheels were northbound with increasing frequency as first class year brought its unique opportunities. Well, it remains to be seen if he will be driving an S-3 or a BMW, but I'm sure he'll go far. Keep in touch and remember to set a loud alarm clock. You make me proud to be an American. **BGM**

William J. Daly
Arnold, Maryland
Economics
Naval Aviation

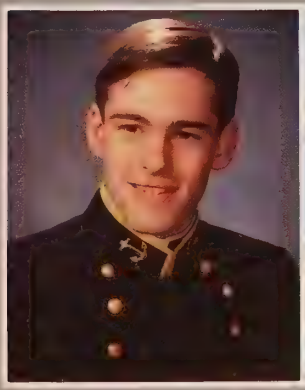
Look out, Mav, cuz here comes Slim. He has been through four years of training here by the creek (SJ), has been highly motivated by obscure DREAMS, prodeveloped through turbo Jamin, and looking HOOGE, so STFBDB. Some day he'll make the Bill Ueker Hall of Fame, if he keeps up the GO (Potomac), but never office. Right Lefty! Oh yea, watch out for those grounded silver birds. Silver tongue has not quite decided on the right woman, which is evident from his Box Score. ANYPLACE get's high score in I Never, and John Deer is his second profession. A three sided coin may be in order, but watch those fingers when it gets BUFFED. Yep, call sign Oscar or traffic director Meyer he will be. His talent can be seen when he drives; distractions cause no spills. I witnessed it. Remember "your mama, your papa . . . ," and of course the schlittle one too. BOOM BABY, WE'VE HIT THE FLEET. YAAAAAAAAAAH DCD. **TRM**

James Christopher Dempsev
Bethesda, Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviation

James Christopher Dempsey (Chris, Demps, or Demper to Pez) came to us from Bethesda, Maryland after serving a restrictive year at Duke University. The relaxed lifestyle at the Academy was one Chris adapted to with gusto. From 0400 wakeups to breathless 2359 arrivals, Chris made full use of his time to painstakingly develop the important but oft neglected social side of an officer's life. By our third year, stability entered Chris's life in the form of what some would call our third roommate, a certain brunette bombshell from Bethesda. Amazingly enough, Chris has found a way to mix business with pleasure by choosing his dream of becoming a Naval Aviator. Now Chris can be an F-14 jockey and earn the Wings of Gold which will match his Heart. We wish him clear skies and may he always catch that third wire throughout his career and life. **GJF**

Peter Gregory Dunphy
Sacremento, California
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Pete wanted an early start on military life. Believing that Harlingen, TX was akin to Sacremento, he signed on for a year of fun and frolic with retired-cigar-smoking Sgt Majors at MMA. As a result, arriving at the Boat School, Pete became 4th class Co. Cdr. and Plebe Hvywt Crew Capt; but life changed when Pete became an engineer. "Moses" Dunphy was forced to strap on his sandals and climb the mountainous steps of Rickover where he received commandments like, ". . . Thou shall never know the meaning of a curve! . . ." Needless to say, Pete had to become organized. In fact, he became so organized that he was soon known as the GOUGE MASTER, and hundreds of engineers came to his room seeking answers to those eternal questions concerning stress-strain diagrams. Through it all, Pete came out smelling like a rose (no demerits?), and, thank God, he got NFO so he can live his dream and not lip-synch the movie in crowded bars. **DDH**



Gregory James Florence
Bridgeport, Connecticut
History & English
Surface Warfare

Flo's life story is suitable material for the New Testament. Mom's aspirations for Greg included his becoming Pope. Imbued with a strong sense of duty and morals, he took Mom's dream one step further and became "Saint Greg," perhaps the most extreme example of "a nice guy." Greg was not satisfied with one major, choosing both English and History (actually he couldn't decide which one would give him the opportunity to write more term papers). Choosing a career in the Navy was difficult for Greg. The Chaplin's Corps offered him a billet based on his pious life. Turning this down for a higher calling . . . SWO, Greg knew that his happiness wouldn't be found in the tropical delights of the Florida Keys, so he rejected a PHM billet at Service Selection and opted for guarenteed deployment to the Persian Gulf on a 33 year old minesweeper. There is little doubt that Greg will make XO by the end of his first tour and Admiral before Colin. **JCD**

David Daniel Hallisey
Golden, Colorado
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

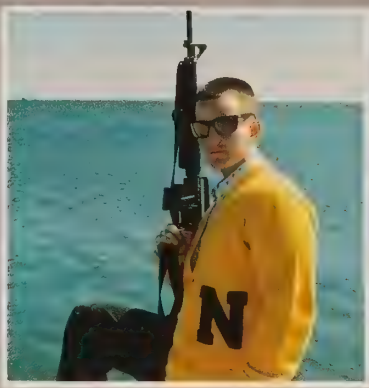
David Daniel Hallisey, Hal, Yuri, and "that big tall skinny fellow" ventured into the Land of Tecumseh from Golden, Co. Rumor had it that he rode his bike all the way, but he continues to deny it. Hal survived the ravages of plebe year and a semester of lightweight crew only to come face to face with the Academy's bueracracy in his efforts to save the USNA biking team. Authorized, and not so authorized trips to the Big Apple (to see a certain blond biologist), gave Hal the inspiration to continue and eventually become successful in his efforts. Academics proved to be the least of Yuri's problems, as it always seemed he was more challenged by the composition of his homemade tapes or in finding a ride to NYC. Dave's combination of intellect, social ability, and good naturedness make him a unique individual and will guarantee him fair winds and following seas. **PGD**

James Eliot Harlan
Parma, Ohio
General Science
Surface Warfare

Jim had a vision. At age 8, when most kids see Tonka trucks, Jim saw the Navy blue and gold. Years later, he drove in from Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland!? What can I say? I'm a New Yorker. It's much better now, or so Jim tells me. Plebe year sweated by easily with the help of his sponsors and that well earned weekend liberty. From then on things just got better, until engine math and oceanography lab, riding up and down on those green waves in the Chesapeake. Luckily, academics never worried Jim, so no one could say he looked like a geek, but no one could say that he looked like a pregnant nun either. Determined, humorous, and generous to the core are all Jim; a good friend. No one has worked as hard or deserves as much. For some reason, he went surface line but good luck on those rough seas in the future. **WET**

James David Hawkins
Silver Spring, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Marine Aviation

My first impression of Jim was that of a top militarily ranked plebe, back early for youngster year to stand restriction. Something about mistaking an air conditioning vent for a urinal in a Georgetown pub. Three years, two motorcycles, four 5000's, and STILL no "W qual"; later, he is all set to excel as a Marine; but will it be air or ground? Jim was big into the Karate club, and even introduced a couple of Cadets in Phily to the sport via his left foot. For a while it looked like he might get serious, and almost became a three striper. But how can one be serious while modeling bra and panties after a "Truth or Dare" loss to the plebettes junior year? Airborne Batt staff liked it as well. Lots of good parties and skiing at the river plus the live entertainment by APRIL. Good luck, Hawk, at Ranger school day camp, and I hope you enjoy their special dieter's program. **TCM**

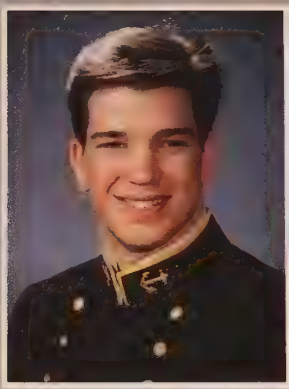


David Alexander Hitt
Bay Shore, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

"I'm going to infiltrate foreign countries single-handedly, crushing my foes using only my bare hands and teeth, leaving a wake of destruction miles wide across the face of the earth . . . as long as its OK with Linda." That's right, the US will never lose a war that Linda allows Dave to fight in. When you combine his strength, physical fitness and drive with his experience in such organizations as Navtag, D&B, and glee club; I pity the region in the world foolish enough to challenge America to armed conflict or, dare I say, a debate! Dave is a walking personality conflict, between HITTMAN the muscle-bound freak who wants to kill tanks, eat people, and drive 150 mph on his Hurricane, and Mr. David Alexander Hitt "Jones" who wants to drive a Yugo and be president. "I belong in the field . . . I belong with Linda . . . I'm so confused, WHO AM I ?" Just remember Dave, when you're dead I get everything . . . including Linda! **BWC**

John Michael Kasuda
Glen Burnie, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Marine Aviation

Johnny K., 150's stud — Did you really make weight? Who would've thought that such a skeletal figure could get so hooge! A St. Johns original — don't forget the charms or Juanita the BEAST. From the depths of Africa, he found his musical roots and the art of b-ball. POPEYE'S chicken anyone? In the CORPS recons are allowed — too bad about the Capt.'s car! Restriction — Atten-Hut! "The man on the wall says — time to get off in the 'hamas." What's that stuff floatin' in the hot tub? Let's not talk about O.C., O.K.! How about those late night talks about the BABES — Nancy, the D-girl, Alysheba and the numerous others. Good luck in the Corps — you pilot Stud. And don't forget, wherever you go or whatever you do "put it to your head once in a while." Johnny we're gonna miss you — don't worry about my side of the room. Thanx for your support in everything. SEMPER FI. love ya. **COOP**



Scott Kerr Kelly
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
General Science
Naval Aviation

As a frail 167 lber. in high school, Scott was eager to embark on a Navy Wrestling career. Although struggling for the first two years, he went on to become a nationally ranked 190 lber. Enjoying the challenges of youngster year, Scott set himself in the laid back mode that would be carried out for the rest of his academy years. This was evident in his academic endeavors which would soon lead him to the entire spectrum of all sciences, General Science. Then in the midst of a successful second class year, he met Laura, thus his bachelor days were Dunn. On rare occasions during first class year, Scott was even known to be seen in the Hall, even though he had a home away from home. In addition to his home away from home, he was also kept out of the company area due to his wrestling adventures which won him many honors. Though his future is up in the air, he'll always be down to earth. **JELO**

James Edward Lanoue
Springfield, Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Edward made the long trek to the Academy, about 40 minutes by car, without any mental reservations or purpose of evasion. Having been born on the crest of a wave, he knew that the Academy was his true destiny. He quickly grew to enjoy all the opportunities available here and was saddened to find out that there was no marching during the winter months. Though he did not attain his true goal of brigade commander, he was pleased with the challenges that MIR had to offer. As a roommate, his natural morning alarm and stylish racing stripes were always amusing. As far as his taste in women go, "How's the cow" would sum it up for youngster year. Being a member of the varsity track team for three years, he will sadly miss one of his best supporters coach Al; he was like a second dad to Jim. If Mr. Lanoue continues to display high standards of professionalism, he will make a fine officer and be an asset to the fleet. **SKK**

Christopher John Lapenna
Milford, Connecticut
General Science
Surface Warfare

Chris (Clap, Nut, or Doughboy) came to us from Milford, Connecticut with a basketball in one hand, a pair of soccer cleats in the other, and a copy of the sports page in his back pocket. Aspirations of Navy Wings of Gold and soccer goals daunted in his head; however, Nut had to settle for Waves of Gold. BTFO Navy here comes SWOnut. Plebe Summer: tough for Nut; no fraternities or sports camps. Plebe Year: Nut skated as the upperclass TWINKIE supplier. Third Class Year: the change of major to Econ. and finally finding a home for his foot as a Battalion placekicker. Second Classs Year: another change from Econ. to the new brotherhood. Parlez-vous Francois ? St. Johns! Finally, First Class Year: USMC Marathon, parked trucks, 'We hate life', (Mechelle, Faith, Julie, JAB, Melanie, Who?), and the Bahamas (Oh Yea). Well Nut Navy Air: FI! Put those NavTag skills to use and say NFW to doughage! IWFYOML, NNY! Thanks Ger and Liz. **MBB**

Paul Clinton Lehman, Jr.
Chesapeake, Virginia
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

"SECNAV" knew how to bring out the "good times" and here are some that come to mind when I think of Paul . . . Mr.Cool The Hook Roadtrip anyone? Voyager: "LT, do you know how to sail?" "I don't like bouncers." 45 days later . . . awarded with Black N; member of the elite "Mobile Snow Removal Unit." 2nd Class Summer: Eric's concoction. Who needs weights with 12 oz. curls? Is there any rope in the house? Ida known better . . . cute sister with weak friends . . . Mary, Mary Beth, Maryann, Married (too bad!)? "My dad, yeah he's a Captain." "Dad, the car will be fixed by graduation." Drilling Machine, "I hate my car!" Just couldn't say No to SWO! Leslie, let me count the ways . . . by the way I'm on restriction again, unsat too! Well, we have alternatives . . . Spring Break on the Loveboat (practice honeymoon). Off to France for romance and Germany for Octoberfest . . . Lei parties in Hawaii when are you guys coming to visit? **ALC**

David Michael Lopez
Garden City, New York
Political Science
Surface Warfare

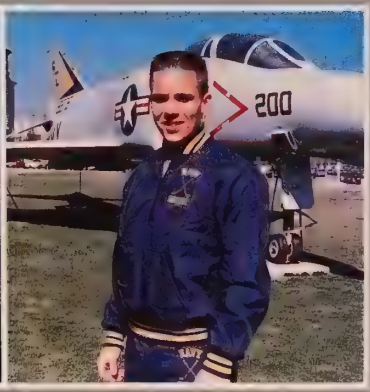
Garden City this was not, but Pez tried anyway. Never one to be told when to stop, he found himself in trouble and on the bottom on a "free" Sat Night. Never one to sacrifice his standards for a good time, he kept the company of several variations to the human race. Not a pretty sight, none of them. A member of the only "real sport" at the Academy, Pez spent many a weekend and summer under sail — never regretting a moment (except maybe for Oxford, Newport . . .) A dedicated SWO until Pensacola 2/C summer, Pez became re-dedicated when Service Selection came around. How many EOOW's can the Iowa have, anyway? Pez always maintained a strict professional relationship with his plebe. Bently called you sir once (after the five grand, I think), and speed of sound demos on rte 50 taught the plebes a lesson they won't soon forget. Don't forget; uniform for Army, spring break-alone, Honolulu, Jason + Todd, LTM club, and Canada. **JEB**

Thomas Crellin Manning
LaCanada, California
General Engineering
Special Warfare

"YO DUDE, WHERE'S THE BEACH? HEY, WAIT A MINUTE . . . THIS ISN'T MALIBU! . . . NAVAL ACADEMY? DUDE, WHAT UP WITH THAT?" Tom has been very successful at USNA, largely because he just recently figured out that he's been ıere for the last four years. Without realizing it, he put in four years as one of Navy's top swimmers, even though Monday morning practice just wasn't on the schedule. Neither was the Marine Corps, even after three and a half years of USMC flags, bulldogs, airborne, and a Marine Option Aviation vacation in Hawaii. No, Tom decided to wimp out and go SEALS. What a baggit. He will do fine, though, because he won't realize just how tough BUDS is until a few days after graduation. Between being sent to every hot spot on the face of the earth, hopefully he will have some time with his true love, the only female on earth besides his mother and sister that he has any respect for. Tom, 210 divided by 3 is only 70, right? **JDH**

Anthony Joseph Mazzeo
Hammonton, New Jersey
Economics
Surface Warfare

Hailing from illustriously cultural Hammonton, Tony aka Guido, Louie took USNA by storm. After a rocky start Plebe year, Guido survived testing the conduct system and Reitan with BA intact. How he made it to youngster year is incredible! Remember one glove at St Johns, Daytona Beach '86, and Slim's dad handing you dogfood. Second Class Summer brought Waikiki, visits to the Lakes and Demerys, and Timmys. Second Class year: snow angels, NADO mirror and restriction. Three years of HRC probation, then this? His outgoing personable demeanor enabled him to make new acquaintance in Army '86; noses of a feather flock together and jump together at Benning. (85, sit down for this) 33rd Co Cdr and stars for 1/C year, proved you could throw a dining-in, right LT. GTFO Bahamas 88. Put it to ya head!!! Hot Hot Box; Dry Bread! Marine Corps, no baXXs; Supply Corps, Denied. Good Luck (Mr V's got you covered anyway, it's automatic!) Guardian SWO! **NUT**



Thomas Raymond McCarthy
Chanhassen, Minnesota
General Engineering
Marine Aviation

Ty came to us from the Great White North, bringing with him many gifts, one of which was not tact. Despite the minor flaw, Tyronius has done quite well with the likes of Amberdeus, Leanne-negative and CCG. This doughboy who went General via the "Rocket" quickly established himself as a force to be reckoned with in Navy's goal, get'em Sieve. Although Ronius will be sporting the Corps-doo for awhile, he used to be easily singled out as the Irish Cursed Mushroom-Head. This St. John's original can always be found with a hooge dip in and was often heard saying "How 'bout some stripes — gulp." And let's not forget about those dreams — How's Bags? Ty, in the future try to take it easy on the screen doors and don't let Schlittle do too much thinking for you (like in the Bahamas). Take care, Ty-ger, we're gonna miss you. **SLIM**

Bryan Gregory Monteith
Rancho Palos Verdes, California
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Bryan Monteith, alias Mongo, came to the Academy from the R.W.B. haven of Rancho Palos Verdes, California to sail and maybe dabble a bit in Aeronautical Engineering. Plebe year turned Mongo into a hyperactive madman who "really got with the program" (though which program is still uncertain). Youngster year brought the Mongo sailing, wargames, and then a regression into the hyperactive plebe mode to stay sat. Second Class year forced Mongo to live the life of a monk as the Rocket taught him the art of being unsat with a 2.8 (and one for the record, you should have been a history major). The freedoms of first classness brought on quests for a 3.0, a great blonde woman, a safe mode of transportation, and NORMALCY. As Mongo heads off to the promised land and P-cola I wish him the attainment of all his quests (though she better have a sister), and the best of everything life has to offer. **RGD**

Brian Patrick O'Donnell
Yonkers, New York
History
Surface Warfare

As a plebe at the Academy, Brian found the accomodations and the environment to be somewhat lacking in warmth. After a short period of indecision, he committed himself to the Navy way of life. While setting records on the track as a plebe, he went on to mix records for the Dahlgren hounds as a youngster. His latter years found him in the sports page, both for his running and drinking abilities. Although blessed with the nocturnal gift of composing papers, his academic prowess still failed him on occasion. As a result, he was often found in the Annapolis area during the weekend hours. Fortunately for Brian, Jeff and Sharon were nearby to provide a welcome refuge fully equipped with the puppy dog eyes of V-3 and a Molson. As a natural born surface warrier, Brian will have no problem stomaching the trials and tribulations of life on the sea. **SKK & JEL**

Darren Montgomery Olson
Dallas, Texas
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Darren came from Dallas with the idea that he could make it through the Academy as an aero major and become a pilot. Soon, all those nights of staying up 'til 10pm took their toll, and the infamous Naval Academy lights destroyed his 20/20 vision. But that was the least of his worries. He went through more girlfriends during his four years here than I went through roommates. His biggest achievement was second semester first class year as a squad daddy. And finally, credit goes to Ody and I for ridding him of his ill title third class year as abstinence officer. With those thoughts, I hope the man from Brazil flys high and finds the woman of his dreams. Take care and keep in touch . . . **DLB**

Jose Eloy Rossy
Miami, Florida
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power — Surface

From the sun-drenched Caribbean, Josie came to USNA, via Puerto Rico, Florida, New Jersey.. with pride, professionalism, a perfect tan, and a new Porsche (thanks, Dad!). Determined to become America's greatest bubblehead, "Hose" has worked hard at Navy. He even "gave up" weekends for a semester just to participate in inspections outside the 'Dant's office. But he has played hard, too: high speed runs to IU (someone special? . . . you bet!), nights of Heinies and 151, rock'n Richmond, sailboats to the Islands . . . ahhh, the good life. I only wonder if he is "more responsible" yet? FYA!!! Watch out for Monte Carlo's in Virginia. **PAA**

Wesley William Spence
Shaow Low, Arizona
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Wes has been dodging a black cloud ever since he's been at Navy. After surviving a plebe year punctuated by crazy roommates, crew and a 5K, he was sent to an ancient destroyer which sailed for 28 out of 35 days for cruise. Youngster year was probably his calmest. By second class year he was back on track. After managing to juggle seven girlfriends for most of the year, he still needed to be hooked up for the Ring Dance which they never got to. After spending firsty summer in Europe, he came back to Hell and the cloud came home to stay. We all knew that he was having a bad year when he had no women after first semester. Service Selection just proved it and then to top it all off he wrecked his car before Spring Break. Fortunately it looks like he'll finish up on schedule — jammed up and with a harem. **JAZ**

William Edward Tobin, Jr.
New York, New York
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Bill came to the Naval Academy without knowing what it was, who he was, or what the two were doing together. Plebe year allowed young Bill to discover many new things and challenges: difficult courses to study for, squares that yearned to be marched, disappearing roommates, and a dance to conquer. Youngster year brought a new company, a new waistline, and a new address in Severna Park. Second class year saw the now mature "Billy" flaming, racking, and geeking in more ways than one. In our final year we witnessed the frequent disappearance of Bill, the appearance of suspicious "rings," and his sporting the latest fashions in maternity wear. As Bill is about to begin his pilot training, I can only wish him the best of luck. He's been a kind, thoughtful, and caring roommate and a best friend. **JEH**

James A. Zito
Attleboro, Massachusetts
Aerospace Engineering
Special Operations

IT IS ALIVE! James A. Zito, alias the Keymaster, the Troll from Hell but most affectionately known as "Zeets" has undergone quite an evolution at the Naval Academy (parole didn't come soon enough). From his humble beginnings as a quiet Catholic boy from Massachusetts, this all-American powerlifter and part-time hockey player began to gradually notice, and desire, the better things in life. This hot-blooded Italian has seen romance highlighted by Beginner's Stunt, Hopeless Cause, Disposable and A Down Under Keeper. His cars ranged from a classic 442 to the 280Z of his dreams. Through his Andretti-like (or lack of) driving skills, Zeets took do-it-yourself car repair to new levels. Flaps loved you, too! Who could believe we could have so much fun in hell? The Spec. Ops. community ain't seen nothin' yet! Take good care and . . . AMF. **WWS**

34TH COMPANY

Thomas Hobart Beck
Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Aviation

Dear Grandpa, You're the only first class I know who wears shirt stays ALL the time. You are dedicated, motivated, green through and through, and very ugly. Why would a die-hard Marine want to be on the Sailing Team? "It's the only ship I'll ever drive." Despite all of your hang-ups with the aerodynamic-cluster screws of water-borne blimps you became 'arine Corps pilot. I hope you have better luck with your Hornet. Maybe it's because you couldn't balance it on your nose. Hobart is great with trivialities — he just can't use his skill on a test. He's great friends with the Supe, too. It must have been that look in his eyes that made him say "Mr. Beck, you will have NO fun this semester . . . " "Aye, Aye, Sir!" We wish your future wife all the luck in the world — she'll need it, after all, she's getting you AND that ring. Houck's a what? Good luck with the wife, wedding, and the Beast. Love, Davie and Mikey and Lancer. **MTJ**

Michael Thomas Brown
Aiken, South Carolina
Physics
Supply Corps

What to say about Mike? The Nuke wanna-be is now a motivated Pork Chop. "Just remember this when you're driving your ship: the Supply guys own that ship, the Navy is nothing without supply people, the Universe revolves around Supply personnel — we are the crux of modern civilization . . . " Calm down, Mike — I don't care what you guys do, just so I'm fed. And what's this business about some girl in Arizona? I thought for sure that you would find a local girl on one of our weekend trips to the College of Overwhelming Mediocrity. There's no accounting for some taste. **SEW**

Richard David Bruns, Jr.
Honesdale, Pennsylvania
English
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Dave saw the light early. After Prof. Fine, Dave made an insignificant change in majors from systems to English. As for his personal life, he started out by harrassing his roommate for having so many mid girl friends. And then "East is East" came along and his life was changed. However, Dave's life here was uneventful. For example, Dave is not exactly Daniel Boone. When camping on Cape Hatteras Dave mimicked Jack London's "To Build a Fire." He couldn't build a tent either. "East is East" had to do both. Dave also didn't require a lot of beer to have a good time. A little bit did quite enough damage. I memorialize his cover and a phone call from Mayport. But don't let this fool you, Dave does have a rather "MANLY" physique. So why did he choose the sedate life of flying submarines? Well, it's because he has more common sense than I. Good luck, Nukeepoo — your friends, roommates, and "East is East." Houck's a what? **MTJ**

Christopher J. Bushnell
Westminster, California
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

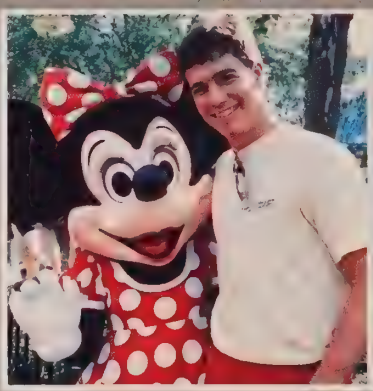
Bush came to us a chunky, blonde hair, southern California beach bum, but we didn't hold that against him. When he arrived at USNA, Bush was a one-woman man, but a close encounter on Muller's basement floor broke him of that bad habit. Soon he was spending millions for a wild Texas pony ride, and of late is enjoying the company of a lot of local girls. True to his California background, Chris played volleyball, but he spent most of his time in the coach's doghouse. Bush found his true athletic calling when he perfected a swan dive off the barbed wire behind Halsey. The crabbiest of Houck's bandits. Houck's A.D. Chris is off to P-Cola, and we wish him the best; we know he will always be left holding the shaft. **MAB**

Mark Andrew Butler
Litchfield Park, Arizona
Systems Engineering
Marine Aviation

Mark came to us as a Bostonian P.S. He refused to admit to anything has lasted and will last forever. He will be remembered by the stench from his hockey equipment and his bovine chewing. Mark suffered through the Blue Hen girl, tire tracks in Philly, Horsewoman, Scarface at Hood . . . Mark has fooled the Systems Department and himself for four years. Mark's taste in clothing has grown as much as his girth, from Magnum and Butler in Annapolis to khakis and pennyloafers. While Mark enjoyed playing hockey, most of his time was spent in the sin bin. Besides team captain, Mark was also awarded the coveted chiquita award four times. Mark enjoys golf, but sometimes can't find the right hole. He was the most stubborn of Houck's bandits, Houck's A.D. Travel the future road well, Half Pipe, whether it be through gravel agitation or Marine Aviation. **CJB**

James Robert Campbell
Brandywine, West Virginia
English
Naval Aviation

"Well, I'm from West Virginia and I never seen so many pretty women as there are here at USNA . . . " A true gentleman, Jim is, until the drinks are poured. Jim's tastes have varied from German sourkraut to English fox hunting. A closet intellectual, Jim was always sensitive to the plight of little girls. Jim's artistic endeavors included Masqueraders and Glee Club (Joe will miss you). Fieldballer — RX-7 — sloooooow fast pitcher — Nimitz Shellback, Rio — WOMID directory — gossip hound — Camelot — '90 females Pensacola party, be there! — Plebe summer peeping tom victim (did she see 'Vall of it?) — the Commodore, Jim Sr., party man — Good luck, Jim, and don't get swamped by the WAVES at Pensacola. **CSL**



Michael Francis Chesire
Long Branch, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Who is Ches? Just ask any one of his many women. His way with girls can be directly traced to the Jersey shore line, where his plaid flannels and high tops are all the rage. Thanks for screening us from "Bark like a dog." A die hard antique collector, from his old lamp to his '63 Jeep, Ches is always a big sweetie, except for those few times when he snaps. In his room, avoid shower urges and bananas in the rack. Mr. JV Baseball, nice hit. Afternoon soaps. Two towels and two sets of sheets per semester. Tons of fun girls. Inverse medical treatments. Tarzan boxers. Nookie, Pokie, Snapper. Maggies memorial parking lot. "N" dance. Uncle Mike. Fieldball Goalie. "Who's coming with me?" Ches and his Jeep will reach greater heights than the Lejuene ramp no doubt. And since NFO is so unappealing, there's always that job pumping gas back home. **CLB**

Michael Jay Cox
Annapolis, Maryland
English
Surface Warfare
Mike, you made it. Congratulations. Good Luck. **MAB**

Lance Gregory Davidson
East St. Louis, Illinois
Physical Science
Surface Warfare
Lance Dance Romance. The man with a girl in every state. He claimed that his romantic expertise was a product of his cinema exposure. Unfortunately, in "T.V. for jocks," I mean Mass Media, his grades didn't reflect it. His academic prowess can be summed up by one word: GOUGE! After all, an ounce of gouge is worth a ton of knowledge. They'll be impressed at EOOW school, when Lance asks what the "P" in Bernoulli's equation means. We have to give him credit, though. The man has nine N-stars for track. And remember, the key factor in running well is A LOT of sleep. All in all, Lance is a great friend to many at and away from Navy. We will all remember Herman, the Mayport night life, conning the Saratoga, FUGGA-MUGGA, and the good times we spent together. Houck's a what? Good luck, Lancer, from your roommates and friends. **MTJ**

Michael William Di Nardo
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps
Mike, a.k.a. Turbo, a.k.a. Cobra was a big man trapped in a little man's body — what was missing in stature was made up for in personality. Powerlifting, wrestling — there weren't too many physical things Mike couldn't do, except reach a pullup bar. His love for women began at Gate One, although he did have his weak moments. Turbo's endless quest for that short, blonde gymnast was a source of many lengthy stories, for Mike had a natural ability to make a short story long. Shotgun drinking went with shotgun driving — Mike made a better passenger than a driver since his sense of direction was enhanced only by a police escort. Mike was known for having more checkbooks than most people had dollars — too bad he couldn't major in independent wealth. Cobra did make the smart move from Mech E to G.E., though. This gave him more time to prepare for the Corps by hitting the beach — Ocean City, that is. Semper Fi! **PGM**

Michael Joseph Fournier
Evans, Georgia
English
Surface Warfare
Raggy? are you up yet? BMW . . . The Ultimate Driving Machine . . . when it gets out of the shop. Did anyone get the license of that truck? Kornball and the bowling team, that was the life! Then came Club 34. Fifty box lunches, twice a week, and he kept the snickers and the cokes. Two years of championship NAVTAG, and he still fails the PCR twice! Raggy never did get those stripes he wanted, but a car, stereo, VCR, and some cash from Navy Relief helped ease the pain. A Georgian English major, Raggy could wine and dine with the best of them and then slop around with the rest of us. He lived through two years of hardship, and then he found us! Workouts lasted 'til service selection, and then the SWO daddy emerged. Spring Break in Daytona Beach produced a wonderful shrine. Did you ever get that bike? A year and a half of EE, yet another LTM hits the fleet. Go, Dawgs! — Hages and Trigger **MJF**

Mark Lenz Hagenlocher
Poultney, Vermont
History
Surface Warfare

Hages . . . no better way to say it. I'm Whiteshoes Hagenlocher. Would you like to hear my opinion, RADM, sir? And then on to Club 34. Houck's a what? Do you have calibrated eyeballs? Word of the day, Twigg? Sorry, Chet, gotta gain weight, you can't have any of MY roast loin. Junior year: no more Wingnut and his stupid guards. First annual splashdown! Who's room is this? On the road to fifty pounds and Slider. "I want something to eat." Homework? More like Conan comics, little toy soldiers, lots of models, and even more books. Still got the ring? She has your car. Bring it home, Pat. Mus and PeeWee, I guess this means he lost the bet. Fall "wapo" games, H.H., and hoho's. True love? You're such a mushpie. J.T. That's why I'm here. One and a half years of EE, Another LTM hits the fleet. San Diego, watch out. — Raggy and Trigger. **MJF**

Stephen Charles Hassell
Lansing, Michigan
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Steve, you made it, you beater and blower. Congratulations. Good Luck. **MAB**

William Warfield Hiscock
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

Bill came to Club 34 USNA from Ft. Lauderdale, where his fishing backround provided him an abundant supply of snapper. He soon turned to investing, where his most prominent investment was one of fifteen for twenty, which was very mature. This marine interest continued to the waters of Lejeune and beyond, diving for pearls of the Orient. Contrary to popular belief, baseball is not played by every Floridian, as Bill has shown. Although Navy by choice, Bill's drilling ability has clearly demonstrated that the Marines have lost an impressive man . . . Ring Dance dates by hair cuttery . . . nice plaid pants . . . boat's longest voyage down Rt. 2 . . . flaring temper . . . in search of the perfect Z . . . karate and the sink cabinet . . . movie investor . . . Bill, have fun at the Ring Dance, hope the second time is twice as fun. **CLB**

Jonathan Richard Hupp
Middleburg Heights, Ohio
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Being from Cleveland, a renowned Navy town, Jon chose the Naval Academy so that he could fulfill his life-long dream of flying. It will be nothing new for Jon, since he is already known for flying up and down America's highways, especially to visit his second home at Hood College. Jon is an avid Brown's football fan. Hopefully, for Jon's sake, they will win a Super Bowl before he retires. Jon came to the Club with the intention of becoming an EE geek, but soon returned to reality when faced with the prospect of not graduating and moved on to Political Science. Then he had plenty of time to enjoy one of Tumbleweed's Iced Tea's at Griffin's or watch every television show known to man. Jon has given up his youngster year fascination with redecorating houses, and now he enjoys inventing new uses for the hot tub. After graduation and a new motorcycle, Jon's going on to enjoy living it up in P-cola. "Houck is a what?" **CJN**

Michael Theodore James
Nampa, Idaho
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

He is affectionately known in Club 34 as "Rat." I don't know where the name came from; I don't even know if he knows it's his nickname. It might have something to do with his academic prowess, which was admittedly good but left him with limited time for other activities except for a lot of sleep. He was probably the only aero major who actually enjoyed Prof. Allen, Prof. Granger, and Aeroelasticity. Enter: a saving force in his life. She drew him away from the "hall of horrors," Rickover Hall. The only problem is that the author of this document has lost time with his primary arguer and source of knowledge/gouge. And then there is the Marine Corps. The Corps can live with Mike but can Mike live with the Corps? His blood-sugar level and his large intenstine seem to have minds of their own. Unfortunately, heredity has left him blind, and he cannot be a pilot. On to infantry . . . Good luck, your friends. Houck's a what? **THB**

Stephen Gene Kim
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Economics
Surface Warfare

Steve came to USNA from Cherry Hill, although we don't know why. Cherry Hill is a classy place but we soon broke Steve of those bad habits, and by 1/C year Steve was a certified Dirtbagius Maximus. Steve accomplished nothing worth mentioning, but read a lot of comic books and got a lot of sleep. Being an Econ major, Steve will tell everyone that he will be a millionaire at age thirty, but that wouldn't be his first honor offense. The most nocturnal of Houck's bandits. Houck's A.D. No doubt Steve is career minded, so Wall Street will have to wait five years. Haze Grey and hating it all the way. **MAB**

John Stephen Lemmon
Champaign, Illinois
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Is Chet a good guy? "Does a one-legged duck swim in a circle?" "Does a fish have a water-proof head?" He's OK, but "can't pour water out of a boot with the instructions printed on the heel." What? You never heard of that? His "matter of principle" attitude was evident in his three o'clock walks home and the "so close yet so fars." A walk-on boxer, Chet was a star, both ringside, and in the hall with his fruit toots. Is Chet a good dancer? Ask Miss Houk, who says "he's as coordinated as a soup sandwich." Crocodile Rock at service selection — Ring Dance I-95 maze — the Keerdinals — 910 degrees, Club record — Annapolis street football — cold fountain bath after pressing flesh — taint zone — Kime: tightening that screw. He came to us from Champaign, Ill, and thanks to his DAD's cue cards and tapes he can go back, too. Good luck, see you in Pensacola. **JRC**

Jeffrey Allen Margraf
Tiffin, Ohio
Computer Science
Intelligence

From plebe chemistry to graduation, Jeff has been pursuing something . . . grades?? He got them, and the Nuke interview that followed. But the three letters NPQ reared their heads, and he ended up intelligent after all. Women?? Two and a half years of phone calls to "the wife" and one diamond later, Jeff is set to go. Weekends?? Success here, too, as evidenced by frequent stays at "That Place" with a guy named Steve and some furry chick named Gertrude (fox terrier type). Wild, late nights?? If you consider having 15 cups of coffee and yelling at a #$%!@ computer wild, the nights certainly were late! Physical fitness?? Maybe, but woe to anyone who dares compete in golf or racquetball — he's dangerous! (And don't even think of taking him on in house rules croquet, he just don't lose!) Ah well, a better friend cannot be found, and it is this trait that will carry Jeff farther than any of his Academy "successes." Semper Fi, my friend. **PLM**

Paul Gerald Martel
Auburn, Maine
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Aviation

Right from the boons of Maine, Paul was dumped into the Club after plebe year nearly turned him into a geek. Always the connoiseur of fine Puerto Rican rums, his love for sailing the breezes and A.Y.C. parties never died. With 2/c year came max brain usage in aero and a roommate who belonged in a stall. His intro to the dark side came at Jefe's party with a splash. He soon came to realize that anything that can't be done in the rack wasn't worth doing at all. Freedom came in the form of a blkGT and the Hall in the rear view. Turbo was a gas and the roller coaster with m.m. may work out after all. For those who know Paul know he won't stop until he can look out over his wings and grunt going mach2. K some A Paul, we know you'll do well. **SJW**

Robert Jonathan Miller
Fayetteville, North Carolina
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

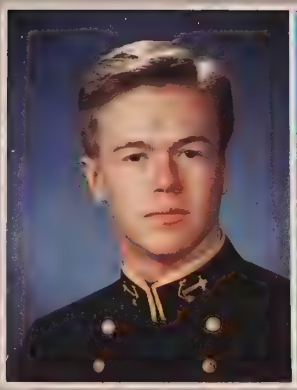
Rob has had one unique career at the Academy. Well, to start with, he was very familiar with Smoke Hall. He had a run in with HRC (4000) and 17,000 for being UA. The Deputy was lenient and gave him only 33 days. He also had a great time going to AA for the semester. "I'll take an iced tea with no ice and give me my keys." His $5,000,69' Mustang is now a pinto. Then the old "the brakes didn't work and there were locusts' everywhere!" left OUR 77' Camaro in the dust . He also managed to ride a bike into the Severn, "let's run, Rob, we only have ten minutes 'til taps!" He was a ladies' man. Yeah, right. After his first time he shook hands when he said goodbye. "It's not my fault, Dave and Barry made me do it . . . " Next time put your feet down and don't look at the plane. Hey C385, are you a bonehead? **DAH**

Jeffrey Scott Muller
Crofton, Maryland
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Jeff joined us as a mid-hater from Crofton. He was successful in all his goals here except one — NPQ. The days in the Club started off poorly for Jeff when he chose the wrong roommate youngster year. Lights, fans, and roommates' clothes were not sacred items for Jeff. Luckily, Jeff knew many of the local vixens, and shared the wealth numerous times. While at the Academy, Jeff accomplished many things: H.B., N star Ac Board, and a chiquita sticker recorded live on Memorex. He came here as a LAX star, laughed in Matthews's face, and blew his knee out doing a suplex in a midnight rumble. He was rewarded with a two-year white works chit. First class year Jeff found scarecrow and lost a spine. The most thieving of Houck's Bandits, Houck's A.D., and Johnny Appleseed runs. Damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead, Helmut. From Bush, Stevo, and Buts. **CJB**

Paul Lawrence Muller
Torrington, Connecticut
Electrical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

After leaving Torrington, Paul was sure that he was stepping into a life of glamour, fast college living, and uniforms that would have women flocking to him. Well, at least he got the uniforms! Not to mention the fast car that might eventually get the girls. But seriously, Paul came to USNA to become an officer in the NAVY. He did that wrong too, because he now walks through the halls humming something about "Montezuma" and has changed his uniform from black to USMC green . . . What the heck does the Brigade Training Liaison do, anyway? Personally, I think he's sort of a ProDev secretary in search of a job! I'm sure his dedication to hard work and knowing when to shake it off and PARTY will take him far in his pursuit of a career in which a neanderthal grunt is the best way to communicate. Don't ever lose touch with your Navy friends, and remember all the good times with Steve and Gertie on the weekends! Semper Fi! **JAM**



Christian Jens Nordlie
Concord, California
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power — Surface

Chris came to the Naval Academy from California with high hopes and a determination to leave his mark upon the world. He may not have left his mark on the world, but he sure left it on the hearts and minds of numerous members of the opposite sex. In fact, Chris's rate of girlfriend turnover was only exceeded by his ability to spend money. Chris's monetary outflow is even more impressive considering the amount of studying he accomplished. A lesser man studying as Chris did would have become a hall rat, but Chris somehow still found the time for a girl and to pickle his liver, sleep being a commodity that he did not need. On a few of these excursions Chris was able to use the skills taught to him by the Navy boxing coach. The end result of excessive studying, women, and spirits was that Chris became a Nuke. His ability to go without sleep should serve him well as a Nuke, but can he live without his girl? **JRH**

Jack Erwin O'Donnel, Jr.
Dallas, Texas
General Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Jack's expert driving abilities were developed on the long roads of Texas, even though he grew up in Baltimore. Odie was the only Club member to roll his car and was twice complimented by Officer Garvey. His combined rural and urban upbringing explain his country manners, progressive music tastes, and conservative hair styles (Arnie? Grace Jones? Gumby?) Iroc Z (both of them). "Present Arms." Marine Corps Marathon finisher (twice, what a d.a.). Space Science major, well, generally. Roach stompers. Offensive fieldballer. Jack has continually had successful baggage adventures with Continental, and insurance exploits with USAA. Despite his lack of personal belongings and car problems, it didn't stop Bill and G from taking him in (good thing he had a hot stereo). Though not as quiet as everyone thought (or would like him to be), Jack has never been known to complain, much. Hit the beach running, but don't step on the girls. **CLB**

Paul Edward Savage
Pacific Grove, California
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

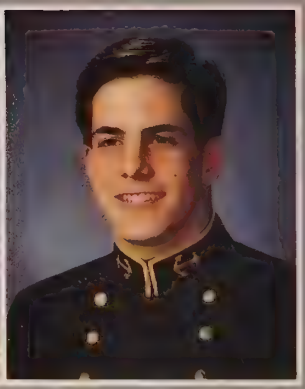
Trigger (stein), AbDoMan. Yo, dude, where's the pool? Letter sweater? cool, no cover. Dan and Butch, where are you now? New company, new life, welcome to Club 34. Houck's a what? Girls in Colorado. Have some cookies with your popcorn, okay, Clay? The nose knows. Early to bed early to rise (Wapo) — 'nough said about that! And then . . . Better known as Moooooots or S.S. You never could resist those eyes! Never saw you first semester, you were either in the pool, asleep or outtahere. Come to think of it, that's what you did second semester, too. No more polo, better watch your belly. Come look at this program, it compiles! Where's Jingles? Whose gonna win that keg, Jerry? Subs captured this beach bum, but his heart will always be in the sun. Seventy-Five in the air, Seventy in the water. See you in California. **RAGGY & HAGES**

Michael Eldridge Tabb
Fort Washington, Maryland
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Mike started at NAPS. From the first day of Indoc, he was a prankster. He wasn't satisfied unless someone was being laughed at. He would slip a tack right under you if you weren't careful. I also learned that he was a business man — always looking to make a buck. Once, in an attempt to make a buck, Mike threw a party, which I'm sorry to say I was a part of. As a result of the party's tremendous success, it was called a Flamm. Since then he has thrown many Flamms. Throughout his Academy days Mike has excelled at sports, he even wanted to participate in the Drum and Bugle Corps: however, he elected to devote his time to academics, which he so loved. Mike also enjoyed drinking. Once, while playing Mexican he lost control and vowed never to drink again. Some of Mike's nicknames are: 3M, for his DJ skills; Tabberstein, for obvious reasons; T Bone, which he gave himself; and Ho Cake, from a GGOOODD movie. **AES**

Thomas George Trotter
Pittsfield, Massachusetts
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Trots came to Navy an innocent young lad, but he won't leave the same way. Some things can't be undone. He had a shakey start with those awful sores, and from there things got worse. Third class cruise took Tom to the Far East, the land of Gold Buddhas, where he realized life is not the Red Sox. "The Club" was a rude awakening for Tom, so he slept through 3/C year! Some believed he was socially inept, but we know better, and so does the front register at the Mid store. Second class year brought Tom out from under the covers and into Smoke Hall with the infamous "Donut Incident." This was the year Tom learned to hitchhike back from D.C. and perform sub-zero tire changes. First class year brought some firsts for Tom: a Goucher experience with B.J., and a date with one of "THEM," to name a couple. Now he leaves for P-cola. The memories are just beginning, Tom, and the friends will last a lifetime — best wishes. **JRC**

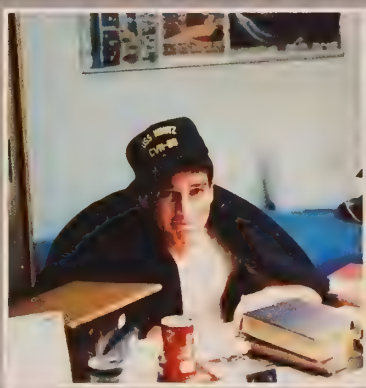


George Washington Turner IV
Okeechobee, Florida
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Having visited Okeechobee, we understand why George was so eager to come here. George burst on the Club scene youngster year with his chic wardrobe, complete with thigh-high socks, revealing (but not very) polyester shorts, orange Gator cut-off shirt, and Donald Duck glasses. With a nose for the BS session (and ears to match), GT has amassed a great wealth of dirt. The "Grand Master of the Universe," "Bad to the Bone," is a legend in his own mind. "Throw in a tie and a pair of socks and I'll buy this shirt." How 'bout them Senators — call up for a contract on your disposable phone. Color rack. 0720 reveille. The grey four door 'Vette. Myrtle Beach Spring Break. Disney trip. True love in Wheels's backseat. We always know that dependable G will be there: "Knock, knock. Come out, G, we know you're in there! Well, the dance was a bore anyway, but where did you dip your ring?" You're the baddest, G! **CLB**

Eric Michael Veit
Clifton Park, New York
History
U. S. Marine Corps

The prim and proper household of the Veits released a walking timebomb of uncontrollable urges and a rude sense of humor. Taken in out of the cold youngster year by Jimbo and Ches because of his Sports Illustrated — other assets included the biggest nose in the Club (with storage capacity for rulers, shoehorns, etc.), and a big blue Nova which served the Club proudly. "Who wants to parallel park my car this time?" "He drives like a blind Chinaman." "Have you checked your oil lately?" "Oil? What's that?" Nicole and the goodie line. Scored love with tennis partner who responded with a private rose (you thought it was private). Red Sox. Spring Break '87, Myrtle Beach, Senorita Stella. Army youngster year . . . into the rain gear bag. Fieldball general. Boot fire on the camping trip. Lefty golf clubs. Keg dancing. Good luck in the Corps. Hit the beach half as hard as the girls slam dancing and you'll do us all proud. **CLB**

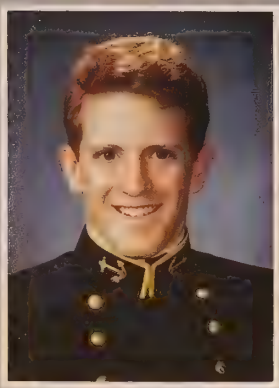


David Michael Wheeler
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina
Oceanography
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Wheels came to USNA a Southern gentleman and left a demented Hobbit. Transformed by the West Point experience, he stopped studying and began to act normally. He had a vision of greatness until Chet sat on his glasses. He kept the rest of us respectable and gained practical family experience in his role as Pa to the Club . . . expensive stereo w/o speakers . . . field baller extraordinaire . . . PT (only before going home) . . . Did you run today, David? . . . itchin doodads . . . the Hobbit hole . . . fuzzy toes and a two head . . . you're cool, real cool . . . scratching throat . . . no beta angle . . . sleeping w/blinders . . . G's chauffeur . . . incriminating pictures . . . Florida trip, Okeechobee, Disney . . . unending wedding plans . . . Tom and Kate's youngster party . . . His low point was when he got off restriction, became incapacitated, and made the excursion that ended with the plunge on the bleachers. RIP. See you at the Wheeler School of Dance. **CLB**

Steven Jerome Wieman
Bowie, Maryland
Economics
Surface Warfare

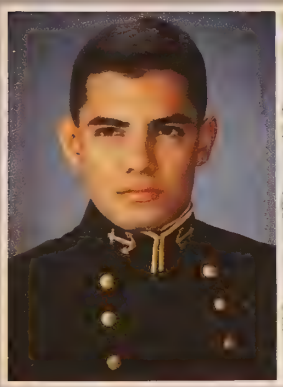
Steve Wieman was the big man in Club 34 who had the distinct privilege of saying, "I am the Horse, of course." A local boy, Steve also had a propensity for local women, which in Blondie's case was quite understandable. When it came to academics and athletics, Steve was plagued by bad luck. He acquired an interesting variety of physical maladies, and ended up with more holes in his body than a war hero. Maintaining the proper emphasis, Horse redefined the phrase "2.0 and go" — the only thing lower than his QPR was his ERA. His prowess on the mound was only exceeded by his desire to fly — too bad he'll have to learn how to enjoy coffee and MoBoards first. Easy to get along with, Horse ended up having more roommates than anyone else. Getting sick in a Ruffles bag, ripping his shorts on the stadium gate, and making ridiculous bets are all examples of Steve's more refined antics. But the question still remains, "Why do they call him Horse?" **PGM**



Scott Eric Wilson
Alexandria, Virginia
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

Scott's humanitarian ideals hit a definite snag when it came down to the seventeen years he would owe to the Navy. Now the once-future M.D. is a motivated SWO-daddy. It's all the same to me, but ships, at least, can't sue for malpractice. A man who never left on a weekend without his stringed instrument, he soon found out that the picker does not always get the choicest choice. Certain surprises were to be had as revelations about chance introductions from the College of the Average Lookers occured at tailgaters. Out of his considerable talents and experience with the art-set, with his 3.0 in Chemistry until he decided he did not like Inorganic, with his ability to lead a platoon to 21st in drill on his second time drilling them, his best characteristic as a roommate had to be his ownership of the room's stereo system and one hundred-plus CDs. **MTB**

35TH COMPANY



Max Enrique Aguilar
Cofradia Cortes, Honduras
Systems Engineering
Special Warfare

Max the "Honduran Dream" Aguilar, the first Central American SEAL. Max started his illustrious career at USNA faced with the language barrier — some things never change! Too much excitement sends Max into sparsely understood tongues, we'll miss that. Just don't get mad . . . you know what happens when you get mad! Max always was a hermit — duty bound — no partying. Then one day his girlfriends' sister showed up and Max disappeared 'til taps every night. What's up with that? Good luck at BUDS! Suerte Cabron. **DEF**

Philip Earl Campbell
Atlanta, Georgia
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

When Phil "I will do anything for another hour of sleep" Campbell entered the Academy four years ago, he began a quest for knowledge. This quest soon disappeared and he developed a new theory, get the maximum for the minimum. If you ever wanted Phil he could always be found in the wardroom or his rack, which by the way never fell much below 98 degrees. Philopian was always considered the supreme geek in the company, even though he would never study for a test and get better grades than the rest of us and then complain about how unfair the test was. Phil thought of himself as a genius at electronics, but he made the rest of us feel better when he blew up two disk drives in one afternoon. But, as always, he managed to fix them and skate by. An avid player of games rather than studing, he was often heard saying "I have to study for the final exam in five weeks why study now?" God bless and good luck. **EFJ**

Marjorie Fricke Canby
Altadena, California
Chemistry
Medical Corps

When Margie scampered in to USNA for plebe summer with aspirations of becoming a Navy doctor, no one knew what a physical specimen she would become. After receiving her gold jump wings, she worked out with the seals and attained an elusive scuba billet. Who would have guessed that this sweet girl, who skipped down the hall (in PE gear with corframs), would be arrested for concealing a deadly weapon? Although not always concerned about USNA regs, M. strictly adhered to the three golden rules: no expectations, social crucifixions, and "pain is weakness leaving the body." M. you are the brightest light here and I shall be forever grateful for having the chance to bask in your glow. **TBM**

Robert Anthony Cecchini
Woodlawn, California
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Cheech, the last disciple of Barbon, a religion to Rob if it was the right week. Professionalism was a hallmark for him, and academics merely an interruption to training. Outside the Hall, Rob was an entity. The numbers were amazing, but he was slick. Standouts were many, but then love became more than a four letter word. One finally came along and tied Robert down, and he did the same to her. His less than mundane life took on a new meaning. What, the HMWHC? We can never forget Bob with his VR punch, Brush Fires, and plastic "drinks on me." Beware of Bob's return! The musically inclined Robert provided "Melodious Mornings" and revised lyrics to classical songs. A California Valley dude, a physical stud, and an academic wonder! The Corps had better stand by, this bug-eating Gunge Pup uses his head to break rocks. **SLT**

Rene Luis Cerda
Anaheim, California
Economics
Surface Warfare

"Sugar" Rene Cerda is a Californian. How else can you explain his support of the Lakers. It is rumored that Rene is from The Land of the Dead, but he is an American. In fact, his favorite restaurant is Roy Rogers, he sometimes even locks himself in their bathroom to stay after closing time. I'll always remember the time when the "Sugar Bear" almost caused a riot in Boston, "me:" Mr. and Mrs. Leary, and admitted who his dream Mid was, all in 24 hours. Not a good day! I guess Rene is best characterized by his laid back attitude. Nothing really seems to "phase" Rene, except EE. Even after his jaw operation, he loved sucking liquid pizza through a straw. Sugar Bear could use some improvement as a Room Wrestler, but as a roommate he's been great. After SWO school Rene heads to "a pretty little place in Southern California, down San Diego way" — I'm sure he'll feel at home. Good luck and next time hit the dog. Later Mex, Sean-o and Tiedo! **SLT**

Roger Charles Otto Clark
Oshkosh, Wisconsin
Mathematics
Nuclear Power — Submarines

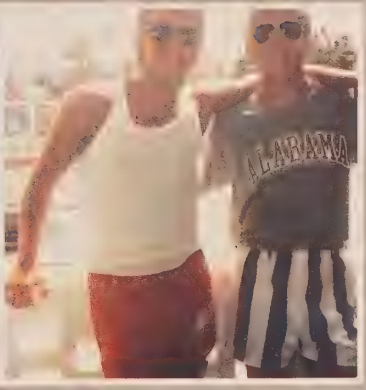
He came to Thirty-Fifth company from the far side . . . of Wisconsin, that is. With him came his legendary stoicism, any kidding was answered with the same simple response. Roger became confused his first class year, the former marine decided to stay marine but he tacked on the three letters SUB and collected his 3000 dollar bounty. The weekends were always something for Rog. Each one was a chance to conquer Europe, the Atlantic, or the world. One thing he definitely conqured was the rack. For Roger academics were a minor interuption to his two favorite activities, eating dessert and sleeping. We'll remember Roger for his lavish expenditures, be it fast cars, fast women, or Q-tips. Good luck to him and his future bride. Keep him awake Carrie! **R+J**

Daniel Brendon Conley
Falmouth, Massachusetts
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Hailing from the affluence of Cape Cod, Dan's world came tumbling down around him with the realization of wearing "heinous" black on black in the Spring. If not for the Midstore and his GQ subscription to keep him in trend, Dan would have been in danger of being excommunicated from the Cape he loved so dearly — something that almost happened when he took Kent home for a visit to the beach. Youngster year brought mixed emotions for Dan. "Should I stay or should I go now?" It would have been enough to drive him to drink if not for two things: he was still illegal and he found true love in sailing. We think this is where he got the idea of becoming a ground "pounder." His hard work finally paid off as Dan became Co Cdr who lived in several states. By the way, we all had chits, Dan. Thanks for being the best roommate and friend I ever had. Good luck and Godspeed. **JKO**

Damon Erik Fields
New York, New York
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Snakeman never had a problem attracting women . . . other guys' women. It all began 2/c summer. I guess no one told Erik that you weren't supposed to have fun on cruise. He carried his ability to have a good time into 1/c year — groovin' at NYC night clubs and leaving specially unwrapped gifts at Duke Univ. Snakeman had a penchant for fast cars, and he went through them like you and I change sheets! Can you say 30K under? But of course the Snake had an image to uphold. Later in the year, Erik discovered the Univ. of Delaware . . . again . . . and again . . . and again. From the ultimate superpilot to the ultimate grunt, his adventures have taken him to all kinds of wild experiences. Hopefully, his good-time philosophy will land him a Tau-Beta spot as part of the staff at NASA. Boy, will the women be in trouble then! Snakeman — always remember and never forget, ". . . gotta eat to" — you ol' Winkie Dinky Dog! **JLG**



Scot Alan Fuhrman
Hamilton, Ohio
Political Science
Surface Warfare

With the motto, "Why do today what can be put off till tomorrow?," Scot mastered the art of studying by osmosis. Supra Scot was able to leap over late papers in a single all-nighter. Despite an ac-board and a black N, Scot managed to stay "cool" . . . "knock on wood." He spent four years at USNA hitting the town, the rack, and the "gouge," keeping his friends waiting for him through most of it. In the end, the wait was always worth it. The great times we've had, the problems we solved, and the goals we reached together make for what is truly a life-long friendship. THANKS, SCOT! Your maturity, personality, and character made a difference in the lives of your friends. We wish you the best life has to offer. God Bless.

David Anthony Greer
Wyckoff, New Jersey
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Dave joined us from the Garden State via Brigton Academy where he perfected the art of minimal effort for maximum gain. During second class year Dag and the Major had an interesting relationship; the Major wasn't sure if Dave was Rob Williams or me, and he still ranked him tenth in the company! Dag was also one of the few people to drive at the Academy during his youngster year but not allowed to his senior year. Early on in Dave's academic career, Dave weighed his priorities and came to the conclusion that girls, beer, and free weekends were much more important than a degree in Marine Engineering. As they say, "sooner or later you'll go General." Service selection once again forced Dag to make a rational decision; fly jets or five and fly. Dave made the truly logical decision and is joining me, Scotty, and Brad in Longbeach CA. as a SWO-Daddy. God help California, here we come!! **MAC**

Fredrick Spencer Hall
Radford, Virginia
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Rick came to us from "Sweet 16" and lived up to its tradition. Rick was the most kind-hearted, generous person in the company. With his warm chuckle, boyish grin, and adorable cowlick centered on his forehead, Rick quickly became known as "Little Buddy" (Some say he was never seen without his older brother). But Rick had his mischievous moments. "Stand back, I have a lime!" Rick also had an uncanny ability to avoid the books. Where have all the Oceans gone? Still he managed glimpses of academic brilliance. (He'll never convince me he knew 96% of the EE communications material.) What did Rick do while he wasn't studying? Well, he became an accomplished Euchre player, never missed an episode of "Night Court," and holds the "in bed before you are" record (as well as the "9:00PM nap in the back seat, by the campfire, and through the 3rd floor window" honors).By the way, Rick, would we still be lost at Mountain Lake today? **BGO**

Michael James Hammond
Grass Valley, California
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Two little known facts about about Reggie are: 1) his real name is Mike and 2) he is the only untan the Golden State has ever produced. Regardless, he has never failed to bring a little sunshine to a Saturday night at Tiedo's. Growing up in Dad's old PE gear made his choice of USNA inevitable. Besides, Berkeley turned him down. Surviving a semester in the Clink with Ernie, Steakhead and I took him under our wings. Academics were never a problem as he set and broke sleeping records enroute to a 3.0. He earnestly tried to make me a better student while I valiantly tried to make him a better athlete. We both failed. Some of Reggie's pastimes included working magic with the AC log, reaching out to the men in blue (or whoever was closest), and masonry. Good luck chasing clouds and thanks for putting up with me. We'll miss you, Reggie! **RTM**

Bradley Gerard Hermsen
LaPorte, Indiana
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Hermslice stumbled into 35 and quickly distinguished himself as the most eligible member of the Betty Ford Clinic (Annapolis, Branch) in Mr. Kachmarik's neighborhood. After two potentially disasterous hometown movement orders with "Uncle Bud" and "Brother Mick," one ending at one of Indiana's finer pumping stations, Brad won his conduct cardigan and the dubious honor of company alcohol rep. (the inmates running the asylum?) Second Class year Brad became the proud father and mentor of a five foot, 130 pound Trick. Me and my shaaadow. They've been together ever since. For second semester, Brad got Dan Mount Everest-Mount Everest for a climb after the Ring Dance. A shark bite first class year clipped Brad's wings but didn't slow him down a bit. He continued on as always, with the same spastic energy. Congrats, Brad. You made it through with your own class and style, alive and well. You made it a lot easier for the rest of us. Rock on. **DBC**

Earl Franklin Jones III
Louisville, Kentucky
Economics
Naval Aviation

Earl started off as an unknown, but he jumped into the limelight at our first Dining-In, showing us all of his stuff (mostly dinner). However, our new star quickly disappeared into the evening; after whom Scott'ae went searching. Earl soon returned at Christmas as the feature model in the EARL JONES ACADEMIC CALENDER. After stardom, Earl changed from Systems to Econ, leaving him with an inordinate amount of time to sleep (his biggest asset to his roommate) and to take care of other duties (country music connisseur and professional college basketball fan). To oppose sexual discrimination, Earl split his time equally between female and male rooms (including his own). They'll remember him most for the sardines he let take his place during spring leave. Earl always tried to brighten everyone's day. He always brought you bad news with a smile (a laugh if the news was bad enough). He should have been Conduct. Fly High, Early (oilie) Byrd. **PEC**

Timothy Michael Kunkel
Amarillo, Texas
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Timothy Kunkel, who the hell is that? We all know him as Ernie. After being transplanted from Armadillo, Texas to the shores of the scenic Severn, he began four years of loud chewing. His first year was spent in "fry 'em alive, 25," where he teased the black hole. He began his career in Wabbitland preached to by the Reverend, and protecting his older relatives from the Necrophiliac. During second class summer, Ernie was toes up, the beach was key. Second class year he escaped to the barn, and became the fourth biskit in the basket. Ernie enjoyed an exciting second semester as CC under the Herd while leading such a willing group of basement dwellers. The Ring Dance Romance, the Hughes, and the cruise weren't all they were cracked up to be. Pizza is no substitute for a seafood delight. First class year was delightful with Bamm-Bamm and the Spaz. Farewell, Ernie, good luck chasing Helga, and save some of the Pearls for us. **GJA**

James Joseph Landon
Cincinnati, Ohio
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Jim, you were never given a nickname. When we first met you, we thought you were hard-core, but were happy to find out you were lazier than the rest of us. If looks could kill, yours would. With James Taylor and a bottle of Stoli, you were in heaven. High-and-tight, gold wings, two pair of underwear, Jungle school, Semper Fi — are you sure you didn't want to go subs? You were the leader of Navy spirit, Russian cards as your pom-poms. The 8-2 barber ensured everyone got a chance to "kiss grandpa." Remember, you were "Ranger Rick," leading the rough expeditions a mile from the grocery store. Your only mistake as CC was talking the Chrysler out of the appropriate action. Frog Eyes would have been a tasty dinner, but Hoover was on your mind. Farewell, Jim, the air about you will always be unforgettable. **GWP, AMW, TMK**

Sean Dennis Leary
Acton, Massachusetts
Political Science
Surface Warfare

SEAN-O came here to play football (QB and D-Back). He is known more, however, as the captain of the Bud team, an honor which he richly deserves. It is not well known, but Sean is the WWF Room Wrestling Champ. He also made it to the Calgary Olympics, I assume for gate climbing; I've seen him train. Sean also holds the record for most infractions with the fewest Smoke Hall appearances. He also destroys more ozone than aerosol with his post-Bud breathing/sucking. It should also be noted that during first class year, Sean found time for an ECA, two doors down on the left. All this aside Sean is one of the most liked guys and gifted leaders I know. Despite the efforts of the Rabbit and the Herd, the Academy produced a winner. So SEAN-O, thanks for being my friend; my best times have been with you. Remember, some day we'll look back on this and it will all seem funny. You'll always have the Coach, Ann, Mex, and me behind you! **SLT**

James Francis McGrath
Laurel, Maryland
Mathematics
Marine Aviation

How do you describe a former nuke machinist mate who gets orders to BUDS, ends up at USNA and selects Marine Air? Twisted? Confused? No, that's just Jimmy. Well, Budman, its been an interesting two and a half years roomming with you. Blood Wings, P.T. in choker Whites, a week in O.C. (three guys,three girls, and lots of putt-putt), Rudy's, abusive phone calls, Philly (the stadium has to be here somewhere!), Mexican brushfires, The Midshipman from **** photos, tearing apart cars (are you sure the manifold goes on this way? Hey Mike?), King's Contrivance, "Got a stamp?" talks about "the women," and the Cammie Rabbit (before it died) are some of the better memories to take from this institution. Congrats on becoming a rate. That is one goal achieved, time to start on the next one. SEMPER FIDELIS!!! **RAC**

John Kevin McInerney
Mountain Lakes, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

"Mac," a native son of the Garden State, came straight to the Academy from high school. Three years of hard work on the sailing team resulted not only in numerous "steak heads," but also his being named captain first class year. That is, of course, until he and Woody stopped seeing eye to eye and Mac took up residence in Smoke Hall. He bore this injustice as he has all the trials of Academy life, cooly and calmly. This relaxed attitude has made him an excellent friend and roommate. While away from the Academy Mac loves to party but he's never been more out of it than after his fieldball concussion. After graduation Mac will be moving to Long Beach. It will be a long, strange trip but I'm sure that he'll enjoy the ride. **DAG**

Tauria Beth McMillan
Elmhurst, Illinois
General Science
Naval Aviation

T. passed through the Naval Academy as royalty in disguise, a fact known to a few intimates but suspected by many. Seeing Tauria is like landing in a blooming meadow and striking gold! She is living proof that cruising with NO EXPECTATIONS is the way to go. I'll never forget the trip to Kauai, Pizza Hut, the three-mile afternoon in LeJeune, many backrubs, and your special gift of the Word for every occasion. Besides that, you're FUN, T., and a treasure as well. When you get the Navy wings of gold, I want a ride! (Phil 1:3) Ku'u ipo, T. **MFC**

Richard Thomas Montgomery
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Economics
Surface Warfare

What can I say about a man who shampoos with tar. Monty never excelled in the classroom, but he found his niche on the rugby team. Short and stubby, clad in Bermuda shorts, he was easily spotted on the field . . . and on the team calendar. Never one to be left out of anything, Monty did an extended tour in Smoke Hall and spent some vacation time re-learning EE. Nobody could call him camera shy — "Santa Claus" was proof of that. Some of us fell prey to his practical jokes. Atomic sit-ups and p.h. sandwiches were just two of his treacherous ruses. Who could forget sleeping in the car after Drew's pre-Army bash. Then there was the occasional Saturday night trip to Leroy's and the West Street parking garage. Have a good time in the fleet and hope you find the Rugby Queen of your dreams. Just remember, "Never step in a bight!" **MJH**

James Kent Owens
Moulton, Alabama
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Since none of us knew Ken Towens plebe year, we just assumed he rolled in with the tide. He immediately impressed us with an in depth knowledge of both Political Science and Dan Marino. Yes, Kent is always right . . . just ask him. One thing we did learn from Owenstein was that the myth is not twue. Earl and John are proof of that. Although not proven, it is believed that his brief stint as Pee Wee's roommie is where he picked up the W. DISEASE and passed it on to Dan. Kent had his dream, a grey BMW, and his creative financing made it possible. Now the Mexican has a chauffeur. Kent also distinguished himself as the Manhattan All Star Stick Ball Team's most valuable bat boy. Unfortunately, three's company on the FLINT became two's company when one of the roommies got Putbak. My best friend and brother — you have taught me more than this place ever could. I'll be looking for you in DC. **DBC**

Glenn William Pendrick
Tampa, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Bisquithead. Mind if I room with ya? (asked upon notice of tape collection and stereo.) Crystal City — cheap beer parties — Holiday Inn lounge — MIA for hours — search and rescue finds our hero asleep on the porcelain. Nice sweater, I think I like it so much I'm going to throw up. Thanks to Jim, you'll always remember the color pink. Second class year in the barn gave Jim more opportunity to get on your nerves. Donald finally spontaneously destructed. Trident project you can't pronounce in one breath. Finally decided to be a submariner, or is it sub-mariner: shut up ya ol' coot. Big lottery winner. Good luck, Alison, he snores. Compulsive neatness makes us nauseous. Four stripes, but what did you do? Not drill. He gave us a phone line, so we kept him. Glenn, Aufwiedersehen — no, that's French. **JJL, AMW, TMK**

Nancy Lorraine Rogers
Grafton, West Virginia
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

When not on the basketball court, Raine could always be found in the wardroom with her homework, her Copenhagen (fresh, of course), and an Alabama tune in her head. She comes from the backhills of West-by-God-Virginia (almost Heaven), where they don't wear shoes and basketball is not a game to be taken lightly! NAPS contributed to her desire to be a WM — but it sure hasn't been easy. (Why couldn't they have had Marine PCR's?) Remember wrestling with J.T. and Tony; strip poker youngster year; your birthday in San Diego (which you probably don't recall much of), the "early bird" that would never leave; the old choc.-pudding-in-the-shower-trick; the mysterious romance (isn't Florida great?), and taking a very close look at the edge of Sean's balcony! A great roommate and a best friend, I'd give you a piece of Big Red any day (no, I don't want a dip)! And don't worry, Raine — I don't think Marines have to know how to sing! **LLW**

Kerry Elizabeth Romig
Cooper Landing, Alaska
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Kerry and I first met the day before I-Day. I can't believe that different regiments kept us from meeting again for two years. EE brought us together, after I taught her the ENTIRE semester of EE in one weekend on the blackboard in the *Lucky Bag* Staff room — the week before the final (and you passed!). Remember how mad I was at you for getting an early first class cruise to Hawaii, while I was stuck in New Jersey? Then what a laugh I got when I ended up going to Spain and your Hawaii was on radar! Thanks for driving me back from Poseurs that night. Remember the man in the road and the '57 Chevy that never existed? Remember my "I — can't — believe — you — said — that" laugh and your "Sorr-rry" that followed? You teaching aerobics classes and winging the International Ball speech from the steps of Memorial Hall really made me applaude your hard work. I'm glad I was one of the few people that really got to know you. Good luck, pig face! **LSS**

Desmond Noel Smith
Houma, Louisiana
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Desmond came to us from Houma, Louisiana. (Where in the world is Houma, Louisiana?) Desbone is going to be a SWO daddy on one of the new LHD's (what's an LHD?), to be the soda officer and wardroom rep. "Why don't we have any sodas?" Some things never change. After extensive post meal deployments in King Hall on scrounge operations, Desmond should do well as a SWO daddy. What? A Libyan gunboat? Just tell Bone it's a giant spare rib and watch it disappear! After a rather nightmarish plebe year deployment in 5th Company, Bone moved over to "Stayin' Alive 35" for a nice easy three year yard period. He emerged from 1st class summer with a new bulbous bow (complete with beer-dipping sonar) and his regulation busting skills honed to a razor's edge. Will he respond to officers call onboard ship any better than he does the reveille bell? Let's hope so. Good luck with the Navy and your future with Louise ! **CMW**

Alexander Miles Weiner
Winter Park, Florida
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Jughead. Destined to own a deli or to have a sandwich named after you — the "How did THAT get in my pocket." Army 1 — No Alex, this is the kitchen, the bathroom's outside — pull your pants up. Who's going to buy at Leroy's? A peck of pickled peppers. Fried lizard anyone? one ring, two proposals, three strikes you're out. Beemer was right, psycho. Pronounce the H, dad-gummit. We all know who stole your Kielbasa. Believe us, the underwear in the sink never came out clean. The top worked, the engine didn't, and your exemplary skylarking helped support USAA. Do you have Weig's multimeter? Farewell, Alex, good luck on the highway and to the Dole you never got. **JJL, GWP, and TMK**

Loren Lois Wisniewski
Parma, Ohio
Systems Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

For the past three yrs., "Lost in Love Wis." has traveled from 8-2 to Bermuda to Spain to 8-1, but without "Mother's" permission. Whoever thought the romance or Loren could survive the "Tau Beta" scrutiny. She put her foot down and squished Dave's toes on many occasions, but "Cleveland Calves" couldn't contain the 150's Capt. forever. For three seasons she pampered her friend as he desperately tried to make weight, but then she found her own weights and began to play. From one Systems project to another, she had many toys at her disposal. She bought a 300ZX, but not for the pleasure of driving fast. She promptly took it apart after five minutes of ecstasy. However, the joys didn't stop there; Magnum showed up for a little ECA in the yard, and Loren was willing to bend over backwards to show him what "Theta Gamma's" are made of. Loren, thanks for all the memories. CONGRATULATIONS!! **NLR**

36TH COMPANY

Kristin Ann Bakkegard
Huntsville, Alabama
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

From day one, Bam Bam was a hard charger as a plebe in roaring 20 and continued on with pride and professionalism in 36. Her "Battalion Atten-Hut" is something that many of us will remember her by from first semester 1/c year. Kristin was one of the few people to come out of plebe year having enjoyed chemistry, and ended up choosing that as her major. Ounce for ounce, Bam Bam is one tough cookie. She managed to survive all the grief, it was all in fun, of having Pete, Don, and Fuzz living across the hall for two years. She spent much of her free time playing for the softball team and as captain of the soccer team. Kristin was an active member of OCF and spent many a weekend on retreats. Some memorable experiences that come to mind are: the attempted 88 brand 3/c year, Army-Navy 87, tennis courts during Army week 88, and the time spent with Bob 1/c summer. Best of luck in the fleet, I know you'll do well. "Uff Da" **PTL**

Klaus Johann Barboza
San Jose, Costa Rica
Systems Engineering
Foreign National

Klaus was Costa Rica's gift to the Naval Academy. He began by choosing systems engineering as a major under the presumption that it would be interesting, but was he ever proven wrong. Part of the problem was that he kept on getting professors with nicknames like "The Rocket." His afternoons were often occupied by soccer games, coaching intramural sports, and sunning himself. Naturally, he headed to the beach whenever a leave period came around. He was always ready for a good beach pick-up volleyball game. Klaus was an individualist who spent his time thinking, caring, and doing. He was considered the local expert on international affairs and political situations. He loved far away places and high ideals, but he was always near enough to be a great friend. He conquered USNA with a style and manner few could ever match, buena suerte Klaus. **MAC**

Donald Robert Bates
New Cumberland, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Don came to USNA after taking fourth in state for high school wrestling. He wrestled as a plebe and youngster but finally retired after twelve years on the mats. Life without wrestling left lots of time for other activities like the hitchhiker's dream after the Delaware game and two wild road trips to Penn State. The Buckethead knew how to have fun as seen by three out of four spring breaks in Fort Lauderdale. To fill the wrestling gap, Donny became a hooker (when he took up rugby). Huge amounts of mom's great grub kept him healthy and the rest of us fat. First class year saw the out of step sandblower as a platoon commander but, it still couldn't cure him of the snoring. At least he faces the world with open eyes, even when he sleeps. Despite a self inflicted wound at Quantico 2/c summer, Batesy was awarded the Top Grunt trophy and is destined for equal greatness in the Corps. Best of luck in the Green Machine, roomie. **PTL & SAM**

Cheryl Ann Beddick
East Aurora, New York
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Cheryl, a young teenager just out of high school, received a rude awakening to the military life during plebe summer. Through it all she still earned two letters in track. The next year she ended up as my roommate in 36th company. This was the beginning of Cheryl's love/hate relationship with the math department. Second class year brought about "the barn," a seemingly endless year of whispered conversations, quicky showers and hidden M&M wrappers. And of course the sinewave of romances and the big Ac Board. After the long haul to 1/c year, Cheryl started off with an RX-7, a successful oceanography major and being captain of the tennis club. From the "do-you-know-your-roommate games" to tennis dates to automatic pilots and crash diets, we had many fond memories of 1/c year. Although there were many rough times, you always took everything light-hearted. Thanks for always being there for me — you're a true friend. **CJH**

Keith Nelson Burgess
Seagrove, North Carolina
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

BURGE came to the Navy in the spring of 1981 from Miami (via NC). After going to "ET" school, he spent one year in Orlando as a Jimmylegs "using minimum force required to subdue the individual." After a year at NAPS, he achieved his lifelong (?) dream of becoming a midshipman. His first two years he was quite a lady's man. At the end of youngster year his social life came to a screeching halt as he joined the fight to save the bay. An avid fan of Johnson & Johnson, he had a powder or cream to cure any itch. Spending three years on the crew, he was the founding father of "Jerry's Kids." During these rowing years Keith supplemented the reveille bell with a grinding hack that could wake the dead and even, sometimes, Greg. The transition from a Candy-Apple red '66 Mustang to high performance fighters will be an easy one. Quotes: "The sooner you put something off, the more time you have to catch up" and "Freddy's Here!" **GW & RS**

Richard Melvin Clark
Burke, Virginia
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Plebe year color company . . . what a smack. Great guy, for a beater. You left the Christmas tree where? Youngster stripe. New roomies . . . a conduct case and a jock. Neon nights with Bud Light. Mountain Dew and Rush in the corner. Spring break in the micromobile. How many miles to Key West? Second class summer with a YP hater. Final approach. Surviving the Rocket. Machine Gun. Capt. General. Three stripes with GR and BS in the staff room. Maggie's. Rush, live. CCC next to the wardroom. Lauderdale. Honest, I was only there to take pictures . . . Orders to the Hitchcock. All purpose guy with a heart of gold. **JKS**

Michael Anthony Corriere
Ellicott City, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

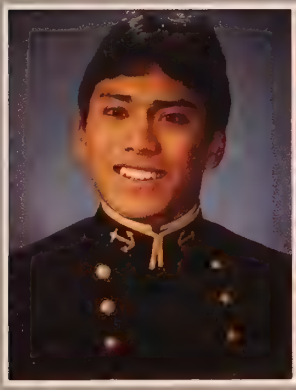
Mike is one of those people whose life seems to shape up easily, with not much turmoil at all. His career at the Academy starts by conveniently being assigned by a computer to "The Club" company. His only major obstacle that year arose when telling his squad leader, a history major, that the capital of Chile is "con carne." Even mechanical engineering seemed easy the way his professors were assigned to him. He spent his time sleeping, talking about sports and playing tennis. During the summers he could be found either in Ocean City or backpacking in Europe. His travels have included the Vatican in Rome, tennis at Wimbledon, and the beaches of the French Riviera. We all hope that Mike keeps finding the way to make life appear easy and at the same time attain his goals. **KJB**

Clayton Culver Cosby
Springfield, Virginia
Systems Enginerring
Naval Aviation

Ox, Cos, Mouse, Cosro, or Cosmic is better known as Box because "It's Hip To Be Square." Always displaying good uniform appearance, he looked best in khaki. After totaling his bug on the only patch of ice in Virginia, Box dumped his savings (except for $2.17) — into what else — a red Corvette. He wanted it in Olive Drab. He also navigates as well as he drives, turning a five and a half hour road trip into eight. For the Navy's sake, he better be able to fly. One vehicle he never had trouble operating was a lawn mower and he was always eager to get his friends to help out. Cos was a company leader, at least in academics where he managed to reach for the stars one time 3/C year. The books gave way to the hooks and the stars fizzled out. He will always be remembered as the 36th company, 7-UP poster child. Keep trying. Nevertheless, always a pledge . . . **SSS**

Christopher James David
Lakewood, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

Is there a doctor in the house? This man needs one, for body and mind! Who else would let the women of promise burn him out. Nerf is one crazy guy. Just catch him at the library some night and see for yourself. His poor Jag took a beating this last year. No problem, he was found to be honing his driving skills in everybody else's cars. That's okay, before the Jag, Nerf was the unsuspecting buyer of a lemon Mustang which blew up on 695 — good job, Chris. Believe it or not Nerf had a knack for keeping his nose clean. Chris found Schnapps best suited for this purpose. So how do you find this guy? Just step into his favorite watering hole in Annapolis, (Frannie O's) and look for the dude who dances like an ameoba. Did the surgeons take out his spinal cord also? Just ask Air "N" and find out. He never danced that way before! When you get to California, your ACME erector set will be waiting. Good luck! **DEF & JJR**



Scott Rodriguez Diaz
Lemoore, California
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

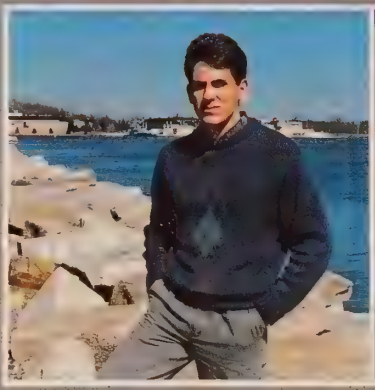
Scottie D, Scottish, D-Meister, Mario, or Thcotty immortalized himself as The Counselor. The ultimate heavyweight, two road sodas would brutalize him (yak-aclese). Not known for his driving prowess, his car had more dents than miles. We can't wait to see him in a jet. His car opened the door to such misadventures as Landover and Dundalk, where he went from statutory to psychotic. At times, his fuze burned short, smashing ice machines, mirrors, shelves, and Shelvers. Famous Diaz-isms: Oh, you guys! Yoyoyoyoyo! Get some! and That's cool. During Ring Dance, Thcotty went through an identity crisis, showing up at the party in drag. Unfortunately, somewhere along the way, he contracted severe tavern narcolepsy. He combatted this illness with multiple daily showers (where's the shampoo?). Remember the salad man, the teddy bear, and the ice cube. Nevertheless, always a member . . . **JCS**

Myron Louis Hall
Clarksville, Tennessee
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Myron came to us by way of Clarksville, Tennessee. Myron L. Hall a.k.a. Mr. Hall, MyyyRun, Freeeeshh, Superfresh, Suspect Buzzard, Silent Buzzard and Dr. Fresh. This buzzard (Fresh) began flapping his wings on the banks of the Severn soon after arriving. Surrounding colleges (i.e. Marymount, Howard-area, and USNA) high schools and the likes were never at ease. He had a brief stint with 150's football (McAdoos) and track (TrackAdoos). He began as a comp sci major, but this Tennessee Volunteer opted to jump on the physci bandwagon. Under duress he choose SWO at Service Selection, but visions of "Fresh the M.D." and Meharry Medical College could mean a long Navy career and a short-term single status. Went home at Christmas and exchanged gifts; a whip for a ball-n-chain, got nervous and bought a piece of the rock, not Prudential. Nevertheless, Fresh is still one of the boys; good luck. **TS**

Charles Kevin Head
Conyers, Georgia
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Kevers Kid, Fisticles, Steven K. Chadwick Jr., or Pistol Grip started out behind the power curve earning his varsity conduct letter plebe year with a Biggie. Throughout the next three years, love 'em and leave 'em Kev left a trail of broken hearts as long as a redwood. From Greensburg to Bloomsburg with many stops along the way, fisticles fought for love. He spent most of 3/c and 2/c years in conferences at HQ Crofton. In his spare time, he specialized in Suzuki repairs. Kev's love for the fairer sex can only be rivaled by his love for the fairer six. Kev, Drew, and Jose were frequent companions on road trips to G-Town but they always left Jose in G-Town. Never seen without a pinch between his cheek and gum, let's hope that his teeth don't come out along with his braces. Will the Supply Corps ever be the same? Go Dawgs!!?? Nevertheless, always a member . . . **TBS**



Cynthia Joellen Hooker
Maryvale, Missouri
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

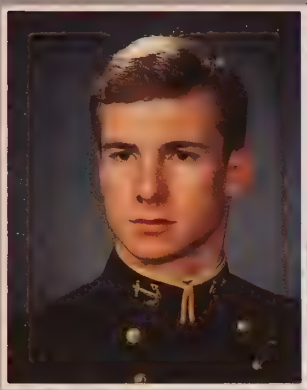
Cindy, after a year at Perkiomen Prep, finally made it to USNA. A daredevil at heart, Cindy made it a habit to race against the bridge, running back for taps plebe year. We can't forget her ultimate experience at "The Button," where she put Navy over the top. Youngster year brought Cindy and I together as roommates. "The Hook" took this year to relax. Many nights were spent on the floor laughing hysterically with Karen. There was also the blue Malibu, bedtime stories, and of course her intimate relationship with Bethesda. Second class year "Cindy the Geek" emerged. Although sub-commander for the company, there was always time for fun 1/c year. Cindy could be found dancing her weekends away and enjoying this last year with friends. Through it all Cindy, you were always there to talk to and to give advice. I don't know if I could have made it without your love and guidance. I will never forget our times together. **CAB**

Mark Arthur Levett
Lake George, New York
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Cos, The Uncola, or Marcos, ever famous for his academic excellence, was renowned for only having taken six weekends in eight semesters (not by choice). Although he didn't get Navy Air, he consistently pushed the outer edge of the conduct envelope. He will be well prepared for Surface Warfare after having navigated (by braille) his land yacht (Mark V) through the rough seas of first class year. Among his distinguished passengers, the NASP Queen of 1986. Cos maintained equally high standards among double E, statics, engine math, and scooping; failing in all four subjects. As each year passed, Cos found it more difficult to entice members of the opposite sex, from 3/c power trips, to 2/c classmate rejections, to 1/c hockey party fiascos, Marcos reached the pinnacle at the Fort Lauderdale snake fest. Nevertheless, always a member . . . **TBS**

Peter Thomas Limoge
Shelbourne, Vermont
General Engineering
Marine Aviation

Pete came to Navy after a much needed haircut at NAPS. Plebe year, Mojo made his first visit to the Deputy and Smoke Hall after the St. Mike's Race. This typified a dinghy sailing career that included winning Sloop Nationals then retirement and drilling as guidon 1/c year. Second class Army brought the 2nd 5K in the Sheraton 'vator after tailgating with the 'Rents and roomies. After that Mojo led the company in demos until Team Halsey pushed Fuzz by him. At least the lead stayed in the room though Don didn't help much. Quick to administer the brand, Mojo nonetheless thoroughly enjoyed his 2/c summer Love Boat cruise. When he got out of Mech E and sailing, PT had all kinds of time and 1/c year saw the former slalom racer back on the slopes over spring break with Hondo, Whit & Wass, and racking and spending time with little Bro Horace. Best of luck as one of the most loud and motivated marines the Corps will ever see. **SAM & DRB**



Scott Alan McClure
Sonoma, California
History
Naval Aviation

Scott "Fuzz" McClure — born to be a Naval Aviator. He came to USNA from the land of tractors and pick-ups; Sonoma, population seven. Upon arriving at Annapolis, Fuzz fell in love with sailing. Working his way up through the ranks, as a rookie in pit on Shenadoah, through Hunter, Cinnabar, Fury, and finally as XO and Skipper of Corsair. Thanks Charlie, Mike, Goose, Damien, Brian, and Bolt. Two 5 K's from Christmas and Team Halsey brought on George and 175 Demos, enough to overtake PT. When not sailing or serving time in Smoke Hall, Fuzz was one of the most active members of the "Honor Gestapo." This never took away from his studies at all. (Hah!!) A few very weak poems by PT and Don: "Never procrastinate, never a paper late; alarms are great, always sleep too late." and "With his heart set on flight, AERO seemed right; but he saw the light, and the rest is HISTORY." We love ya, Fuzz! Good luck in P-cola, give 'em hell. **DRB & PTL**

Steven Eliot Pontell
Columbia, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

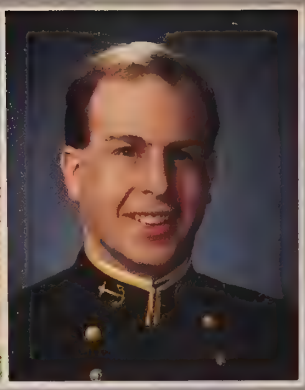
Pontoon, Toon, Toon-Meister, Adonis, Fred Flintstone, The Michelin Man, or Steve-O came here for only one reason: Navy Air. Toon's social calendar always had open slots 3/c year due to his pursuit of academic excellence . . . until Kev took him under his wing. His youngster trip to Philly had that distinctive Navy flavor, one he hopes to forget. Later on, the Michelin Man was the victim of a hit and run by the rugby machine. The modest Adonis displayed his physique for all to see in Ohio during second class year. Steve continued the 36th Company traditional snake fest at the Ring Dance, by romancing the Stone's. Freddy Flintstone found the true meaning of southern hospitality when he filled up the car and emptied his trunk while stopping for gas in Carolina. By the end of first class year, his transition was complete. May there always be a penny in your path. Nevertheless, always a member . . . **TBS**

Robert Durward Pridgen
Aiken, South Carolina
Physics
Marine Aviation

I-Day. It's better than being a knob, I guess. My roommie, Ralph. The Club. Knock, knock, knock. Why do we have to lose to Army this year? Spring break in Lauderdale. Two point zero what? Fore! Herndon marathon. Youngster stripe. New company with JKS, Wildman, Hondo, and MAC. Two new roomies. One's on restriction and the other's a beater. Quantum, E squared, Black Magic, Thermo . . . pass the Mountain Dew. A blind date for Homecomming . . . ? I think RMC has a date for me, too. CAPT W and the Benz. I dont remember much about the Ring Dance, just waking up on a minesweeper with a hangover and a bad case of jet lag. I guess Pontoon made it after all. Plebe summer, the sequel. Z and Bay Country. Three stripes with the Hook and Fuzz. ZZZZZ . . . Rush. At Army, we finally made the Dep. 'Dant smile. Second semester. How did I get five youngsters?! Ooorahhh! Roger Ball. Gate one high hurdles. It's 1205 . . . do you know where YOU are? Oops. **ZZZ & JKSO**

Ward Vincent Quinn
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Wardly, Wally, Cactus Head, Husky, Uncle, Buuud, Grandpa, Dad, or Barren Wasteland . . . started his Naval career a year earlier than most due to his incredibly high IQ. The following four years were spent at Hood College, with an occasional visit to the Naval Academy. Over the past three and a half years, Buuud found himself in situations where he had to defend the honor of his favorite prank phone caller (o'dark thirty). The local body shops and taxidermists will mourn the loss of Cactus Head. During 2/C summer in Pensacola, Wardly became uncharacteristically suave. Likewise, a Spider from Richmond became the Snake during 3/C year. Thank God for the Rack!!! Being the station manager for WRNV, Husky developed quite a taste for music. As well, he enjoyed concerts, except for U2. If Ward's family chariot ever makes it back to the road, the back seat will be filled with baby Cacti . . . because that is what his girl wants. **JCS**



Troy Saunders
Bordentown, New Jersey
Physical Science
Supply Corps

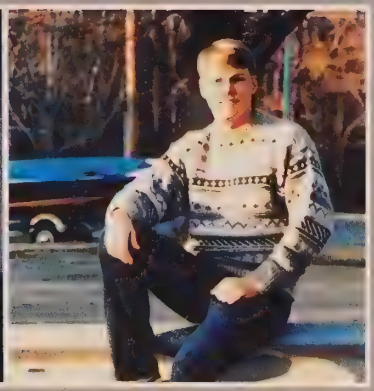
Troy Saunders, or as "the boys" referred to Tee, Tee — Roy or T. S., hailed to us from Bordentown, NJ by way of MMA. Without doubt he was the most animated imitator at Navy. He could describe any sound, action or person to an exact "tee." He should have contacted Webster's dictionary to add to its vocabulary: words like Yeah, hay — go, full, beal, gripp, and fab. He played receiver on the Navy football team. That see-saw career began with slippery butter on his fingers and ended with disappointing surgery on his knee. However, in between, he gave the football team a spectacular threat and provided the fans dazzling excitement. We'll never forget the record receptions against "Cuse," the TD catch in Phili, letters from the Cowboys nor any of the "grippy" newspaper articles that followed. Now, he is destined for the fleet and a nuptial tie with a most lovely lady. Good look, Roommie. You're gone but not forgotten! **MLH**

John Carl Schulte
Johnstown, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Jankston, Stone Monkey, Janx, Leon, John America, Mr. Caution, Castrol GTX, or Stonehenge was renowned for his long lasting, short term relationships. Recruited as a stopper for the Navy baseball team, Stone's knuckleball couldn't find the plate with a map and a flashlight, so he was optioned to the 36th Company softball farm club. Always a straight shooter, he was never one to look you straight in the eye. Second class year, Jank became the president and sole member of the Swandawg Fan Club. Re-emerging at the Ring Dance, Stone proved that he would never make a career tending bar. Jank played Service Selection roulette, with a little help from medical, ADM McKee, and the Jarheads, finally choosing his true love, Surface Line (Mighty Fine). And who can forget that love-hate relationship with Smiley, hot enough to set off a fire alarm. Nevertheless, always a member . . . **TBS**

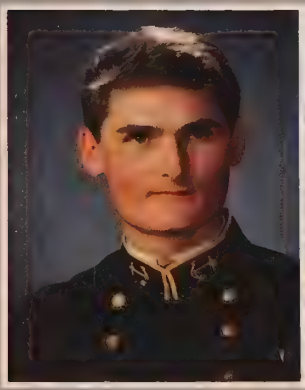
Ronald George Seits
Kings Park, New York
Oceanography
Special Operations

Alias Hondo, Rumplestilskin, Doe, or Guido (from his well known mafia connections), has always been a faithful party animal. A New Yorker at heart, Hondo can drink, foos, and funnel with the best of them. Outstanding achievements include the "big brown log" he sent to a friend and his use of civilians as bottle rocket targets. Hondo's fall from grace began 2/c year when he passed up a road trip to Penn State with "The Boys" and opted to go on a retreat with the Moral Majority. Temptation got the better of him. After dabbling in the Devil's brew, he and his cohorts were forced to repent in Smoke Hall for two months. He was known for his unique possessions including an ant farm, geekers (complete with eyeballs), a used chewing gum collection, and a fooseball table. A true rugby player at heart, he missed the A team but found his niche in life with Spec Ops. He is still in search of gold wings and stray nukes in need of disarming. **KZ**



David Marshall Shelver
San Diego, California
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Shellbone, Shleverdog, Davis Cuuup, AJ Foyt, Body By Busch, So Co, or Shellbonius came to the Academy from San Diego via North Dakota with visions of being a fly-boy. Oh well! He started youngster year in top quality form at Delaware by catching cat scratch fever. Following his recovery, he cast out his hook and came up with a large, psychotic fish. Second class year was his chance to display his financial wizardry. All the Annapolis bartenders will mourn the loss of his big tabs and tips. First class year was his chance to show his awesome driving abilities by first, running over Kevers Kid, and second, by having a guardrail run over his Push. Spring break brought him Shamu and a unique way of eating jelly rolls. Ever the sped, he dominated in hoops, v-ball, and frisbee. Easter was his chance to work crossword puzzles in Bubbles' bath. Nevertheless, always a member . . . **TBS**



Jerry Kenneth Stokes
Meridian, Mississippi
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Plebe summer champ, orangeman and V.V. Stellar, geek. Youngster and still a geek, new roommie — a beater, RMC. I love aero and BFW's. Spurky spider, turkey, reindeer, retired! BES. St. Patty's Day party — oh my, what have we done! (151) Tape off too loud — shh! Where are the girls? C.F. it's about time. Wind tunnel — wah! Beer with the boys. A.C. w/B.C. The year of the tree rack, owner is a geek! Nice pillow case. Eng math squared. You'll be late for taps! Thank you, CF. Heaven at last, a new CO. What are weekends? money? girls? Life after USNA. Nice car Jerry, where are the dice? In Philly, Picasso eat your heart out! Say yes to EAS! Bar stools with safety belts. Scarface! Support your local jimmies — $40, wow! In one shot, impressive! Design. Rich ensign? They're all needless distractions. A converted man an one heck of a roommie. **RDP**

Scott William Wassel
Walpole, Massachusetts
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Wass, hometown football hero recruited to play for the big boys, retired at an early age to find that his lifelong ambition was to play baseball for Coach Duff. Coach thought otherwise after Wass consistantly stroked his way into the #1 D.H. spot during his 2/C year. As we all know, Coach can be that way sometimes! Born to be married, his time was soon overcome by drill, company activities, and the Corps. From rags to riches and back again. His innate ability to deny others the rack was due to his own jealousy. Also his amazing ability to spit dribble after downing a Dew surely would have earned him a spot on Letterman's Stupid Human Tricks. "Sick," you say? Not half as sick as the crowd that gathered to watch the amazing feat in action. His annoying habits in the room earned him the name of Wasshole, but all joking aside, I love the guy! — Whit. **JSW**

Joseph Scott Whitaker
Langhorne, Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Marine Aviation

Whit came to USNA from Langhorne, PA with a detour through Newport, RI. He was a baseball recruit who decided to play 150 lb. football after meeting Coach Duff. He earned three letters and All League honors on the lightweight gridiron. Classes posed no problem except for the ES410 final and the 22 hour second semester first class year. Weekends were spent golfing, at PSU, with the boys, or more often than not with his snugglebunny. Whit tried to run 36 from the rack, but was interrupted more than he liked. Branded only once and the originator of the slice, Whit (the Instigator) was always the center of company fun. We will always remember Army-Navy 88, but will you? Friends and alcohol don't mix!! Yeah Whit! A marine and a pilot since the day we met, the Corps is getting a great man. Three years as roommates and best friends always. Good luck in the Corps! **SWW**

Gregory John Wild
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power — Submarines

Greg Wild, alias Gee reg and Wildman, roamed the lonely cornfields of Iowa in his youth. After two years of engineering at a local civilian college, he took the big leap to the Severn shores and is still wondering why. The big time has not changed him. He is still biking and four wheeling in a big, red, money-sucking Jeep that has more new parts than Pep Boys and Trak Auto combined. Barley and yeast are still his #1 nourishment. A veteran crew stud, Greg has seen many come and go, from his personal seat with "Jerry's kids." He never fully recovered from being kidnapped by a busload of college girls as a youngster. Although an accomplished systems major, his true interest lies in the explosive potential of methane gas and its behavior in a gravitational field. Staying clear of wet skywalks and blind coxswains, a life of submarines is glowing in his future. **RGS**

Ken Zieleck
Houston, Texas
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Kenny "Z" Zieleck, the sparkly-eyed cowboy from Houston, got his nickname from the loud sawing noises which eminated from his nose during class lectures, briefs, plays, and any other sedated activity. Coming from four years at MMA, the rigors of plebe life were not enough for Ken so he quickly got himself into the Early Morning Breakfast Club. With the professional challenges in place, Z sought the physical challenges of an electrician on the fencing team. Ken involved himself with many activities in the brigade, from president of the flying club to chief engineer for WRNV. Ken's hobbies left little time for studies and he soon waved goodbye to the Aero department. To the boys in thirty-six, Z was Mr. Fix-it. It was said that if Ken couldn't fix something he could always find a replacement. With Ken's aquisition skills, he would have made an excellent supply officer, but he chose his life-long love — the Corps. **GJW**

WITH FOND MEMORIES

Robert George Collins
Federal Way, Washington
Naval Architecture

RG, Boa, Hacker, Gramps, or just Bob . . . came to USNA from Seattle via the fleet and NAPS. RG's innate athletic ability and rugged style allowed him to place 11th at Fencing Nationals. Bob studied to be a Narc — Naval Architect, not Narcoleptic. However, his mastery of the latter hindered the perfection of the former. Gramps' three favorite pastimes were cars, beer, and women. Boa could pick up women like WUB'A' picks up dust. Second class year, hacker acquired a new love — Zenith, P.C. His computer expertise would have been second to none, if only he could program (games were easy). Bob had great respect for Mid Regs — adhering to them was a different story. Bob lived just a quarter of a century, but he accomplished and saw more in those years than most people would in a hundred. Anyone who met Bob, no matter how briefly, knows how special he was. He will live on in our hearts and minds forever. Oh, by the way, your lights are on . . . again. **CCC & SEP**

Those We Left Behind

Todd Edwin Ackerman
Matthew David Adinolfi
Madeline Ann Alese
Courtenay Brian Allen
Jon Michael Alvarez
Leonard Douglas Armstrong II
Andrew James Arroyos
Emmanuel Salud Bagnas
James Ronald Bailey, Jr.
Deadrick David Baker
Ralph Lynn Baker, Jr.
Wayne Jarrett Baker
Richard Lyle Baldwin
Paul Benjamin Banoczi, Jr.
Robert Thomas Barker
Stephen Wallace Barns
Kenneth George Beck II
Michael James Beck
Anthony Martin Beers
Dana Steven Bellini
Debaditya Bhattacharjee
Andrew Neale Blackwood
Patrick Allen Blazek
Sean Michael Bond
Eric Herschel Bowen
Christopher Todd Bradley
Bradley Bryan Brasher
William Eric Britt
Robert Christopher Brown
Steven Gregg Brown
William Bartlett Brown
Dean Patrick Broz
Kirk David Bryan
Heather Marie Bryant
Harry John Buedel III
Darrell Wade Burgan
George Scott Burgermeister
Clifford Thomas Burgess III
Janet Lillian Burke
Raymond Rice Burkemper
Troy Bernard Bussen
David Ellery Calkin
Christopher Michael Camacho
Richard Canedo
Vincent Peter Cappiello, Jr.
John Thor Cardinalli
Gary Kent Carpenter
Luis Enrique Catasus
Nicholas Curtis Cavalaris
Michael Damian Cavalier
John Carl Church, Jr.
Stephen Payne Clark
Michael David Clemens
Samuel Clay Clemmons
Eugene William Cobey
Francis Paul Colizzo III
Robert George Collins
James Francis Collum, Jr.
Hideo Umezawa Core
Derrick James Coston
Matthew Alan Cotten
Bryan Randolph Couchman
Brian Thomas Cox
Rocky Allen Cozzo
James Arthur Walter Cubbage, Jr.
Patrick Kane Davenport
George Joseph Davie
Eliseo Luis de Elorza
Barclay Ted Derryberry, Jr.
William Thomas Dickey III
Brian Ronald Dieckmann
Christopher Jon Dirks
James Robert Dixon
John Oliver Donelan, Jr.
Karl William Droese
Jonathan Paul Dunbar
Christopher Eugene Edwards
James Michael Eichstadt
Mark Walter Eldred
Elias Esparza
Francis Timothy Faber
Gurrie Anthony Fandozzi, Jr.
Robert Scott Farley
Frederkk Farhad Farzanegan
Richard H. Fatzinger
John Winston Felkner
Mark Allen Ferestad
Charles Joseph Fornaciari III
Rodney Bruce Forte
John David Foxhall
Benjamin Harrison Freeman III
Todd Christopher Freischlag
Paul Alan Freye
Jay Steven Frimer
Christopher Wayne Garcia
Joseph Paul Garmon, Jr.
Christopher Matthew Garrity
Clay Alexander Garst
Erik Andrew Gartzke
Richard George Gendron
Richard James Gentil
Anibal Bayano George
Robert Benjamin Gephart
Aaron Ameen Ghais
James Wayne Gilbert
David Thomas Goberville
Craig Irvin Goettl
John Frederick Gonsalves, Jr.
Victoria Sue Gonzalez
Gregory Alan Gotch
Barbara Graham
Voris Gerald Gresham III
John Patrick Gugerty
Paul Angelo Guglielmetti
Barry Eugene Gum
Lee Davis Hammar
Jerry Paul Hammer
Mauri Kim Hampton
Michael Patrick Harman
John Chrysostom Hartman
Andrew Grant Hayes
Dirk Neil Heinz
Troy Anthony Heitmeyer
Dana Lee Hess
James Wahid Hikmat, Jr.
Leif Oliver Holliday
Matthew John Hrevak
Curtis Wayne Hughes
Fredric Wayne Huls
David Allen Innes
Jonathan Dale Ives
Richard Jason Jenkins
Paul Andrew Jensen
Keri Jo Jergensen
Timothy Lee Jernejcic
Daniel Ray Johanneck
Brett Travis Johnson
Roger Francis Johnson
Robert Andrew Johnstone
Cristina Gayle Jones
James Alan Jones, Jr.
Robert Michael Jones
Timothy David Jones
Robert Lee Joralemon, Jr.
Richard Ellsworth Keller, Jr.
Todd David Kile
John Joseph King
Joseph Norman King
Jeffrey Charles Kirkland
Lawrence John Kuizema
Alexander Laats
Clifton William Lanham, Jr.
Michelle Marie Lapeer
Anton Christian Largiader
Nathan Arne Larson
Pamela Rae Lawrence
David Allan Leeb
Stephen Kent Leon
Matthew Aaron Lichtenstein
Thomas Alan Liewer
Todd Matthew Lipani
Sandra Lee Lipphardt
Thomas Jay Lowder
Jeffrie Robert Lund
Thomas Keeshon Malone
Larry Richard Mathena, Jr.
George Albert Mazzoli
Robert Charles McChesney, Jr.
Brian Keith McComas
Michael Dennis McKee
Nilo Edsel Michelin
William Marion Jeffery Miller
Samuel Joseph Mitchell
Katherine Anne Moore
Joseph Mark Moralez
Fidel Alexander Morejon, Jr.
Michael Roger Moreland
Steven Douglas Morgan
Thomas James Mullins
Celeo Rafael Murillo
Edward Joseph Murphy
Michael Bernard Mysker
Carlos Manuel Nalda
Peggy Nel Nicholas
Thomas Alan Nigon
Robert William Nimmo
William Paul Norris
Brian John Novotny
Charles Graham Nowacek
Lisa Ann O'Donnell
Joseph Martin O'Hara II
Raymond Edward O'Hare
Lawrence Stephen Ohearn, Jr.
Christopher Roy Okelberry
Kathleen O'Leary
Kristin Marie Orlich
Robert Patrick Osborn
Michelle Renee Overway
Thomas Alan Owens
George William Pabalan
Stanley Mitchell Paul
Lorene Eileen Paulsen
Howard Allen Penn
Lloyd Albert Perna, Jr.
Howard Lee Pierce
Gregory Edward Pilewski
Arlin Richard Pischke
Janice Marie Powers
James Long Price III
Cynthia Lynn Putzback
Eric Joseph Randler
Jay Allen Reed
Leslie Rhodes, Jr.
David Andrew Rines
Nancy Lee Roberts
John L. Rodabaugh II
Karen Yvonne Rodum
Timothy Scott Rose
William Francis Rowell III
Paul David Rumelhart
James Joseph Ryan
Sean Patrick Ryan
Adrian Butch Sakashita
Mark Wilson Salsgiver
Noel Carandang Salvanera
Robin MacLaughlin Sarner
John Joseph Sastry
Dean Edward Schmidt
Wesley Travis Scott
Wayne Wesley Sharpton
Barry K. Shelton
Christopher Jon Sirola
Samuel Adam Smalley
Mark Richardson Smith
Jesse Derek Smith, Jr.
Jeffrey Allan Speight
Harry John Stathos
Robert Franklin Steeber, Jr.
Jayson Kent Stejskal
Mary Anne Stevens
Randall Calhoun Stone
Dennis Walter Sullivan
Jason Garrett Summers
Stephen Joseph Szpisjak
Christian Thomas Tattersall
Karen Luise Taylor
Leesa Diane Taylor
William Hamilton Temple
Arnold Dwayne Thomas
Wilburn Earl Thomas
David Scott Thompson
Steven Lee Tiedemann
Thomas Arthur Tierney
Deron Allen Tinsley
Karen Leslie Todt
Scott Alan Tollefson
Enrique Torres
Jeffrey Gerard Trimm
Bryan Anthony Turner
Philip Hugh Turner
Thomas Holmes Ungard, Jr.
Rosemarie Vala
Christine Jeanette Valenti
Stuart Craig Vandyke II
Stephen Adriaan Jansen Vanvuuren
Vann Alan Vickers
Sandra Jean Vigil
Leonard Joseph Vraniak, Jr.
Rodney Charles Wadley
Kelly Elizabeth Wahler
Richard Warren Walker
Kyle Lamont Waters
Diana Lu Weaver
Daniel Patrick Webster
Scott Andrew Wendling
Charles Alan West, Jr.
Jeffrey Matthew Wheeler
Jeffrey Paul Whetman
Robert Lewis White III
Gregory Lee Whitson
Denise Ross Wiggins
Russell Wade Wilcox
Kevin Anthony Williams
Andrew Bruce Wilson
Karen Irene Wilson
Joseph Sean Womack
Michael Patrick Wright
Jeffrey Simon Ybarra
Mark Alan Youndt
David Carl Young
Carl Gilbert Zander
James Vincent Zarzaca
Mark Tyler Zerbe
Richard Joseph Zoppa

Aerobics	784
Baseball	756
Basketball, Men's	724
Basketball, Women's	728
Bicycling Club	779
Boxing	748
Crew, Men's Heavyweight	764
Crew, Men's Lightweight	766
Crew, Women's	766
Cross Country, Men's	708
Cross Country, Women's	709
Fencing	782
Football	698
Football, 150's	712
Golf	768
Gymnastics, Men's	742
Gymnastics, Women's	744
Hockey	738
Intramurals, Fall	720
Intramurals, Spring	786
Intramurals, Winter	752
Judo	780
Karate	781
Lacrosse	774
Pistol	718
Powerlifting	778
Rifle	716
Rugby	714
Sailing	776
Soccer, Men's	711
Soccer, Women's	710
Softball, Women's	758
Squash	750
Swimming, Men's	730
Swimming, Women's	732
Tennis, Men's	760
Tennis, Women's	762
Track, Men's Indoor	734
Track, Men's Outdoor	770
Track, Women's Indoor	736
Track, Women's Outdoor	772
Volleyball, Men's	746
Volleyball, Women's	706
Water Polo	704
Wrestling	740

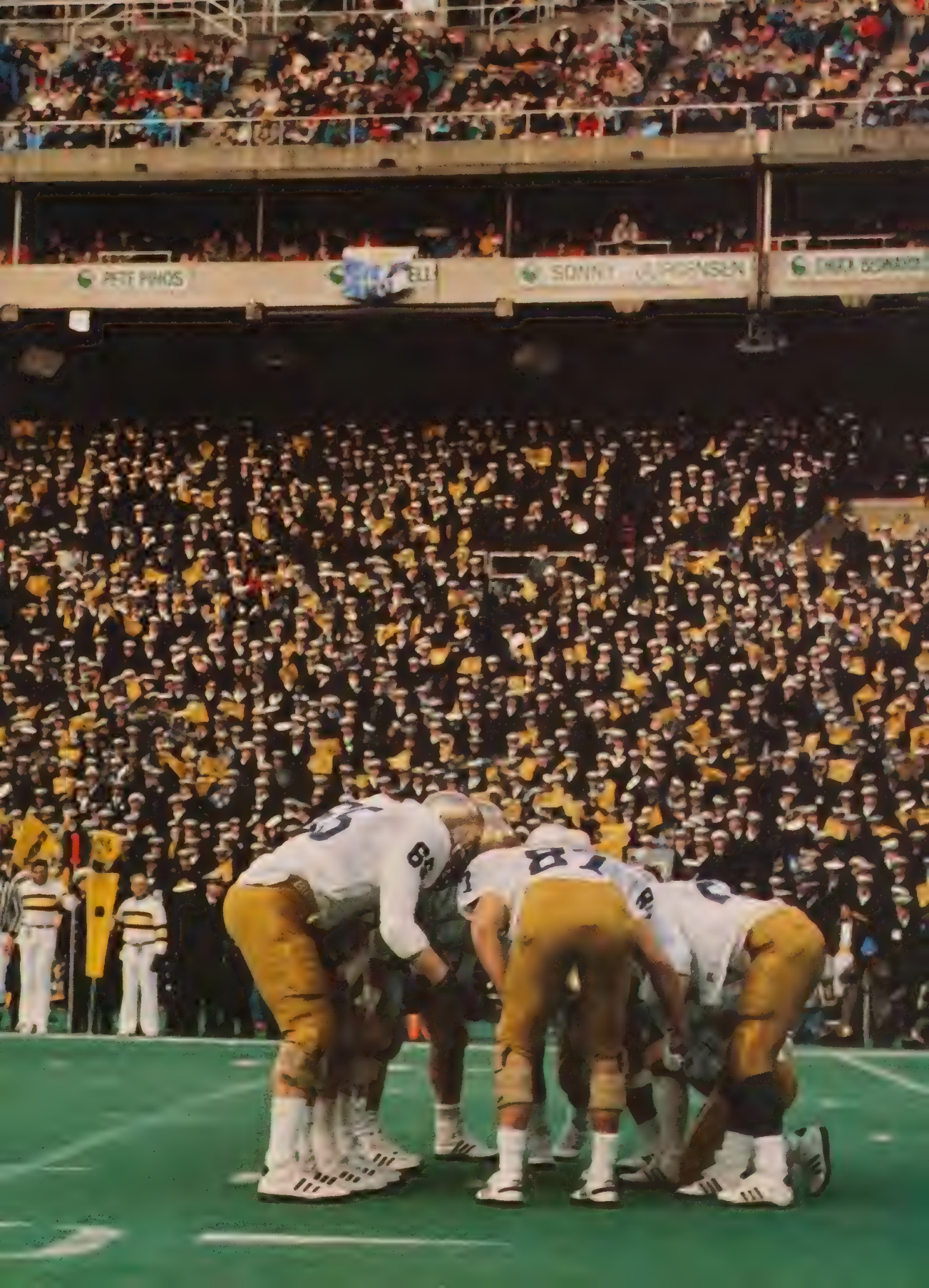
Perspective: Freeze Frame

SPORTS

Left: *Navy halfback breaks around the outside.* **Below:** *An Air Force pass is broken up by a Navy defensive back.* **Right:** *"4600, The Team" at Veterans' Stadium in Philadelphia.*

Young Mids Show Improvement

First-year coach Elliott Uzelac brought a new style of offense to Navy in 1987. It was a rough and tumble season for the mids as they finished with a 2-9 record. But the record does not tell the whole story. After losing their first three games to William and Mary, Lehigh, and North Carolina, the team began to catch on to the wishbone offense. At Virginia Tech Navy tallied 345 yards rushing, the best mark in eleven games, but lost to Tech 31-11. The mids held tough against Air Force behind Plebe quarterback Alton Grizzard, but fell short when the Falcons scored two fourth quarter field goals to beat Navy 16-10. In that game, Navy lost senior fullback Chuck Smith to a knee injury; but sophomore halfback James Bradley rushed for 109 yards. The underclassmen began to fill some important shoes. The next week, Navy took it to Penn 38-28 behind Grizzard's 225 yards rushing. His effort was the eighth best ever for a Navy player. Navy's defense held strong in a 10-6 loss to Pitt, giving up just 200 yards. The mids then lost to bowl selectees Notre Dame and Syracuse, and they beat Delaware 31-22. Grizzard threw a 63 yard touchdown strike to flanker Don Hughes against the Blue Hens. Defensively, Mike Marchildon recovered a fumble, and he and sophomore Larry Dickinson picked off two passes each.


PETE PANOS
SONNY JURGENSEN

Far right: *Alton Grizzard hands off to Chuck Smith while the Navy line surges forward.* **Bottom right:** *Don Holl takes the ball and looks for the hole in the Penn defense.* **Below:** *All-American Matt Felt prepares to snap the ball to Grizzard.* **Right:** *"Ironhead" Heyward of Pitt is swamped by the Navy linebackers.*

Middle: *The referee stops play before Navy can thwart the Woops' field goal attempt.* **Right:** *Ray Worthington and a teammate crunch the Army quarterback.* **Below:** *Grizzard shakes off a Kaydet. The scoreboard at Veteran's Stadium welcomes the service academies to Philadelphia.*

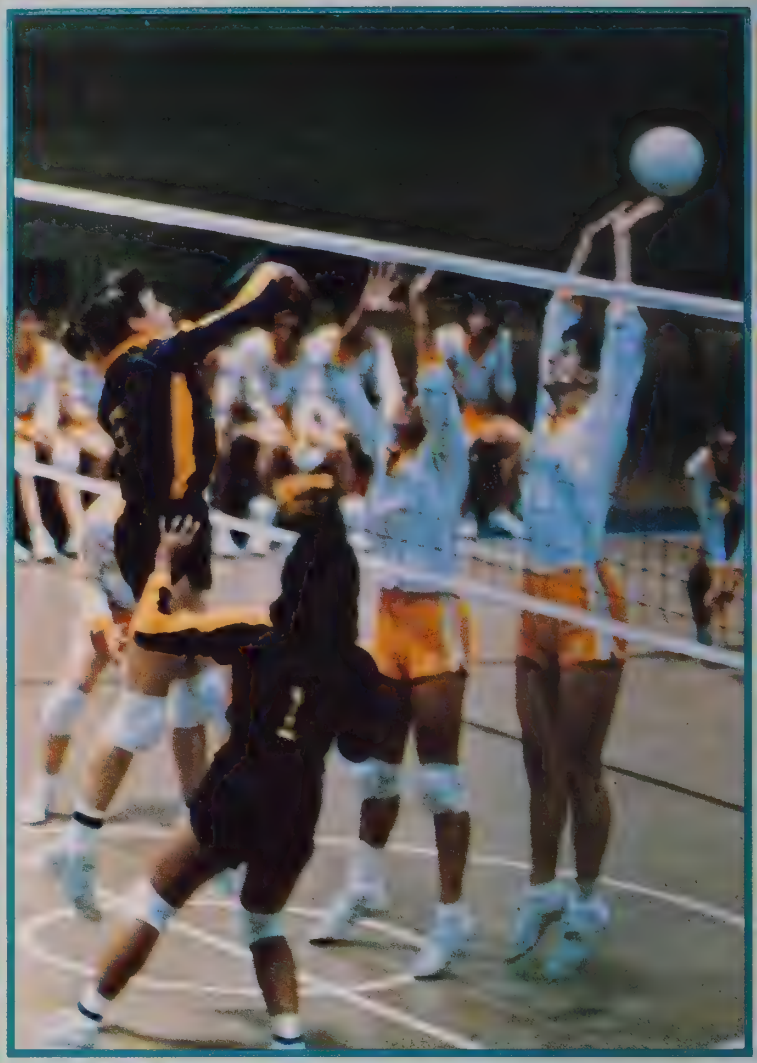
Navy Battles Army

The young Navy squad could only muster 191 yards of offense against West Point and fell short to the Cadets 17-3 in the Eighty-eighth Navy-Army Game. Only eight of Navy's starters were seniors. It was the first time Army has won back-to-back since 1971-72. Alton Grizzard finished the season with 519 yards rushing on 152 tries while passing for 490 yards. Junior placekicker Ted Fundoukos' 30-yard field goal gave him a school record — eleven straight FG's. The Midshipmen also set two team records with 653 rushing attempts and 2587 yards rushing. Senior center Matt Felt was selected to the AP All-America honorable mention list and the AP All-East second team. Junior Mark Pimpo was named an All-East honorable mention. Coach Uzelac is hopeful for next year — "I don't think there's much doubt about the future. We have several players returning at skillful positions.". The mids will be older and wiser and ready to BEAT ARMY in December 1988.

Water Polo Earns Berth in the NCAA's

For the third time in four years, the Navy water polo team landed a spot in the NCAA tournament. The Midshipmen got there by defeating Brown 8-6 in the Eastern finals. Head coach Mike Schofield also led the mids to their fifth Mid-Atlantic Conference title in six years. Along the way, they beat Air Force and beat Army — twice to a 15-5 count. They completed the season with a 20-13 record. Junior Tom Popp and senior Tom Temple both earned first-team all-tournament team honors at the Easterns. MVP honors went to Popp, and First Classman Chris Rackow made second-team all-tournament. The Midshipmen headed into the NCAA tournament seeded seventh. They lost three games, falling 7-6 to Brown in the final round. The Midshipmen finished the season ranked 15th in the nation after placing eighth in the NCAA's.

Below: *The Navy swimmer holds the ball away from a Cadet.* **Bottom:** *Almost tauntingly, the Navy swimmer stays out of reach of the defense.* **Right:** *The team rests and gets some tips from Coach Schofield.* **Left:** *Navy defends the goal.*



Netters Achieve High Honors

Fourth-year head coach Jan Dainard guided the Midshipman to an impressive 39-11 season while winning four in-season tournament titles and their second consecutive post-season tournament bid. This year's season opened with ten consecutive victories. The volleyball team was ranked as high as 13th this season. They won their second straight ECAC Division II Championship, defeating East Stroudsburg to earn a bid to the NCAA Division II Championships for the second time in two years. The team lost to Florida Southern 13-15, 13-15, 9-15. All-Region honors were given to firstie Kathy Kubiske and second class Christina Green and Heidi Fleming; the Midshipmen were the only team in the Atlantic Region to have three members honored.

NAVY
53
NAVY
59
NAVY
54

Left: *Navy runners decend a hill.* **Below:** *Youngster Bob Packowski places his foot on the finish line.* **Below Left:** *Plebe Amy Colvin starts to catch her breath.* **Opposite:** *Packowski and a pack of Navy runners pick a pace.*

X-C Team Finishes Season at 12-1

Coached by Al Cantello, the Men's Cross Country team won the Colonial Athletic Association title for the fifth year running. The Mids achieved their 18th consecutive winning season, featuring a fifth place finish in the Paul Short Invitational. Their last dual meet of the season was a disappointing 23-32 loss to Army, giving the Mids a final record of 12-1. Youngster standout Bob Packowski took eighth in the CAA Regionals competition, earning a trip to the CAA Championships in Charlottesville, VA.

The Women's Cross Country team, coached by Karen Boyle, also ran to their fifth winning season with a 5-2 record, in addition to a first place finish at the Dickinson Invitational, and a third place finish at the George Mason Invitational. The Mids concluded their season by taking fourth at the ECAC Division II Championships, where Plebe Amy Colvin earned All-East honors with a 12th place finish.

13
11
14

13
11

Bottom Left: *The defense tries to take the ball away, and then intercepts the pass.* **Far Left:** *Navy sandwiches the defense on this header.* **Below:** *The Navy bench watches the battle for the ball.*

Soccer Sparks After Sluggish Start

The soccer team turned a 2-4-1 start into a 9-9-1 season with a four-game win streak in mid-season. During the streak, the Midshipmen defeated UNC-Wilmington in double overtime 1-0. They then tallied an impressive win over then 15th ranked Yale with a 2-0 victory. They also handily beat East Carolina, 6-2. After beating West Chester, the Mids fell to Army 1-0 with the winning goal at 24:22 remaining. Youngster midfielder Hal Zabrowski made the All-Colonial Athletic Association team at midfield and Matt Tait made the second team. Zabrowski was Navy's leading scorer this season with nine goals and two assists, third in the league. Second classman Mike Ulses placed second among the CAA goalkeepers. Eight of Navy's nine wins were by shutout.

Opposite Right: *A Navy player prepares himself for the game.* **Opposite Left:** *A punter eyes the ball.* **Right:** *A Navy linebacker is ready to stop the offense.* **Below:** *Luther Archer checks for the opening.*

150#'ers So Close, But So Far Away

Navy toted a 6-0 record entering the final season's contest with the Army Cadets. They were one game away from winning their 20th outright Eastern Lightweight Football League title. The Mids had a 14-7 lead heading into the final period. But the Cadets outscored them 9-0 in that stanza to snag a share of the ELFL title.

Running back Luther Archer, a second classman, led the league in rushing with 766 yards and 10 touchdowns. He made the all-league team for the third straight year. Others named to the team were Spanky Renforth, Hank Wingate, Mike Bayesa, and Bodie Spangler.

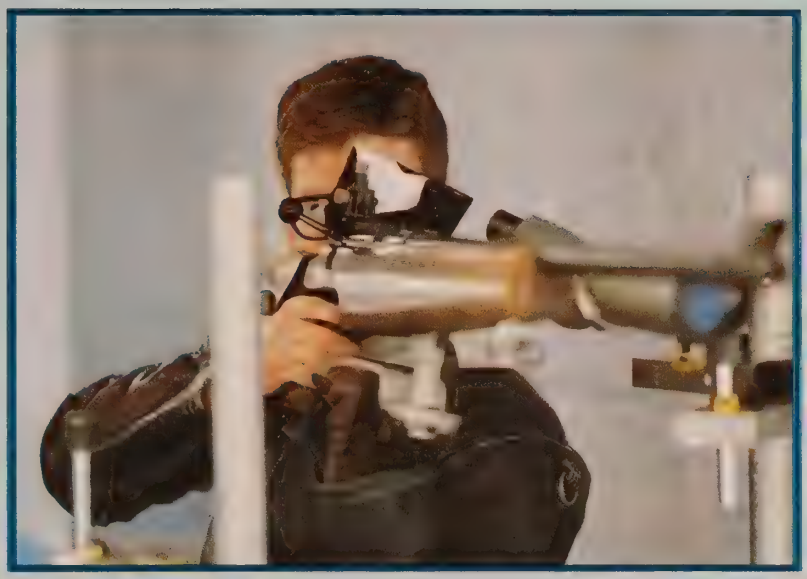
From the defense, the selectees were Paul Reigert, Todd Vaupel, Steve Mosier, Steve Ferro, Rich Rodniquez, and Rich Hulit.

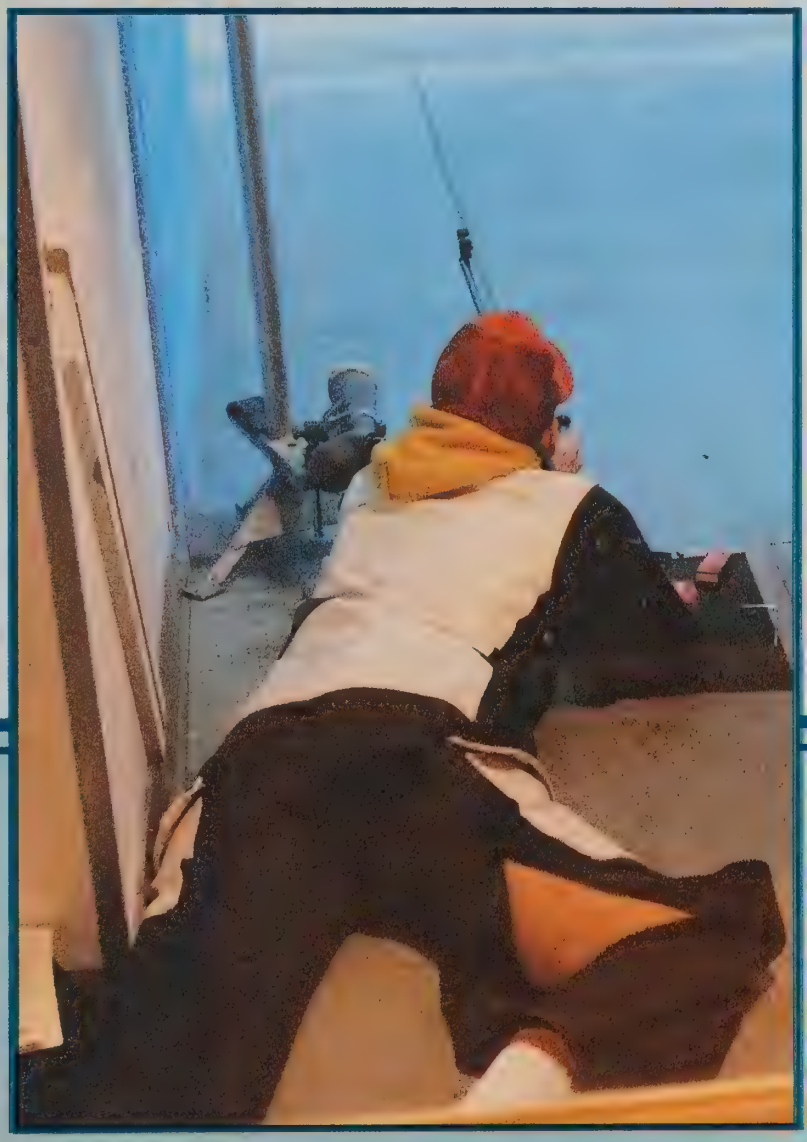
Ruggers Maul Their Way To The Top

The members of the four sides of the Academy rugby club managed to once again prove to the Brigade that they were the toughest in the Yard. The A-side ruggers won scrum after scrum on their way to an impressive 18-6 record. They won their division but lost in the first round of the divisional playoffs. In between headbashing with their opponents, the club took a spring break excursion to Florida and were on their best behavior during appearances on local TV and ESPN. Overall, the Mids were extremely proud of the ruggers in the way they mauled the opposition and in the way they kept from drooling on national television. The Brigade will not soon forget the many entertaining bloodlettings.

Rifle Team On Target

The Naval Academy's rifle team finished eighth in the NCAA Championships. The head coach led the team to a 13-2 record this season. Second classmen David Bates and youngster Will Suggs earned second-team All-American honors. Navy scored a team total of 6056 as Suggs and firstie Kevin Zachery tied for 20th in smallbore with 1150 each while Suggs was sixth in air rifle with 389. Suggs earned second-team All-American honors in standard and air rifle while Bates was selected in small bore.

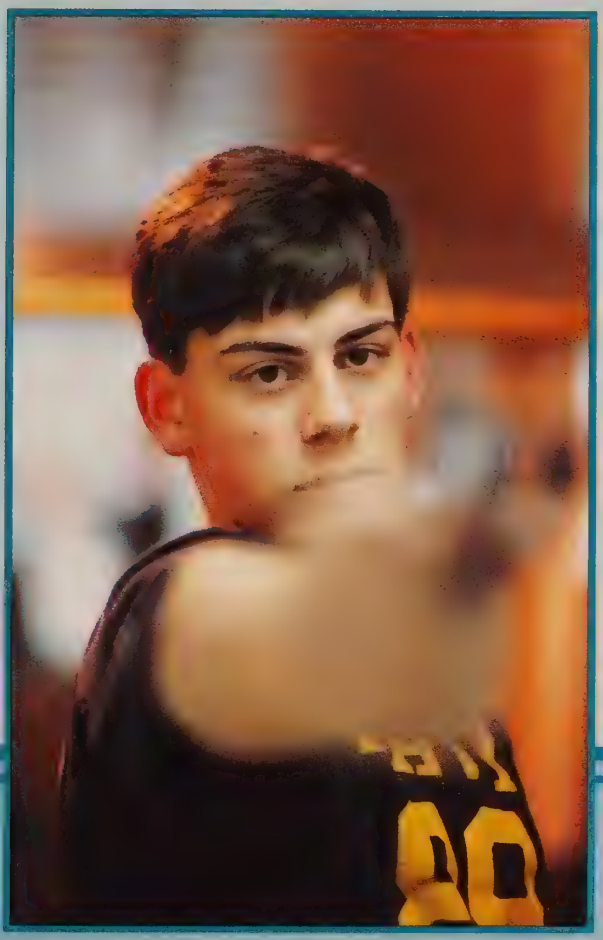




Pistol Team Wins National Titles

Second-year head coach Ted Carter, named National Collegiate Coach of the Year for both pistol and rifle shooting, guided the midshipmen to their fifth straight unbeaten season and continued a school record of 50 straight matches over the past six seasons. The pistol team claimed two of three national titles at the National Rifle Association Pistol Championships. The team has won at least one national title in 13 of the past 14 years.

First classman Gino Celia set a national record, in placing first in standard pistol shooting with a score of 550 while third classman Keith Hanzel was third with a 540, his score setting a junior national record. Seven midshipmen were selected for the pistol All-America team: firsties Gino Celia and Eric Weisel in free, standard and air pistol; second classmen Willie Billingslea, firstie Eric Wahl, and youngster Keith Hanzel in standard pistol; and second classman Tom White in air pistol. Youngster Jennifer Christen also won a silver medal in the women's collegiate air pistol championships at this event.



USMA

Fall Intramurals Are Competitive

Getting back into the groove of things was difficult after a long summer. The fall intramural season gave midshipmen a chance to vent out some energy built up during stressful academic days. This year's championship teams and proud coaches were: C. Union and V. Wallace, 18th Co. Basketball; J. Maguire, 26th Co. Raquetball; A. Bunge, 26th Co. Soccer; C. Dobleman, 4th Batt. Boxing; J. Rossy, 6th Batt. Crew; M. Blackwell, 6th Batt. Cross-Country; H. Rhee, 6th Batt. Fencing; G. Williams and B. Mullen, 5th Batt. Football; J. Garcia and M. Danford, 2nd Batt. Sailing; J. Kendrick and M. Davis, 4th Batt. Squash; B. Davis and R. Sparrock, 5th Batt. Tennis; K. Brennan, 6th Batt. Water Polo; and the 6th Batt. Powerlifting team.

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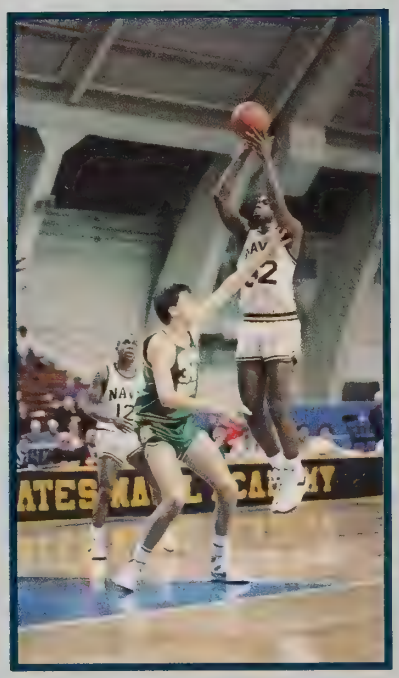
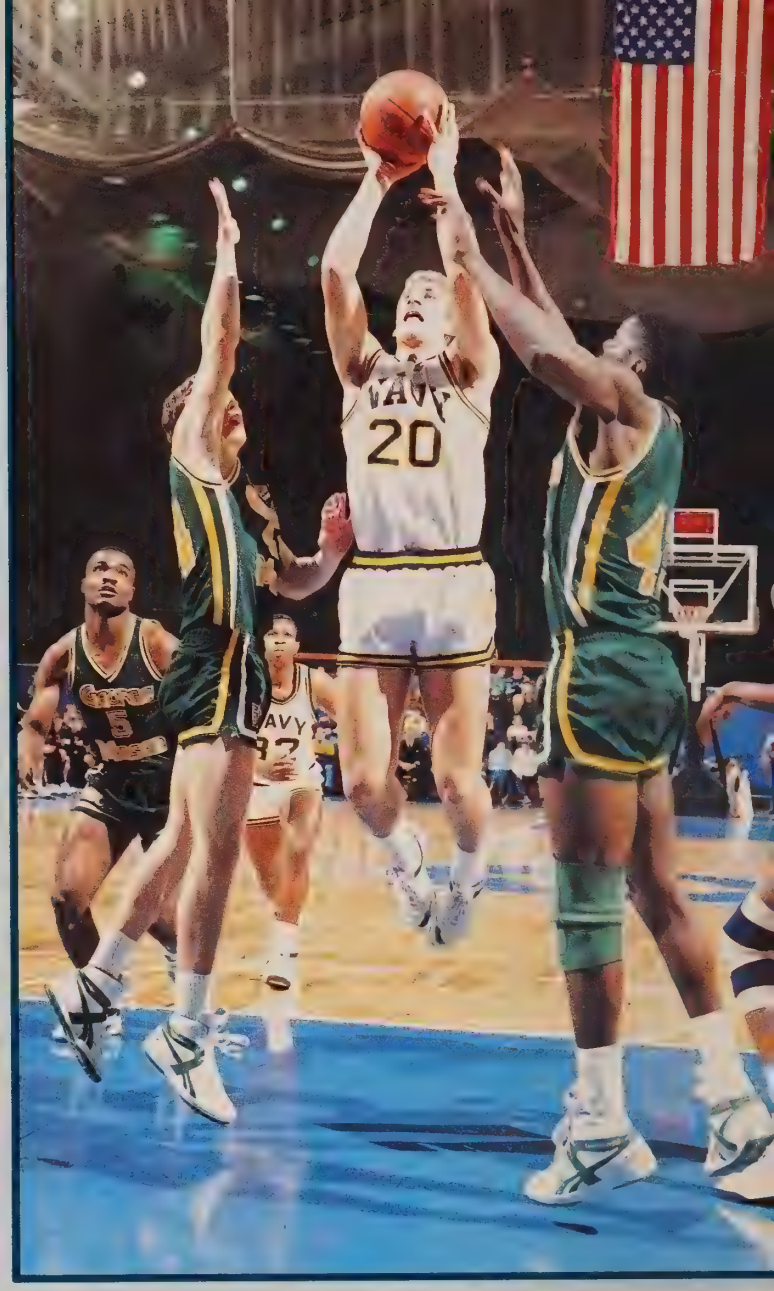


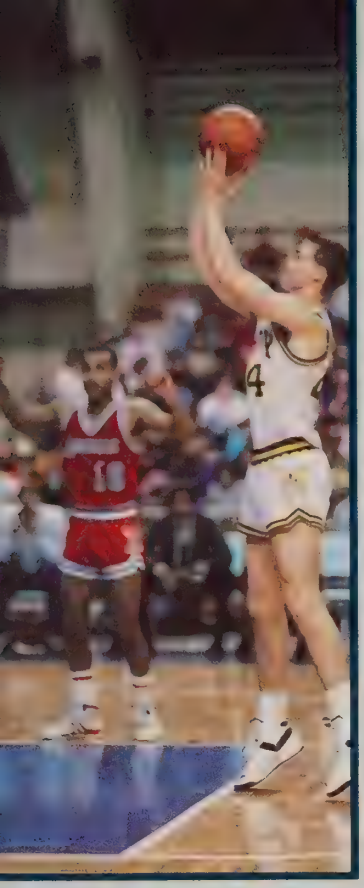


Mids Cope With Year 1 A.D.

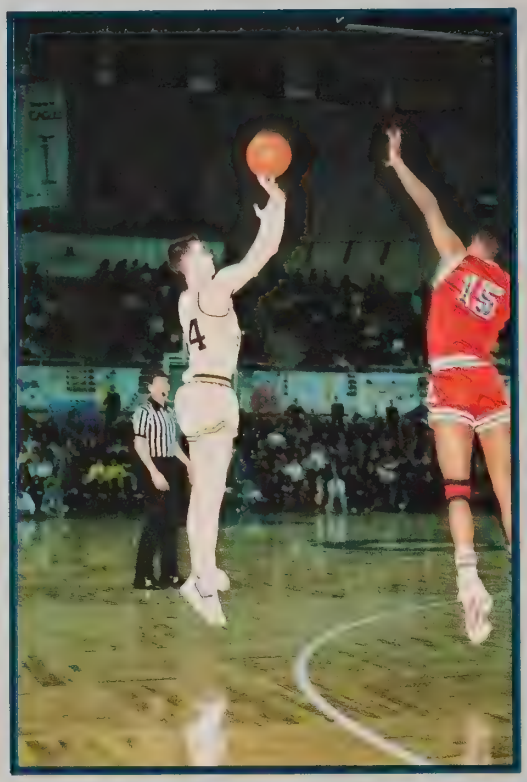
What's a coach to do when he loses the nation's Player of the Year and the school's career assist leader to the Fleet? Deal with it. That's what head coach Pete Herrmann faced as he entered the 1987-88 season. He had lost leaders David Robinson and Doug Wojcik to graduation. To top it all off, every team in the conference wanted to beat Navy after the Mids' recent success in the NCAA.

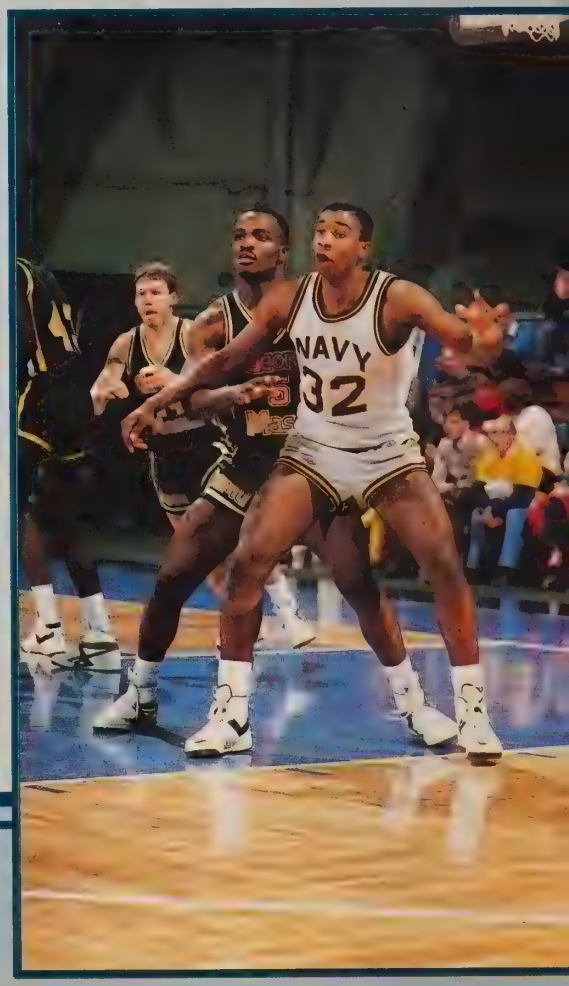
The Midshipmen battled through four knee injuries and a broken thumb, emerging with a 12-16 record and a season's worth of battle scars and experience. The experience began to show when the young team found themselves at 3-12. Instead of folding, the Mids popped off eight impressive wins over Richmond, UNC-Wilmington, and Fordham. They also snapped Delaware's home winning streak of 11 games and handed American its only home loss. Navy also beat Army for the ninth straight time, 71-67.

The Mids were led by lone senior Cliff Rees, the 12th player in Navy's 1000 point club. His supporting cast included Byron Hopkins at center, Derric Turner and Matt Nordmann at forward, point guard Mel Davis and Plebe big-man Eddie Reddick, and downtown shooter Joe Gottschalk.



Opposite Left: *Eddie Reddick shoots a 15 foot jumper;* **Opposite Right:** *Matt Nordmann drives down the lane for a shot.* **Left:** *Cliff Rees lifts up a freethrow.* **Below:** *Mel Davis brings the ball across the timeline*

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Opposite Top: *Plebe Joe Gottschalk watches from the bench with a broken finger.* **Opposite Left:** *Cliff Rees puts one up from downtown, and Eddie Reddick asks for the inlet pass.* **Left:** *Byron Hopkins concentrates on a freethrow.* **Below:** *Reddick lays it up around the defense.*

Opposite, top right: *Tawny Petrick plays zone defense;* **bottom right:** *Karen West defends the inbound pass; Gretchen Quasebarth and Petrick defend the lane.* **Below:** *Kathy Steipen looks for the rebound.* **Right:** *Lorraine Rogers looks to pass.*

Women Beat Army Again 49-46

Head Coach Dave Smalley is the only women's basketball coach Navy has ever had in the sport's eleven-year history. They began the series with Army in 1981. This year they beat West Point for the second straight time to tie the series record at four each. The Mids beat the Cadets 49-46 at Army in a hard fought battle. Firstie Patty Lipoma led the Mids with 75 of Navy's 79 three point goals. Lipoma finished fifth in the nation three point field goal percentage with 46 percent. She averaged 16.1 points per game while sophomore Connie James averaged 15.6 and grabbed 8.4 rebounds per contest.

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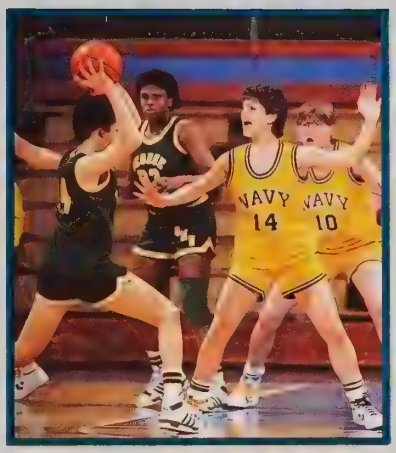
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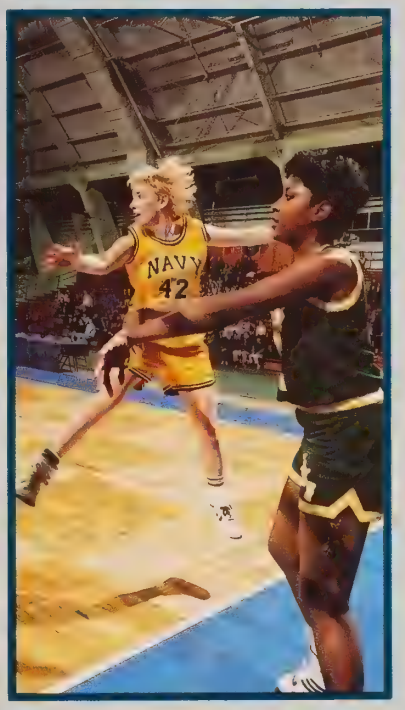
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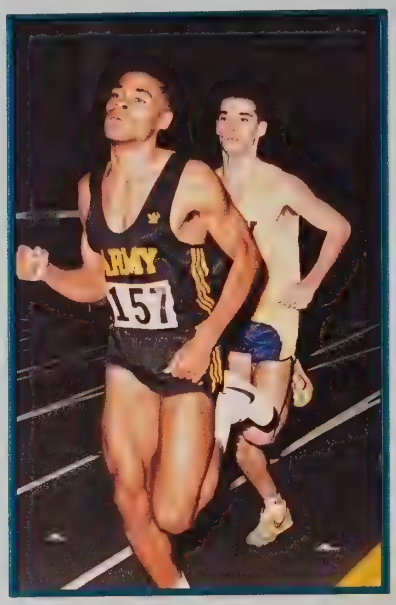
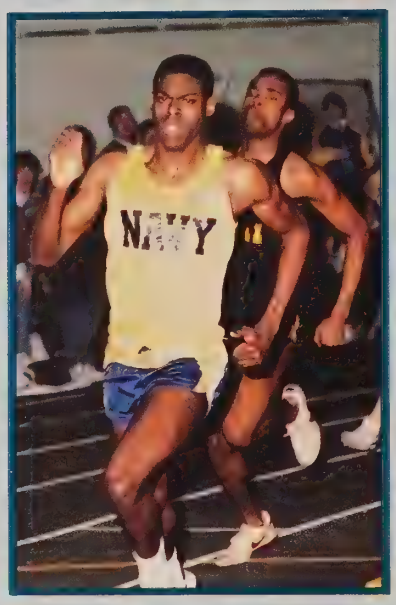
Navy Wins Second Straight CAA Title

The Navy Men's Swimming team broke three meet records at the CAA Championship. Firstie Rich Bomhold set a meet record on the three-meter board while Jason Michal broke the one meter record with 492.9 points. Second classman James Webster smashed the old 100-yard backstroke record with a time of :51.55 in the trials. Diver Paul Feduchak placed second at the Eastern Seaboards on the one meter board to give Navy a second place finish. Earlier in the season, the Mids destroyed Army 130-87. In that meet, sophomore Mike Reuhring stole school records in the 200 individual medley and the 200 butterfly.

Women Swimmers Excel

The Women's Swim team finished with a 13-1 record. They placed eighth at the NCAA Division II Women's Swimming and Diving championships with ten performers achieving All-America status. Third-year coach Dick Purdy led the team to its first victory over Army since 1984. Youngster Debbie Williams was named CAA Female Swimmer of the Year for the second year in a row and appeared in *Sports Illustrated* 's "Faces in the Crowd" section in April for her achievements. Williams set three school records at the NCAA Championships. Williams, plebe Jennifer Rowe, plebe Sara Saltzstein, youngster Heidi Savage, and Chris Frueh all achieved first-team All-America recognition. Komer, Frueh, Williams, and firstie Leanne Fielding all earned honorable mention All-American status.





Indoor Track Streaks Past Competition

Indoor Track captain Michael Greene had a record-setting season to finish his outstanding career at Navy, while plebe Anthony Terrell began his Navy career in a record-setting manner. Greene led the Navy team to a 6-0 record, a win over Army, and a strong performance at Heptagonals. Greene, participating in his third concecutive victory against the Cadets, set a Naval Academy record, Halsey Field House, Army-Navy meet record in the 400 meters running a :47.25. The plebe, Terrell, set a meet and school record against Army in the triple jump with a 50.8. He then went on to win the Triple Jump at the Heptagonals. Other outstanding performers at Heptagonals included Chuck Bailey in the 35lb weight toss, Rob Sehnert in the shotput, Clay Stackhouse in the 55 meter dash and Efrem Venters in the 500 meter run. Navy continued its achievements at IC4A competition. Bailey qualified for the NCAA Indoor championships at this meet.

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Plebe Shines On Indoor Track Team

Plebe Amy Colvin was named the outstanding women's track performer in leading Navy to a second place finish in the ECAC Division II Indoor Championships in March. Colvin captured both the 1500 meter run and the 1000 meter run and was a part of the Mid's winning distance medley relay unit and the winning 4x800-yard relay. Another first was recorded by youngster Honore Mealey in the 600 meters while plebe Maureen Magnan set a school record with her third place in the 20lb weight toss. Captain Matice Wright led the women's indoor track team to a record of 2-3.

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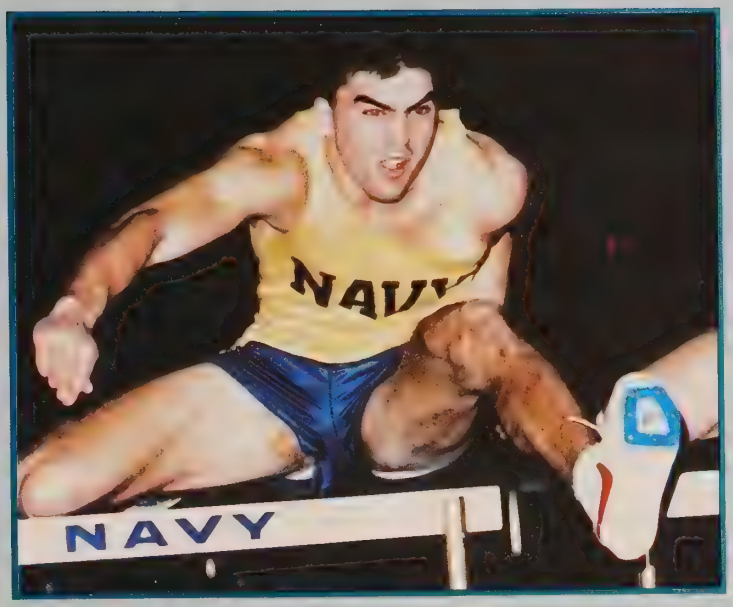
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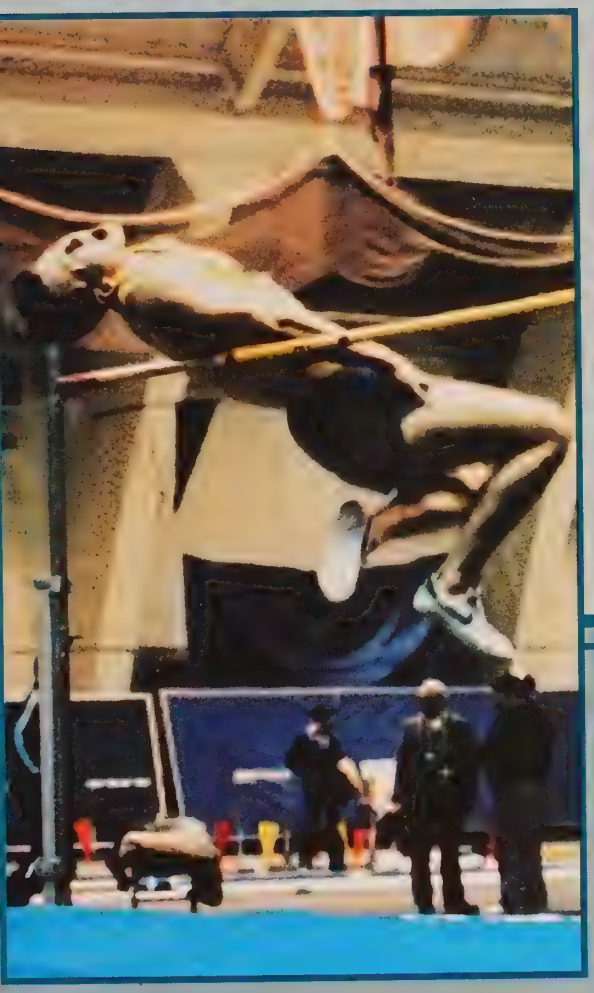

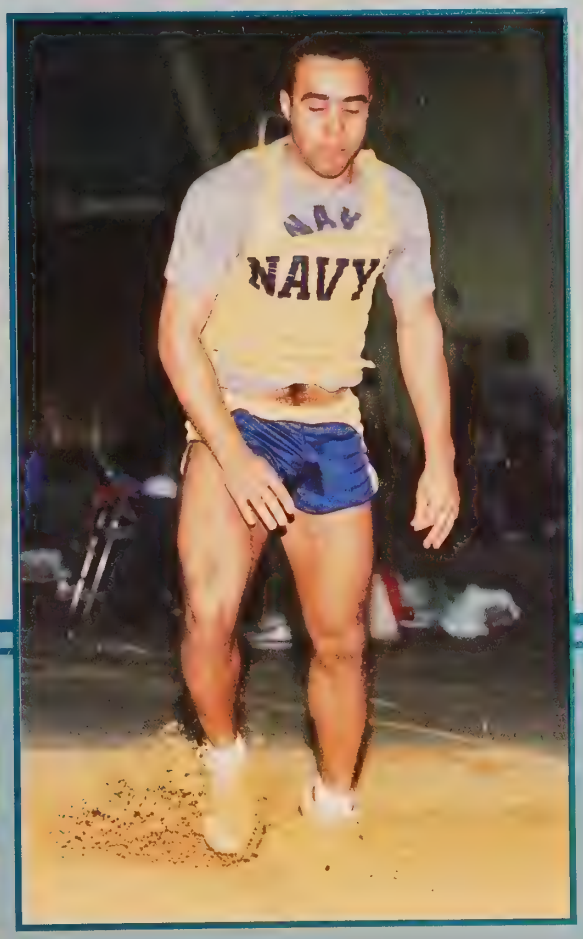
NAVY

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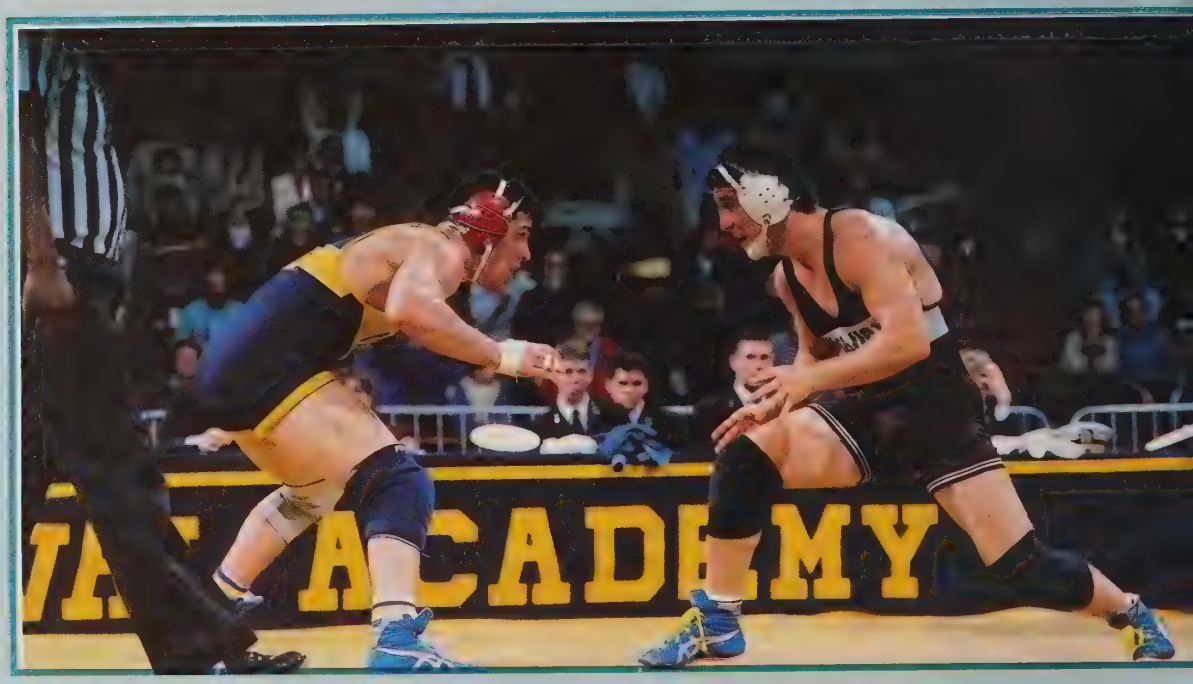
Hockey Skates Past Opponents

The Hockey Club fought through a stormy season and pulled out a respectable 13-9 record. The two highlights of the icemen's season were the visit of the Washington Capitals to Dahlgren Hall icerink and a game against the cadets from the College Militaire Royale de Saint-Jean. Despite losing to the Canadian team, the game provided the Navy hockey players with valuable experience against a difficult opponent. The biggest dissappointment of the season for the club was that it was unable to accept an invitation to play in the Collegiate Club Hockey Championships.

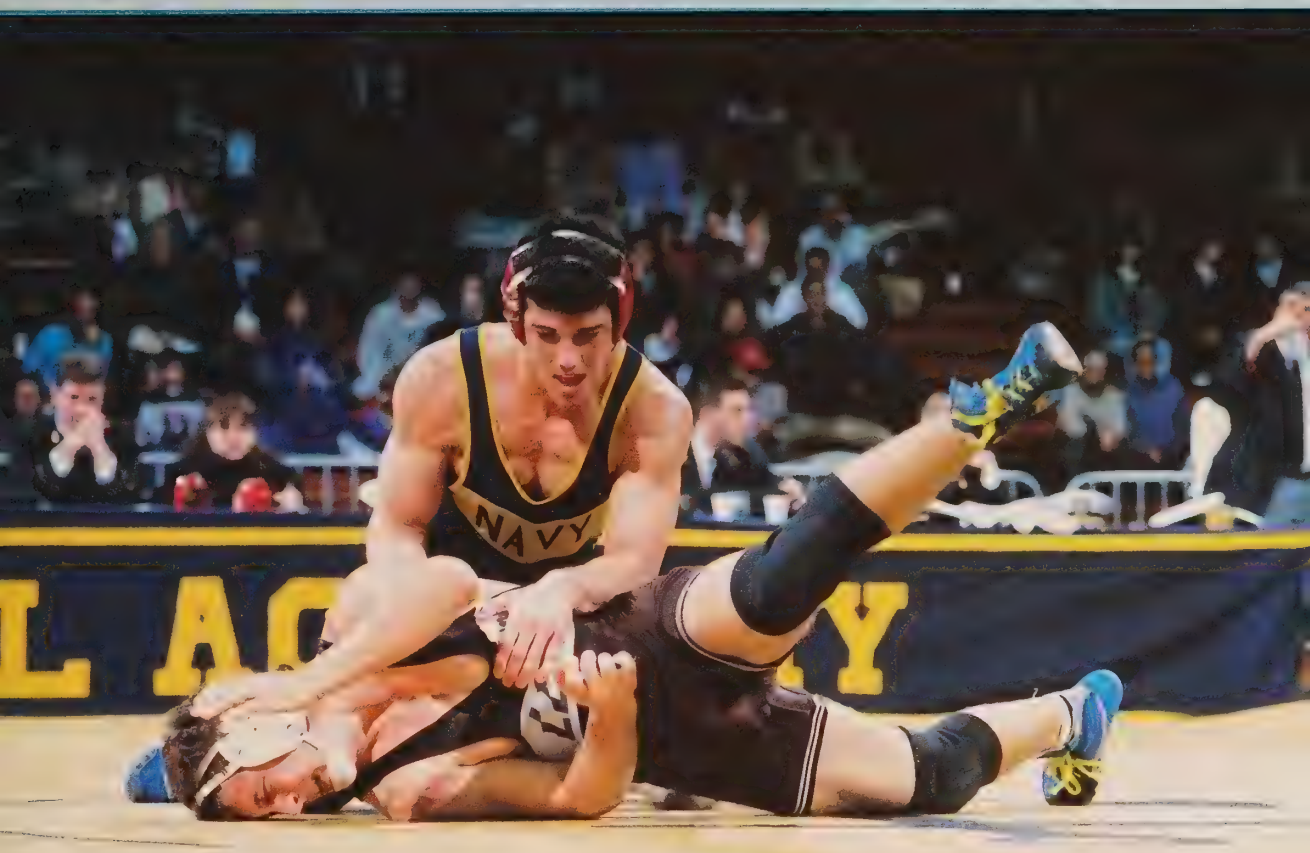


Navy Wrestling Gets National Respect

The Navy Wrestling team continued to receive national respect this year, as evident by remaining in the top twenty for most of the season. Exciting contests such as the tie with national contender Pitt and a two point loss to Penn State (another perennial power), confirmed that Navy was among the "Big Boys" of the wrestling world. For the 26th time running, Navy beat Army, and they also beat national power-house Lehigh.

Besides the important team victories throughout the season, several individuals stood out among their competitors. First Class Scott Kelly (190), Second Class Paul Radowsdi (150), Third Class Scott Schleichler (158), and First Class John Devine (HWT) earned national recognition by participating in the Nationals. Navy had a good showing with Schleicher leading the number two seed, only to lose by a take down with two seconds left. Radowski had a tough match, losing to the defending national champion.

Navy completed the year with a record of 17-3-1. The Midshipman were led by Captain Seymour, CDR Christianson, and Team Captain Scott Kelly.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Tumblers Have a Record-Setting Season

Sixth year head coach Peter Kormann's gymnastics team broke the school record for most points, not once, but four times. Along the way they compiled an 11-3 record. The mids posted a major upset over perennial power Penn State in front of a packed house in McDonough Hall by a narrow margin 275.60 — 275.30. Kormann regarded this victory as the single most important victory in the history of Navy gymnastics. Next, they blew away the Woops of West Point 279.85 — 255.15. Their victory was the seventh straight over the Cadets. In the Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastics League Championships, hosted by Navy, youngster Gerry Haran took the all-around, high bar, and parallel bars titles and tied for second on the pommel horse. Haran set an all-time high score in any event with a 9.85 on the high bar. Tom Ferguson took the rings with a 9.6 to help lift Navy to their second straight EIGL title.

Opposite: *The crowd looks on during pommelhorse competition.* **Right:** *The Lord of the Rings does his thing.* **Above:** *Gerry Haran and his teammates attack the horse.*

Young Team Excels — Best Year Ever

Women's Gymnastics received two great new additions to the team in plebes Michelle Reyes and Susie Kline. Reyes became the first Naval Academy All-America when she finished first in the all-around competition in the United States Gymnastics Federation Championships for NCAA Division II and III schools. In fact, she set the school record for all-around performance with a score of 37.25, and tied for first on the uneven bars at the national meet. Injuries were inevitable in a sport as body-contorting as gymnastics, and the women's team was not immune. Reyes was afflicted with an ankle sprain while her teammate Sabrina Bell was plagued with a chronic knee problem. Despite physical difficulties, Bell managed to participate in uneven bars, vault, and balance beam. Susie Kline's area of excellence was the floor routine, done to the inspiring music of Neil Diamond's "America." The captain was second class Peggy Bosnic.

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Spikers Achieve National Ranking

The Men's Volleyball team, coached for the second year by Patrick Nicholas, is one of the top five teams on the East Coast, and one of the top 20 nation-wide. The Midshipman ended their season at the EIVA Quarterfinals with a 16-24 record, including an impressive win over UC-San Diego. Their season was also highlighted by victories at the Second Annual Clipper Classic and the First Annual Pine Power Classic, as well as a third-place at the EIVA Open. The Mids achieved a ranking of 17th in the country; a considerable accomplishment for a team that has been a varsity sport for only three years.

Boxing Wraps Up Opponents

The 1988 Navy Boxing team started the season by hosting an invitational tournament that proved to be a warm-up for future events. Not only did the Midshipmen do well on their home ground, but they also made a terrific showing at tournaments all over the United States. The club placed first at the Eastern Boxing Championships and qualified seven boxers for the National Collegiate Boxing Championships. At the nationals the club finished second and had two national champions named.

The winning tradition established by the Navy Boxing team was one that will surely be carried on, especially considering Navy's many talented boxers. Without a doubt, the team will continue to impress and dominate over its opponents for years to come. As one midshipmen boxer put it, "I was really pleased with the outcome of our season this year. Not only did individuals do well, but the team as a whole was also very successful. Boxing is not traditionally a 'team' sport, but all of our boxers worked together as a whole. I think that was one of our main advantages over the other teams."

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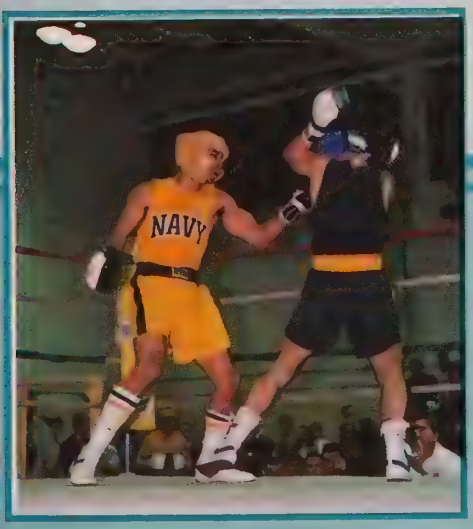
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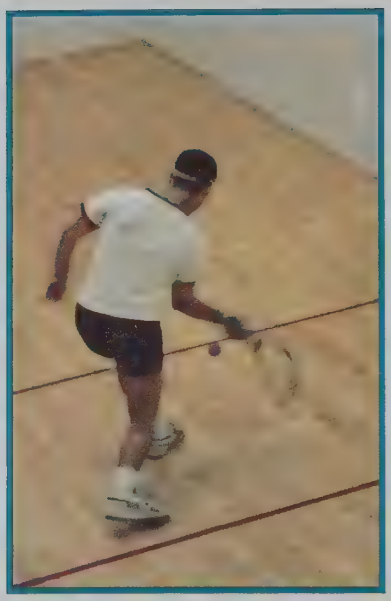
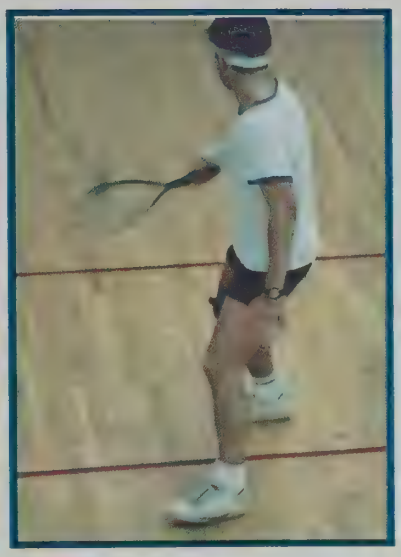
Sprenger Leads Squash To Success

The Squash team had a successful 13-4 season, finishing fifth in the nine-man rankings and seventh in the six-man standings at the National Intercollegiate Squash Racquets Association Tournament. The highlight of their season was their 9-0 shutout of Army at West Point. This was their 12th straight victory and third shutout in five years. First Class John Sprenger, the team captian, made first-team All-America selection for the third year in a row, a first in Navy history. Sprenger also went to the quarter-finals of the A-division at NISRA, and was selected to the All-Tournament team for the third concecutive row, another Navy first. Sprenger was also the runner-up, for the second straight year, for the Skillman Award for Sportsmanship.



Winter Itramurals Brave Cold To Play

Winter Intramurals offered midshipmen a chance to challenge themselves. Braving harsh weather along with their opponents, each team strived to excel as well as to gain a sense of comaraderie. This season's coaches and championship teams were: P. Tiede and C. Peterson, 11th co. 3-on-3 basketball; J. Egan and R. Silva, 21st co. Fieldball; F. Ball and S. Rogers, 4th co. Heavyweight Football; R. Jackson and J. Laingen, 12th co. Lightweight Football; E. Veazey and C. Litchfield, 3rd Batt. Soccer; M. Lamcyzk, 5th Batt. Squash; L. Johnson, 6th Batt. Swimming; J. Jones and N. Jurkovic, 1st Batt. Team Handball; and L. O'Neil, 2nd Batt. Women's Raquetball.



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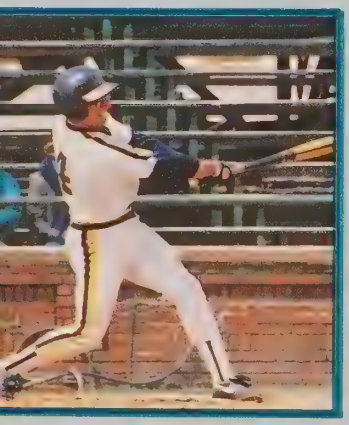
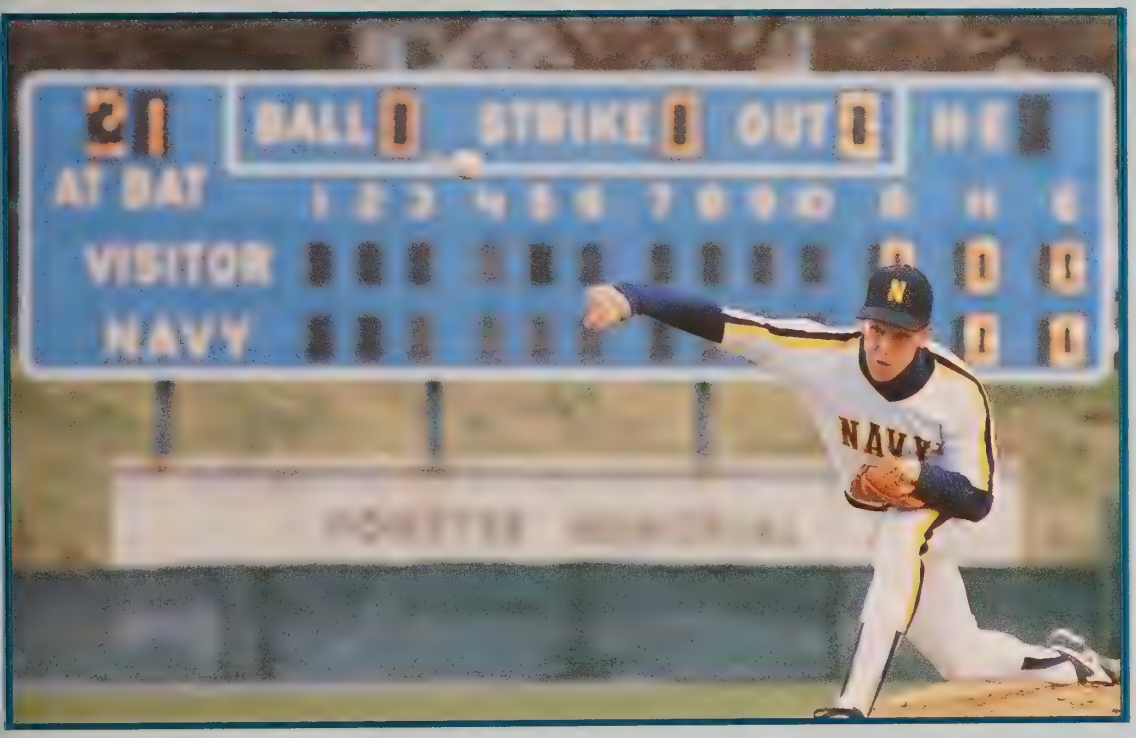




Baseball Boasts Winning Season

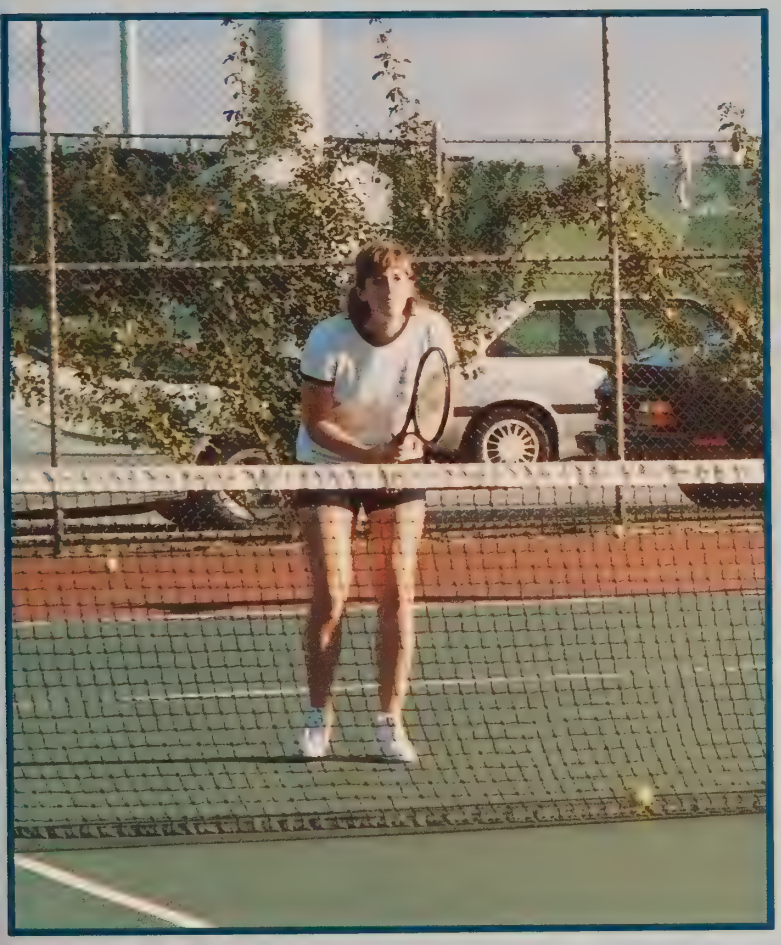
This spring the Navy Baseball team carried on a winning tradition. The pitching staff proved to be of great importance by posting a strikeout-walk total of 206-91, though their collective ERA was only 3.28. Pitcher Steve Wieman won the first game of the season and the finale double-header, which brought his personal season record to 6-3 and his four-year career total to 21-8. Wieman's fellow pitcher Todd Bibza lost the nightcap, but still led the club with an outstanding 2.35 ERA. The top hitters for the season were designated hitter Joe Pasquito at .311, right fielder Chris Engdahl at .298, and shortstop Chris Fatheree at .287. First class Jim Rossi led home runs with five and RBI's with twenty-eight. Finishing the season with a record of 23-16, the midshipmen gave Coach Joe Duff his twenty-sixth winning season out of his twenty-seven here at Navy.

Softball Gives Valiant Effort

The Women's Softball Club had a disappointing season this year. Because they were a club sport, they were not exempt from drill, nor did they play Army. They only had weekend games, and ended the season with a record of three wins and seventeen losses. Although their record was less than outstanding, there were some outstanding players such as president of the club, Kim Felto, '89, Janet Jackson, Karen Mullane, and Kelly Brown.

Tennis Presses On

Tennis is an unassuming sport that looks easy to play, but this image is quite misleading. Tennis calls for sharp eye-hand coordination and true endurance in addition to constant mental calculations of strategy to foil an opponent. Playing doubles adds yet another dimension to the game: that of absolute cooperation and teamwork. Rob Tibbs '89 and Tony Moses '91 posted the top doubles record for the Naval Academy with a 14-5 slate. Tibbs also had the best singles record on the team, finishing with an 18-6 record at positions four through six. Moses' classmate Craig Moringiello also placed among the best with a record of 14-8. After the cancellation of the final match against East Stroudsburg, team captain Jamie Moore and the Navy tennis squad finished with an impressive 15-10 record.



Women Set Sights On Goal

For the Women's Tennis Club, the 1987-88 seasons were a time of both growth and improvement. Interest and visiblity both increased, closing the season with three wins and seven losses. This was a strong showing considering that the club played against Division II and ranked Division III teams. Lt. Phillips provided the coaching experience as well as support for the team, as well as Lt. Yustak. Cheryl Beddick acted as president and key player, and Troy Crickette, also helped bring the team to each success. Throughout the year, the club edged closer and closer to varsity status through skill, intrest, and strictness of the program.

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Heavyweights Row to Victory

Under the guidance of Rick Clothier, longtime coach, the Heavyweight Crew team pulled through to a winning season with a 6-4 record. Lucky enough to take two trips out to San Diego, the heavies had the opportunity to gain experience facing some pretty tough West Coast competition. Seeing the racing strategies of other teams contributed to the shaping of the team, but Coach Clothier's philosophy was simply: to be part of a great team, one had to do three things — row, row, and row. The dedication of rowers through early morning workouts and long afternoon pieces up and down the Severn was something of a mystery to many in the Brigade, particularly when one considered the crew team practiced from August to June for only sixty minutes of competition. But then again only the rowers themselves truly understood what it meant to work with seven other athletes, moving as one to the motovating calls of the coxswain.

Women's Crew Wins The Dad Vaill's

Two hours before reveille, a small group of athletes roused themselves from a cozy slumber and fumbled around in the dark for running shoes. After dressing quietly as to not wake roommates, it was a short, brisk jog out to the boathouse. With the sun rising over the Severn, Women's and Lightweight Crew took to the water in preparation for six minutes of all out physical exertion on a two thousand meter course. Under the leadership of 1/C Lini McCarthy, Women's Crew had a spectacular season culminating in the winning of the Seitz Award for the second year in a row. The Seitz award is given to the team that places highest all around at the Dad Vail Regatta in Philadelphia. Though their season was not marked by as many victories, Men's Lightweights learned much in a year of transition with new coach Pat Manion. The highlight of the season was defeating Penn for the Callow Cup which Navy has only lost once in the past six years.

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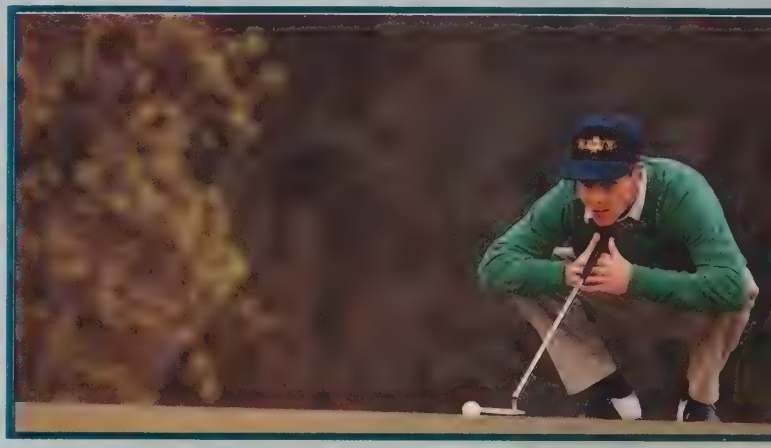

Golfers Post a Big Win Over Army

Navy golf coach Larry Ringer called the 1988 victory over Army the school's biggest win in ten years. The Mids beat the Cadets by seven strokes (391-398) at the Naval Academy Golf Course, snapping West Points' 24-match win streak. Junior Jamie Gonsalves tallied a match-low 76, while Brad Vogt and John Wolf each shot 78 and David Dorton fired in a 79.

The Mids also did well in Invitationals, placing third of seventeen in the Priceton Invite, fifth out of twenty-five teams in the Naval Academy Invitational, and sixth in a field of sixteen at the Camp Lejeune Invitational. Other than the Army victory, the only other meet was an eighteen-stroke massacre of Delaware. Despite high winds and chilly conditions, Vogt led the consistent group of Navy golfers with a 74. Captain Wes Kaufman and Dorton each punched in with 77's.

Left: *Navy gets the jump for the relays.* **Below:** *Marcus Stefanou checks his steps as he prepares to vault.* **Bottom left:** *A Navy long jumper keeps his eyes on the horizon. Navy gets the lead in the high hurdles.*

Plebe Wins Championship at Penn Relays

For the first time since 1983, a midshipman took first place in the prestegious Penn Relays. Plebe Rob Sehnert hurled the shot put for a personal best of 58 feet and one-quarter inch. Youngster Bob Packowski came away from the Penn Relays with a fourth place finish in the steeplechase in a time of 8:50.32.

In the Heptagonals Games Association Track and Field Championships, firstie Michael Greene won the 400-meter dash for the second consecutive year, with the time :46.67 to help Navy finish fourth behind Dartmouth, Princeton, and Brown. Greene and Efrem Venters combined to sweep the 400-meter in a 92-71 victory over Army. The victory was coach Al Cantello's seventh in seven encounters with West Point.

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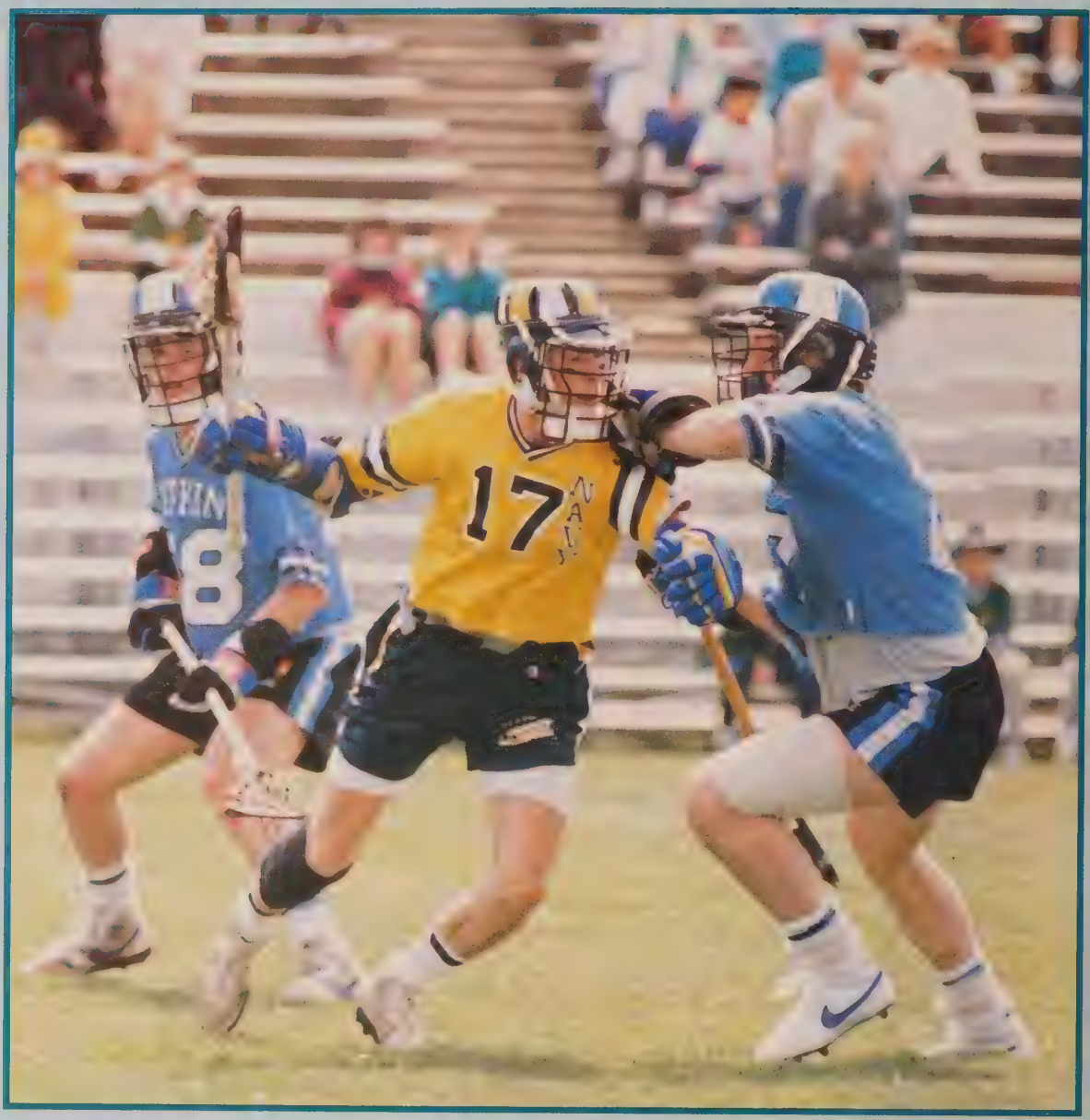


LAX Has Strong Campaign

Second-team All-America Mike Herger paced the lacrosse team to an 8-5 record that included a dramatic 6-5 come-from-behind victory against Army and a first round NCAA triumph over Harvard. In addition to Herger, three other laxmen earned All-America honors. They were first-classman Nick Amatuccio and Joe Donnelly, honorable mentions on defense and in goal, and third-classman Brian Keith, honorable mention at midfield. After a mediocre 3-3 start, the stickmen rattled off four staight wins against Princeton, Army, Maryland in double overtime, and Virginia. A 10-7 loss to nationally second-ranked Johns Hopkins ended the streak in the final game of the regular season. Despite finishing seventh in the USILA the Mids were seeded ninth in the NCAA tournament and had to travel to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to take on the Crimson of Harvard. Goals by Herger and Paul Basil in the final period ensured a quarter-final matchup against powerhouse Syracuse. Despite the final score against the Orangemen, the overall success of the season kept the Brigade inspired and entertained.

Sailors Continue Winning Ways

Navy Sailing finished the season with a strong record. Navy opened the competition last fall with first classman Alec Cutler finishing second in the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association National Collegiate Championship (ICYRA). Cutler was the national collegiate singlehanded titlist in 1985-6 and 1986-7. The team also placed fourth in the National Sloop Championships — Cutler was the skipper of this crew that included Bob Cady, Jamie White, and John Hicks, the last being an exchange student from the Coast Guard Academy. The Navy women finished eighth in the Women's Championships. In the team racing they finished second. First classman Alec Cutler, second classman Per Lovfald, and third classman Keith Davids were named first team All-America. Firstie Gretchen Stage was named as one of the ten outstanding women collegiate sailors in the country.

N2
COURAGEOUS

Powerlifting and Biking Teams Excel

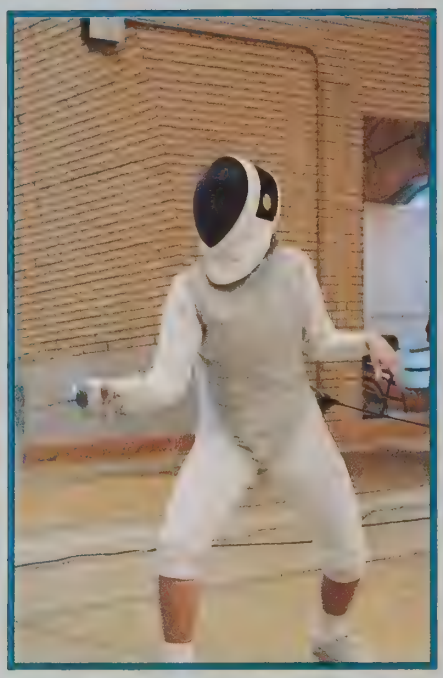
This year Navy's powerlifting club qualified a full team for the national meet. At Nationals the club placed second overall, with the men's team placing second and the women's placing third. James Cox '88, and Darren Costa '90, were named All-American.

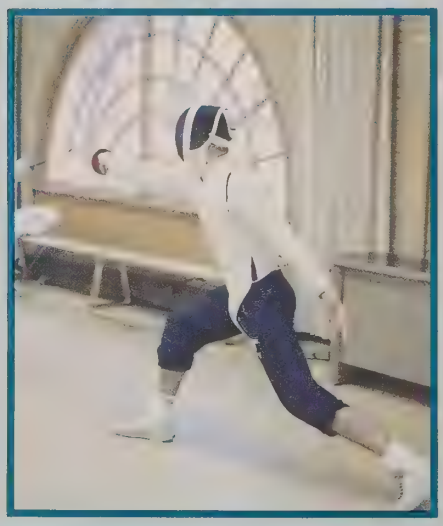
The biking club had a good year but it had a bittersweet ending. The club won the Annapolis Stage classic and finished strong in individual events. In the spring the club finished in the top three in three races. Due to their performance a few of the club members were upgraded in their categories. The club qualified for the Collegiate Cycling Championships in California, but funds and traveling problems prevented the club from accepting the invitation.

Judo and Karate Show Strength

During youngster year everyone was required to take Judo and nobody minded for two reasons. First, the class was not graded, and second, it offered mids a chance to legally work out aggressions on classmates. Those intrigued by the purity of the sport ventured into the Judo Club. The highlight of this season was the team's victory over Army. The victory was especially sweet, for it was the first in six years. The team went on to place third at the Eastern Collegiate Championship. Four mids went to Nationals.

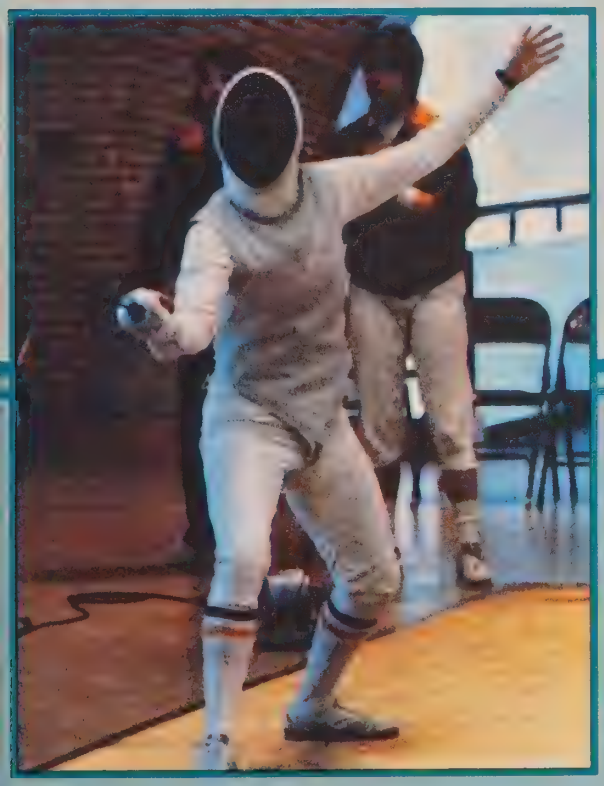
The Karate club was also successful. Kicking off the season by defeating Air Force, the team went on to collect four first place honors, three second place, and three third place. Demonstrating their keen abilities again, the Karate club placed second out of twenty at a tournament at West Point. And, if beating Army twice wasn't enough, Navy Karate did it again at a tri-meet, defeating the Merchant Marine Academy as well.





Fencers Find Success At Nationals

Records set and honors won sum up the Navy men's and women's fencing teams. The men were led by firstie Dave Hitchcock who was the first men's fencer since 1982 to be named All-America. Hitchcock was also chosen as the Intercollegiate Fencing Association's Fencer of the Year. Hitchcock finished his Naval Academy career with a 22-2 record first class season. This accomplishment gave him a .917 winning percentage, fourth highest in Navy history. At nationals Hitchcock ranked fourth in Epic competition. Another firstie, Dan Haas flaced 20th in the National sabre competition. The team ended with a 6-4 record. The women were led by firstie captain Patty Turney. The team had its finest showing ever in the National Intercollegiate Women's Fencing Association Championship; second only to Temple. Turney set various school records in leading her team to victory. She won 105 career bouts and set the record for most bouts won in a single season at 40. Other strong contributers to Navy's effort were underclass Fredrica Spilman, Dulcita Lu and Lisa Kirkpatrick. In the highly competitive eleven team National tournament, Turney finished sixth overall and Spilman finished tenth. For both teams it was a very sucessful season.



Aerobics, The PEP Of Ac Year

When the Aerobics Club got started no one took them very seriously, but soon the allotted membership of thirty was full and thirty more mids participated when they could. In the beginning, the club was located in the front room of Halsey were every Annapolitan and his mother could walk by and gawk at them. After some shifting around the club settled in room 264 on the second deck, which provided a bit more privacy. The Shuppster himself made a few appearances in Halsey to give the club credibility. Aerobics is a tough workout, contrary to popular belief. An aerobic workout is dependent upon oxygen taken in from each breath as opposed to an anaerobic which uses oxygen stored in the blood. Forty minutes of non-stop jumping and stretching muscles most of us don't even know we have is nothing to sneeze at, and many likened it to PEP. President Sarah Michael and other club members visited local health clubs during the year to gain experience as instructors.

Spring Intramurals Enjoy The Outdoors

The spring intramural season was a chance to do something worthwhile in the afternoon besides drill. A wide variety of sports were open to the midshipmen to participate in. The coaches and teams that finished in the top of each sport are: C. Drewello and H. Colburn, 22nd co. Fastpitch Softball; T. Williams and J. Phillips, 31st co. Slowpitch Softball; J. Rivera, 24th co. 3-on-3 basketball; L. McDonnell, 18th co. Racquetball; W. Miller, 1st Batt. Lacrosse; C. Jorgensen, 5th Batt. Rugby; M. Danford and J. Garcia, 2nd Batt. Sailing; B. Davis, 4th Batt. Squash; A. Schlutermann and J. Smith, 5th Batt. Tennis; M. Autey and J. O'Donnell, 6th Batt. Track; S. Cedrun, 5th Batt. Volleyball; and C. Cornett, 1st Batt. Wrestling.

2

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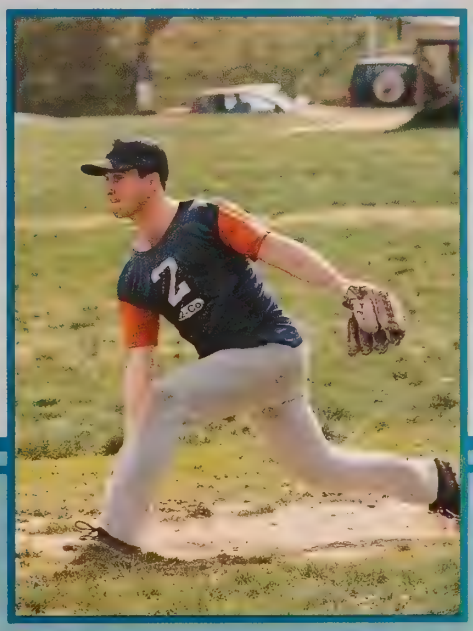

editor: charlie simpson

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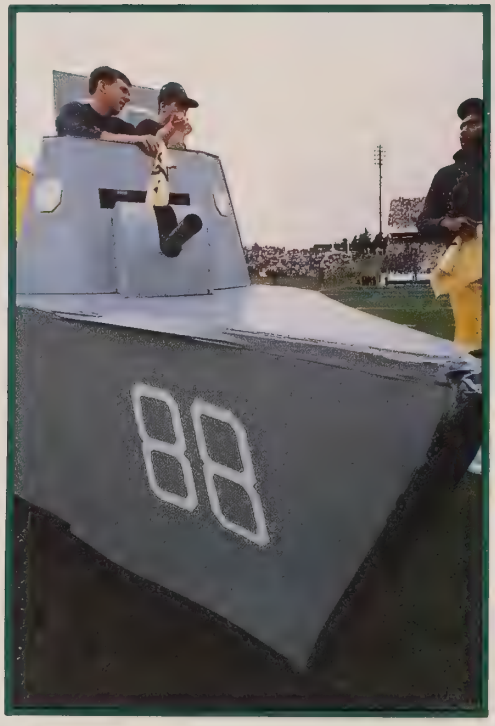
Perspective: New Angles

ORGANIZATIONS

Drum and Bugle Corps

CDR: Greg Rouillard; SUBCDR: Rich Clark; OPS: Bruce Stanfill

With over eighty members, the D&B Corps was one of the largest extra-curricular activities at the Naval Academy. They played an important role as representatives of the Brigade, performing at various high schools and colleges throughout the nation. The D&B Corps was an intrinsic part of many of our football halftime shows. Evidence of their many hours of practice was evident in the synchronization of flags and music. The Drum & Bugle Corps has become one of the fine traditions of the United States Naval Academy.


88

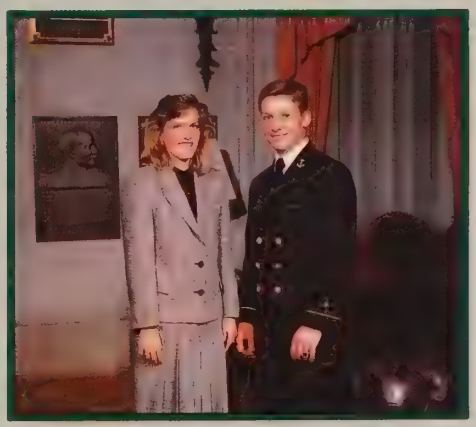
BAC

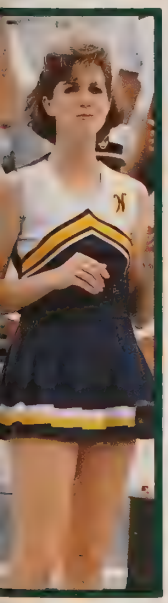
Brigade Activities Committee

President: Brian O'Donnell; Vice President: Michael Lanterman; Staff Members: Ward Quinn, John Freese, Jerry Hupp, Greg Rouillard

Spirit was the prime purpose for the Brigade Activities Committee. Everything related to the support of Navy sports was the job of BAC, including the Cannoneers, the Goat Keepers, and Philo McGiffin. This year witnessed the addition of a Vertical Launch System (VLS) to Philo McGiffin. BAC was also involved with Pep rallies, Army week, and football pre-game activities.

NAVY





PRC

Public Relations Committee

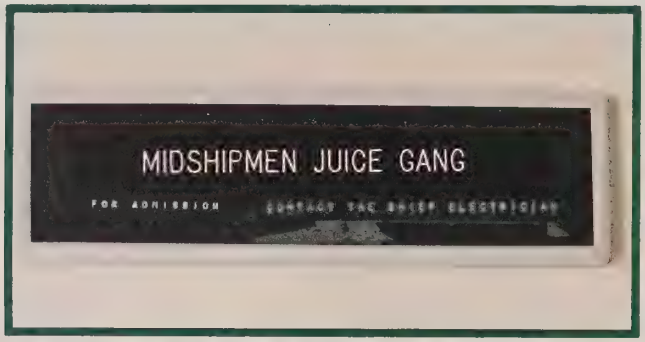
President: Lindsay Kough; Vice President: Scot Fuhrman; Business Manager: Julien Grant; Secretary: Denver McKelvey; Executive Assistants: Maximillian Grant, David Dieugenio, William Burkhart

The Public Relations Committee served the Academy in both varsity sports and public affairs. During the fall, the members worked in the press box during home football games. They also covered other Navy sports including JV Football, Lacrosse, 150's Football, and Basketball. Additionally, the Public Relations Committee worked with the public affairs office. They assisted with VIP tours and with the news media.

Cheerleaders

Captain: Jerry P. Hupp; Coach: Deborah Doane

No group was more visible to the Brigade this year than the Cheerleaders. They were charged with the big task of motivating the Brigade to stand up and cheer. They were very successful in encouraging the Brigade to get behind the sports teams. The squad was comprised of sixteen people, four from each class. The cheerleaders followed the sports teams wherever they went and helped boost morale.

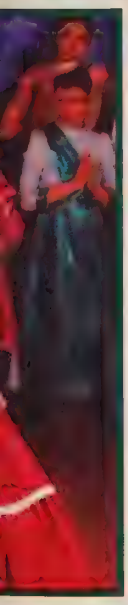

MIDSHIPMEN JUICE GANG
FOR ADMISSION

BSAC

Brigade Social Affairs Committee

Chairman: Michael Tabb; Vice Chairman: Michelle Laurenzano; Ring Dance Chairman: Bob Adams; Juice Gang: Bill Plott; Arts Director: Jeffrey Gold; Second Class Chairman: Ken Harris; Third Class Chairman: Tom Bruno; Fourth Class Chairman: Harvey Berman

Tailgating, the Army-Navy Informal, and Spring formals were all a part of the Brigade Social Affairs Committee's job. The BSAC organized weekly dances for the upperclass in Dalgren Hall. Additionally, they planned both the Spring Formal and the Valentine's Ball. The Hop Committee, Juice Gang, Modern Music Committee, and the Ring Dance Committee were all part of BSAC.



Masqueraders

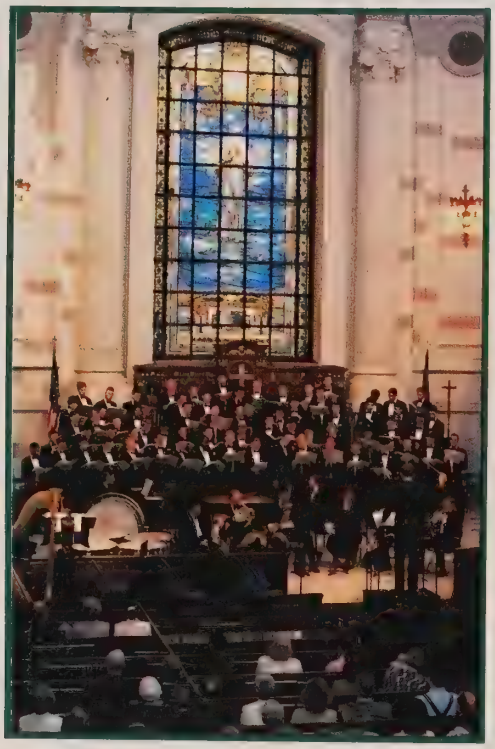
President: Curtis Wold; Producer: Mike Brown; Treasurer: Steve Debus; Secretary: Wes Guinn

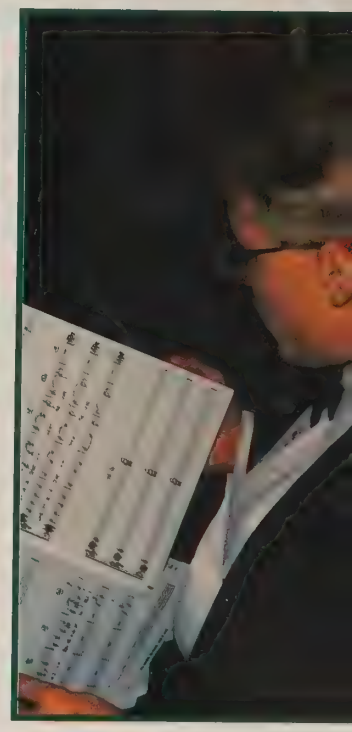
Dating back to 1849, Masqueraders is the oldest extra-curricular activity at the Naval Academy. Masqueraders was founded in order to give midshipmen the opportunity to explore and exercise talents in all aspects of the theater. Midshipmen not only act, but run lighting, sound, stage construction, direction, and all other facets of production. This year's achievements included productions of Ionesco's *The Lesson*, and *Andrew's Wedding*, a one-act play written by Keith Spencer of the Class of 1987. In the fall, Masqueraders performed Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* for some of the largest audiences in recent Masquerader history.

Glee Club Musical

Producer: Tom McKean; Musical Director: Richard Fatzinger; Stage Manager: Erin Wilson

Each year the Naval Academy's Glee Club produces a musical in the spring. This year's production was the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, *The King And I*. For the ninety member cast, work started in late November. As a result of the cast's hard work, the show played to capacity crowds for three weekends in February. Producing a first-rate musical was a great challenge to the midshipmen involved.





Men's Glee Club

President: Richard Fatzinger; Vice President: Scott Wilson

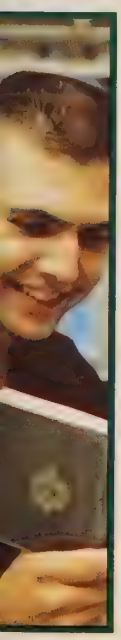
The primary purpose of the USNA Glee Club was to provide an opportunity for midshipmen to study music through performance of a wide variety of musical styles. The organization gave members a chance to share their mutual interest in creative endeavors, and to improve their talents as performers. Additionally, the pursuit of excellence and the development of leadership through example and positive motivation have been hallmarks of musical extra-curricular activities.

Women's Glee Club

President: Lori Sorokatch; Vice President: Margaret Marcantonio; Secretary: Elizabeth Meneeley

The Women's Glee Club performed with the Men's Glee Club, but was also successful in its own right as a first-rate performing ensemble. The 1987 fall schedule featured performances for the National Navy Day Memorial Service and Marine Corps Ball in Washington, D.C., a Christmas concert at USNA, a joint presentation with Hood College of Handel's *Messiah*, and several appearances in California during the Christmas Tour. The year's highlight was the chance to sing for the President during NBC's television special, *Christmas in Washington*.

CADET
1988



Reef Points

Editor: Mark Rawlins; Assistant Editor: George Acosta; Advertising: Steve Boyles; History Editor: Joe McDonald; Photography: John Hammes; Sports Editor: Jim Snare; ECA Editor: Chris Zito

Reef Points provided updated information about Navy life, history, and traditions. The book was an integral part of Plebe Summer as newly inducted Plebes were required to memorize and learn various parts of the text. During Plebe Summer, no fourth class left his room without his copy of *Reef Points* and, for this reason, it has been dubbed the "Plebe Bible."

Trident Brass

President: Jon Jerge; Vice President: Albert Kinney; Secretary: Allen Minick

Twenty talented musicians made up this year's Trident Brass, the midshipmen jazz ensemble of the Naval Academy. This past year the Trident Brass played concerts in Mitscher Hall, and they kicked-off Commissioning Week with an outdoor concert prior to the Herndon Ceremony.

Trident Calendar

President: Robert Cecchini; Production Editor: Tristram Farmer; Associate Editor: Tim Reicher; Sales Editor: Yoshiyuki Muraki; Sales Manager: Alan Van Loon

The Trident Calendar staff was responsible for this year's edition of the Brigade's own calendar. Cartoons and pictures from the various activities and interests of the Brigade were featured. The calendar was distributed and sold throughout the world to parents, naval officers, and civilians, as well as midshipmen. All profits generated by the calendar went to the Midshipmen Welfare Fund.

The LOG
U.S. Naval Academy
Vol. 77, No. 1 • September, 1987
Price: $1.50
Back to School
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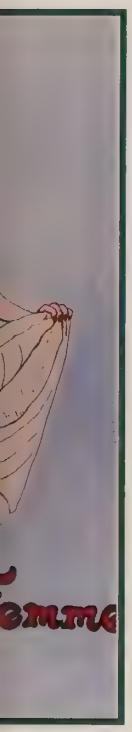
U.S. Naval Academy
Price: $1.50

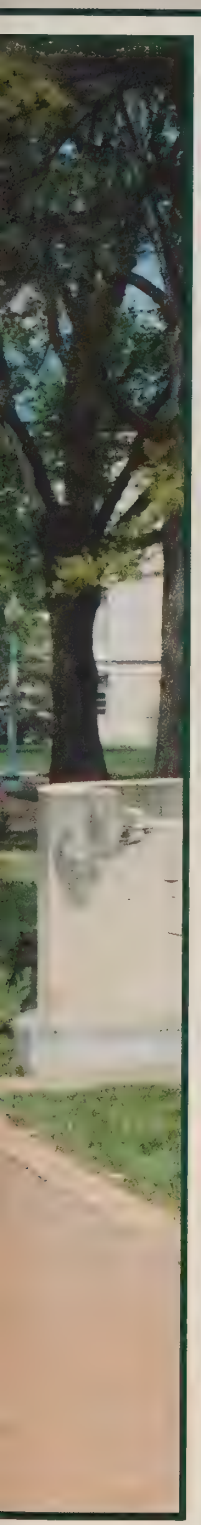
The LOG



The Log

Editor: Missy Cummings; Executive Editor: Andy Howell; Features Editor: Robin Shoop; Art Editor: Tom Coken; Photography Editor: Ron Startzel; Business Manager: Bill Seaman

The Log, the monthly publication of the Naval Academy, once again lived up to its reputation. Nothing was sacred to the satiric pens of the editors. Salty Sam left no skeletons in the closets of any of the company officers or administration. The Log provided a humorous outlet for midshipmen and officers alike. This year, the Log printed an unprecedented "professional issue." They also introduced several contests, ranging from a scavenger hunt to trivial pursuit. As always the Log was a source of entertainment for the entire Brigade.



Class of 1988

President: Kennon Artis; Vice President: Claude Richordson; Secretary: Kathy Toomey; Treasurer: Aurthur Doney

Since plebe summer, the officers of the Class of '88 have been dedicated to serving the class. This year the class officers have organized such memorable events as Two-for-Seven night and the annual Class of '88 Talent Show. In addition, the class officers have provided spirit items such as boxer shorts, mugs, wine glasses, T-shirts, patches, and rugby shorts. The commitment of the class officers will extend beyond graduation in preserving the spirit of the class and distinguishing it from previous classes.

Class of 1989

President: Brian Sears; Vice President: Mike Goshgarian; Secretary: Derek Tangeman; Treasurer: Sean Nolan

The Class of '89 completed another year at the Academy. They brought the plebes through their initiating year. They played an important role in the professional training of the plebes. In addition, the class officers helped in the planning of the Ring Dance and the Talent Show. They also supplied their class with the opportunity to buy class spirit items. With the completion of this year, the Class of 1989 looks forward to its chance to run the Brigade.

Class of 1990

President: Bob Sofge; Vice President: Raymond Ott; Treasurer: S. Brett Sloan; Secretary: Juan M. Spencer

The Class of '90 entered its youngster year with a lot of motivation. The class officers helped to inspire this motivation by providing class T-shirts, boxers, and other items. The officers planned an end of the year picnic on Hospital Point. The picnic included grilled hamburger, steak, hotdogs, and a live band. Needless to say, a good time was had by all.

Class of 1991

President: Robert Issa; Vice President: Albert Hincken; Treasurer: Robert Bridenstine; Secretary: John Chilson

The Class of '91 looked with much joy on the end of this year. During their twelve months as plebes, the class grew in spirit and unity. The Class of '91 showed its unity and teamwork by climbing Herndon in one of the fastest times ever. The Class of '91 officers helped in the planning of several dances. They also provided spirit items for their class to buy and wear in the years to come at the Academy.

SIBI
USNA
AEQUUM
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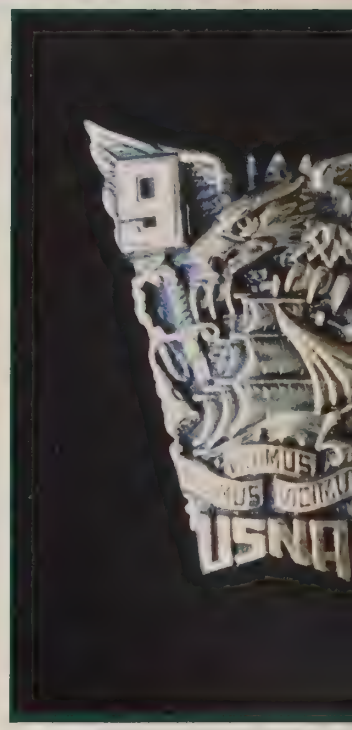
USNA


USNA

Class of 1988 Ring and Crest Committee

Chairman: Randall Martin; Vice-Chairman: Damon Fields

The Ring and Crest Committee was responsible for soliciting designs for the class crest and selecting a company to manufacture the rings, crest pin jewelry, and other crest items such as mugs and laser-etched plaques. The committee promulgated necessary information to the class and organized the crest pin and class ring ordering and delivery sessions. The actual crest design was voted on during plebe summer. A total of seven designs were submitted for consideration by popular vote before the committee. The crest selected for production was designed by committee chairman Randall H. Martin. The class motto was derived from Shakespeare's HAMLET, "To Thine Own Self Be True," which in Latin is SIBI AEQUUM.

Class of 1989 Ring and Crest Committee

Chairman: Peyton M. Allen; Vice-Chairman: Casey C. Travers; Secretary: Charlie Quintas

Airborne Training Unit

President: Rob Curran

One of the most active extra-curricular activities this year was Airborne. Members of Airborne made jumps on various weekends throughout the year. The club ran pre-Airborne training for one week in the Spring semester. This prepared midshipmen for Airborne training during the summer in Fort Benning. The club is also responsible for selecting mids for jungle warfare, northern warfare, and Ranger schools.

Dolphin Club

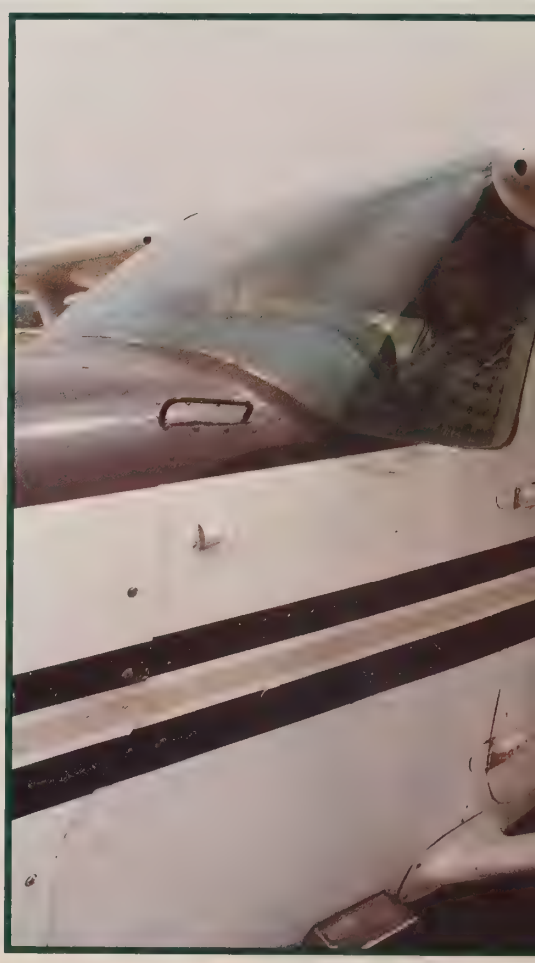
President: Stu Hamilton; Vice President: Curt Copley; Secretary/Treasurer: Michael Ballou

The Dolphin Club was run by submarine officers and midshipmen considering submarines as a potential service selection. With submarines as the cutting edge of the fleet, the Dolphin Club was one of the more active clubs. They organized several field trips which included a trip to the Pentagon. Several guest lecturers were brought in to tell of the newest developments in the submarine force, including the new Seawolf.

Surface Action Group

President: Randall Martin; Secretary: James Stewart; Treasurer: Kevin Bostick

The Surface Action Group was responsible for maintaining a liaison with the Brigade of Midshipmen and the Surface Warfare Community. SAG was composed of about 200 members of all classes. The regularly scheduled lectures included the DDG-51 Update, a secret Naval Tactics Brief, a Surface Detailer Visit, three "Fireside Chats," a Damage Control Presentation about USS STARK, a JCS Strike Warfare Brief, and a speech by Vice Admiral Joseph Metcalf on the Revolution at Sea. The SAG took a trip to the Mk41 Vertical Launch System fabrication facility at Martin Marietta near Baltimore, Maryland.



VT-NA

Naval Academy Flight Training Squadron

Squadron Commander: John Podolak; Operations Officer: Will Pennington

The VT-NA program provided midshipmen with the opportunity to fly a small plane and qualify for their private pilot's license. A ground school course was offered during the year with an opportunity to fly on weekends. Although it was originally designed as an introduction to Naval Aviation, VTNA is open to all midshipmen regardless of service selection. Many take advantage of this excellent chance to get their solo license.

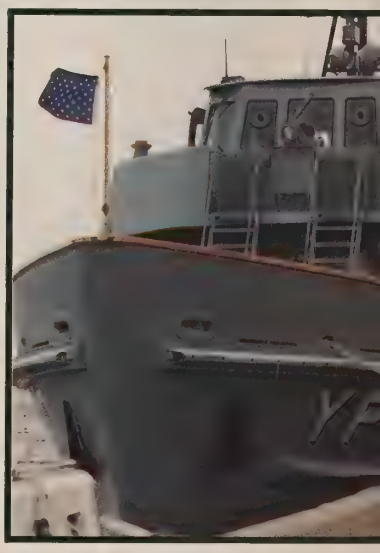
Semper Fidelis Society

President: James J. Landon; Vice President: Dean E. Craft

The Semper Fidelis Society gave midshipmen a chance to see and experience the traditions and operation of the United States Marine Corps. Lectures were given throughout the year which familiarized midshipmen with the opportunities and challenges available to Marine Corps officers. The Semper Fidelis Society is an important part of the Academy.

YP 679
YP 682

NAVTAG



Yard Patrol Squadron

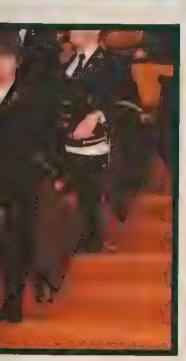
YP Commodore: Shawn Penrod; YP Commanding Officers: Daniel Miller, Mark Luta, Randall Martin, Randall Ivener

The YP Squadron provided an opportunity for midshipmen to command their own ship and experience shipboard organization. This extracurricular activity met daily after school to train on the Naval Academy's Yard Patrol craft. Midshipmen of all classes worked on their seamanship, navigation, and shiphandling skills. On weekends during the Fall and Spring, the Squadron took trips on the Chesapeake to local bay cities.

NAVTAG

Navy Tactical Wargaming

The Navy Tactical Wargaming computer system (NAVTAG), located in Luce Hall, introduced midshipmen to strategy and naval tactics. The competition, which lasted throughout the year, found company against company in various naval scenarios. Representatives from each company competed in NAVTAG throughout the year; however, only members of the first, second, and third classes were allowed to participate due to the secret clearance required. The competition counted towards the color point competition.



Astronomy Club

Officers: Martin Beaulieu, David Hoff

The Astronomy Club devoted its time to the study of the night sky and stimulating interest in astronomy. The club owned and operated equipment for observing heavenly bodies. They utilized the observatory on the roof of Michelson Hall to examine the stars, planets, and celestial bodies. This year there was an increased use of the Naval Academy's planetarium. Several shows were put on which were open to the public and midshipmen.

NESA

National Eagle Scout Association

President: Lester Wolf; Vice President: Richard Frey; Treasurer: Mike Breslaver; First Regimental Secretary: Michael Ballou; Second Regimental Secretary: John McClure

The National Eagle Scout Association is open to those midshipmen who are Eagle scouts. This group organizes field trips and hikes throughout the year. A new program that was started this year involved summer activities. As part of their summer cruise training members could elect to go to a Boy Scouts Camp and become a counselor to young Boy Scouts.

MSA

Military Studies Association

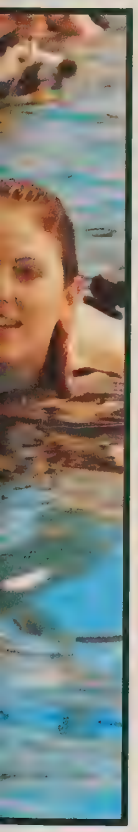
President: Todd M. Lipani; Vice President: Christopher J. Dirks; Secretary: Keith A. Beals; Treasurer: Todd J. MacDonald

In the upper reaches above the Rotunda, the little-known Military Studies Association had its club spaces. This group met on weekends and during the week to provide a forum for midshipmen interested in tactical wargaming. Games and pieces were provided for interested players. Weekly game-playing sessions were held, enabling midshipmen to enhance their strategic ability and wargaming skills. Additionally, the group held its annual wargaming session, "NAVCON."

Photography Club

President: William Collier; Vice President: Mary Jackson; Treasurer: Sean Fuller; Secretary: Kevin Reed

The Photography Club offered midshipmen of all classes the chance to pursue the creative and rewarding art of photography. Personal instruction and material were available for learning photography and film processing. The club ran a darkroom located in the seventh wing basement which contained the equipment, chemicals, and paper necessary for developing both negatives and prints. In addition, the club ran contests periodically which allowed the entire brigade to demonstrate their shutterbug talents.



Scuba Club

President: John Trower; Secretary: Andrew Wilson; Treasurer: Russell Berlin; Movement/Schedules Officer: Charles Berger; Training Officer: Kurt Schoen

Scuba Club was more active than ever. Many midshipmen were qualified with their basic underwater diving qualification. The Scuba Club provided classes throughout the year which included sessions in the pool and dives on weekends. Over Spring Break, the Scuba Club took a trip to Key Largo in Florida for some incredible scuba diving. This week long trip was enjoyed by all. The Scuba Club provided all equipment and instruction necessary to become a qualified diver for a minimal fee.

WRNV

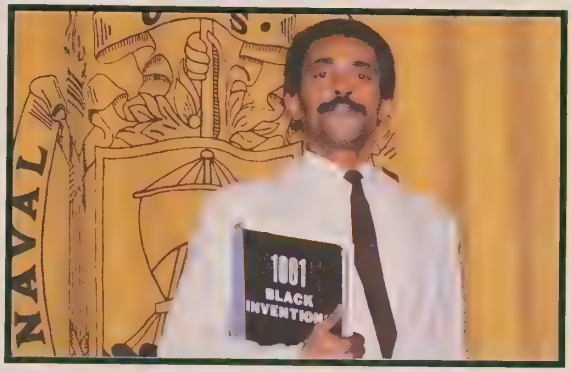
Station Manager: Ward Quinn; Revox Director: Tim Keefe; Chief Engineer: Ken Zieleck; Programming Director: Mike Davis; Production Director: Dave Hallisey; Music Director; Business Director: Philip Kondilas

Hidden in basement of eighth wing was the Naval Academy's own twenty-four hour, non-stop, commercial-free radio station. WRNV enjoyed a successful year with the latest in rock, progressive, and classics. The contemporary Christian music program enjoyed its second year with an expanded collection and programming time. WRNV had several contests throughout the year which enabled listeners to win compact discs, records, and tapes.

Filipino-American Club

President: Max Mejia; Vice President: Ray Ramil; Secretary: Emily Almonte; Treasurer: Joseph Abaya; Administration: Randy Reyes

The purpose of the Fil-Am Club, also known as the "Barkada," is to help increase the Filipino-American midshipman's awareness of his/her Philippine heritage. By opening membership to all midshipmen, the Barkada hopes to share Philippine culture with the rest of the Brigade. The club regularly shows films and slide shows on Philippine culture and history. This year's activities included a formal banquet and a picnic. The Barkada also attended social functions hosted by other Fil-Am Clubs. In spring the club sent a delegation of escorts to the annual Miss Philippines-USA Pageant in Virginia Beach.



Gospel Choir

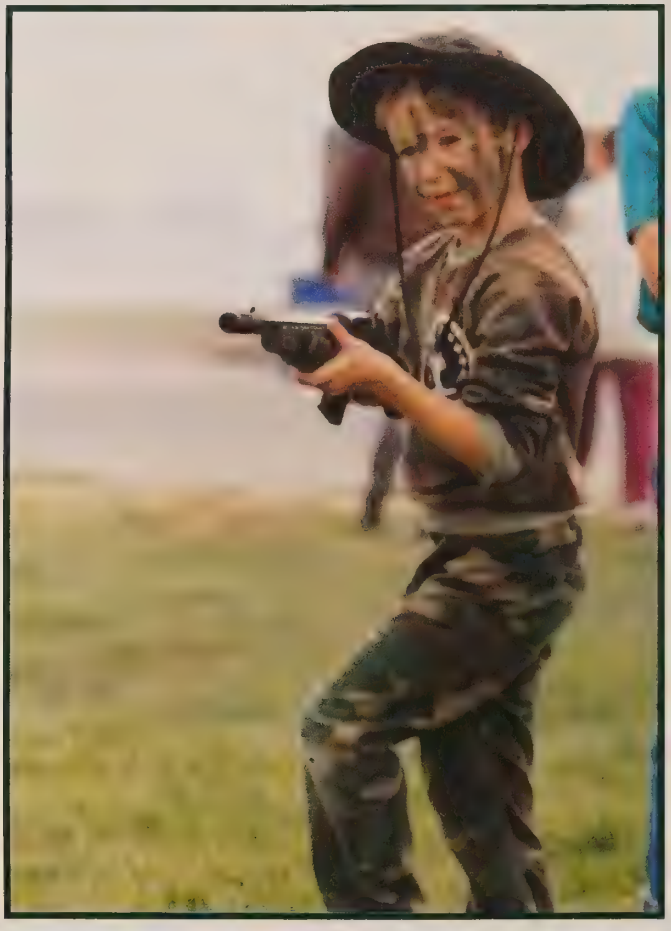
President: Roger Grayson; Vice President: Joseph Smith; Treasurer: Alisha Thurman; Secretary: Dawn Bennett; Director: Glenn Leverette

The Gospel Choir is a Naval Academy singing group which performed at various functions. The goal of the group was to increase the awareness of others to a different, cultural style of music. The Gospel Choir was well received wherever they performed.

Black Studies Club

President: Roger Isom; Vice President: Dondi Edwards; Secretary: Candy Preer; Treasurer: Valerie Rawlings

The primary goal and focus of the Midshipmen's Black Studies Club was to study Black History. Club members also strove to help each other perform well professionally, academically, and to serve as an example and role model to the surrounding community. Some special activities included monthly guest speakers and the annual celebration of Black History Month, which ended with a successful banquet. The club, founded in 1977, consisted of 180 members.



Big Brothers/Big Sisters

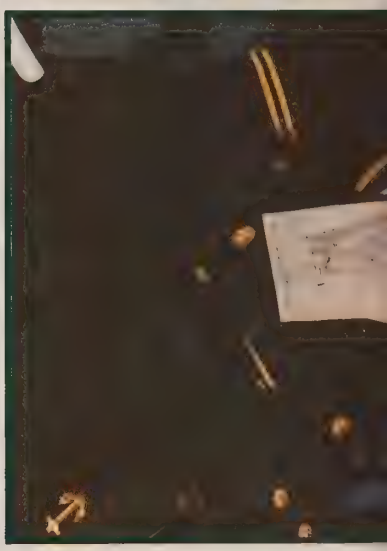
President: Marjorie Canby; Vice President: Jonathan Hupp; Secretary/Treasurer: Andrew Jarrett

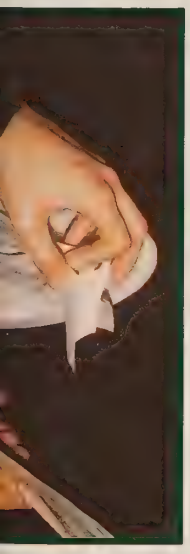
Big Brothers/Big Sisters of USNA enjoyed a steady increase in membership throughout the year. This ECA was a fun and rewarding way to participate in the Annapolis community by providing companions for children of single-parent families. In the fall the club had a tailgater after the Pittsburgh football game, and the major activity of the spring was the annual Bowl for Kids' sake, a bowl-a-thon sponsored by the Central Maryland organization. The club has enjoyed several years of steady support from the Brigade. This year there were thirty midshipmen involved.

Midshipman Action Group

President: Paul Lehman; Vice President: Matthew Sandoval; Secretary: John Wolf; Treasurer: Robert Pragada

The Midshipmen Action Group was designed to give midshipmen a chance to participate in local volunteer organizations in both Annapolis and Ann Arundel County. The Midshipman Action Group helped to plan and organize the Special Olympics which were held on Ingram Field. The Midshipman Action Group also organized the group which built a playground for children.





Archery Club

President: Peter Callaghan; Vice President: Van Emery; Secretary: Joseph Polanin; Treasurer: Richard Ryan

The Archery Club was open to all midshipmen. The club which was relatively new had about thirty members. The club owned several bows for the use of its members. The Archery Club planned to join the Ann Arundel Archery Club. They also wished to get into field shooting and competitions.

Orienteering Club

President: George Plamer; Vice President: Steven Kalderon; Secretary/Treasurer: Fred Fagan

Land navigation was the heart of the orienteering club. Using only a compass and a map, members raced through a course with various checkpoints. The key to success was finding the control flags located along the correct path. Members of this club competed in competitions throughout the year in Quantico, Greenbelt, and West Point.

Practical Shooting Club

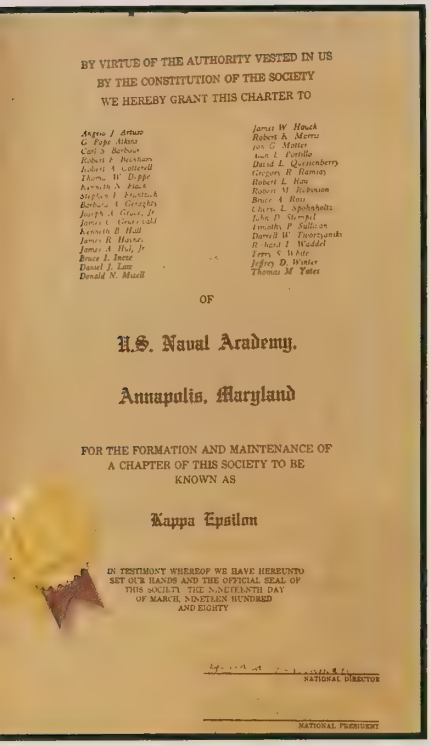
President: David Fravok; Vice President: Gerald Whitman; Treasurer: Robert Beymer, Jr.

The purpose of the USNA Practical Shooting Club was to promote small arms training, knowledge, and proficiency in practical shooting, and to allow midshipmen the chance to represent the Naval Academy in practical pistol competition. Membership was open to the entire Brigade. The USNAPSC used the cal.45 semi-automatic pistol in its club shoots, and sponsored four monthly training sessions at the Naval Station firing range.

Table Tennis Club

President: Pamela Finley; Vice President: Edward Liu

Like most ECA's, the Academy's Ping Pong Club was designed to exploit, or perhaps to develop, the diverse and often hidden talents of midshipmen. It enabled anyone so motivated to escape from the tensions of Bancroft Hall each Monday night to participate in a competitive and fun-filled sport. Though few took advantage of this elite organization, those who did found it quite rewarding. The TTA was an informal club with an open membership to any and all interested.



BY VIRTUE OF THE AUTHORITY VESTED IN US
BY THE CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY
WE HEREBY GRANT THIS CHARTER TO

OF

U.S. Naval Academy,

Annapolis, Maryland

FOR THE FORMATION AND MAINTENANCE OF
A CHAPTER OF THIS SOCIETY TO BE
KNOWN AS

Kappa Epsilon

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF WE HAVE HEREUNTO
SET OUR HANDS AND THE OFFICIAL SEAL OF
THIS SOCIETY THE NINETEENTH DAY
OF MARCH, NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND EIGHTY

NATIONAL DIRECTOR

NATIONAL PRESIDENT

Pi Sigma Alpha

Willam Burkhart
Leo Debandi
Randall V. Doane
Keith Folkerts
Maximilian Grant
Todd Hickerson
Pamala L. Hilton
Gregory Hitchan
Margaret M. Jockel
Michael J. Kraft
William Lennard
Mark P. Lotze
David C. Lyle
Michael John Ma
Shawn F. Reid
Paul Joseph Rock
Dean Sacerdote
Timothy M. Salmon
David A. Shelton
Thomas A. Smith
David P. Studer
Erich J. Wahl
Travis Dane Zach
Donald S. Brown
Evan Dash
Gregory C. Huffman
Mark Samuels
Leland E. Modesitt III

Omicron Delta Epsilon

Class of 1988
James E. Bartlett
Brad A. Bookwalter
Domimick A. Cipolla
William J. Daly
Michael George
Michael M. Lanterman
Enrique Francesco Marchese
Andrew P. McCartin
William D. Park
Thomas F. Pietkiewicz
Dale M. Rohrbach
Kevin Joesph Ross
James S. Schwab
Jeff S. Sheedy
Marshall L. Swor
Hampton H. Tanner
Kurt A. VanEtten
Lawrence A. Wadford
Kevin J. Whearty
Andrew F. Wickard
Shannon L. Workman
Eric R. Wyatt

Class of 1989
Kenneth Sean McCarthy

Phi Kappa Phi

Class of 1988
Matthew B. Aaron
Joesph A. Abaya
James P. Arguelles
Keith A. Beals
Richard A. Burr
Julie S. Chalfont
Jane M. Collins
Christopher M. Cook
Leanne K. Fielding
Allen R. Flanagan
David D. Hallisey
Daniel J. Herbert
Daniel J. Higgins
James E. Horten
Daniel J. Hurdle
Bruce A. Jobe
Colin P. Kane
David L. Kaufman
Shannon E. Kawane
Thomas K. Kiss
John Kropcho III
Michael M. Lanterman
Michael J. Leidinger
Dennis A. Maloney
Enrique F. Marchese
John E. McKeon
Robert A. McLaughlan
Michael V. McMahon
Keith E. Miller
Rodney A. Mills
Shawn L. Penrod
Karen B. Povlock
Michael J. Quilty
John H. Reuter
Stephen C. Rife
Scott W. Rogers
Jason J. Ross
Gregory W. Rouillard
Robert D. Schasel
Andrew A. Shaw
Kathleen M. Toomey
Owen M. Travis
Christopher J. Verdoni
Lawrence A. Wadford
Scott J. Waidelich
Andrew D. Wanammaker
James A. Wolters

Class of 1989
Deborah L. Cuffe
Steven M. Debus
Joseph A. Desantis
Paul G. Diehl
James L. Flautt
Barry J. Gittleman
Michael K. Harnett
William C. Hoffman
Joesph F. Lepage
Charles W. Mills
Sean P. O Malley
Thomas L. Robertson
Denise M. Shorey
John M. Steidle
Bart A. Taylor
Raymundo J. Villar
James P. Waters
Matthew L. Welborn
John J. Wilson

Phi Kappa Phi

President: Michael McMahon; Vice President: James Arguelles; Secretary: Daniel Hurdle

Phi Kappa Phi was a national inter-major honor society. To be eligible for membership, midshipmen first class had to be in the top six percent of their class academically, and midshipmen second class members were chosen from the top three percent of their class.

Omicron Delta Epsilon

President: Kevin Whearty; Vice President: Lawrence Wadford; Secretary: Dominick Cipulla

Omicron Delta Epsilon was the honor society for economic majors. It provided an opportunity for members to further their understanding of economics in both military and civilian society. To become a member, midshipmen were required to have a 3.0 cumulative grade point average and at least a 3.0 average in economics courses.

Pi Sigma Alpha

President: David Shelton; Vice President: William Burkhart; Treasurer: Maximilian Grant; Executive Assistant: Lindsay Kough

Pi Sigma Alpha was the national political science honor society. The aim of Pi Sigma Alpha was to promote worthwhile extra-curricular activities related to public affairs. Since 1980 the U.S. Naval Academy's local chapter, Kappa Epsilon, has been active in promoting a variety of on-campus activities designed to stimulate discussion of public affairs. Midshipmen must meet a national standard of academic excellence to qualify for membership.

Phi Alpha Theta

Class of 1988
James Arguelles
Mark William Bible
Roger Bivans
Jane M. Collins
Anthony W. Eaton
Tristram Farmer
Daniel J. Higgins
Colin Kane
Eric Armstrong Laing II
Michael J. Leidinger
Jeffery L. Limle
Michael R. Lowe
Michael V. McMahon
John O'Brien
George Palmer
Timothy R. Schick
Gregory R. Shimp
Owen Travis
Eric Veit

Sigma Pi Sigma

Charles Bailley
Craig S. Bender
Matthew H. Bills
Charles Bingham
Richard A. Burr
Michael H. Bynum
Michael Chesire
Scott R. Davis
James C. Demsey
David M. Gebhardt
Thomas F. George
James L. Gray, Jr.
Eric J. Gresia
John Kropcho III
Robert McLauchlan
Shawn Lee Penrod
Karen B. Povlock
Andrew G. Rander
Edward Strasser
Wesley Summers
Thomas G. Trotter
Gregory Williams
Donald Wright IV
Bryan Anderson
David L. Anselmi
James D. Myers
John Leon Rogers
Rick John Stoner
Michael J. Tesar
Mark R. Vandroff

Tau Beta Pi

Craig S. Bender
Richard Beutter
Roger W. Bevans
Michael Breslauer
Erik A. Burian
Barney Carter IV
Julie S. Chalfant
Jay G. Crabtree
Troye Crickette
John Cunningham
Alan Czeszynski
James Darrell
James E. Demott
James C. Demsey
Paul Glenn Diehl
Paul A. Dolan
William Doney, Jr.
Albert L. Ferro
Leanne Fielding
David E. Finley
Thomas F. George
Michael Giedraitis
William Gittleman
Eric J. Gresia
Mark B. Guevarra
Gregory J. Hall
William Hoffman
James E. Horlen
Mark S. Hubert
Daniel J. Hurdle
Jennifer Jausen
David L. Kaufman
John J. Keeling
Thomas K. Kiss
Todd R. Kousky
Paul Krszka, Jr.
Anthony Ludovici
Dennis A. Maloney
Dennis McKelvey
Robert McKenny
Michael McMahon
Mark Medved
Kurt F. Miller
Rodney F. Mills
Norberto Nobrega
Shawn Lee Penrod
Albert D. Perpuse
Thomas C. Popp
Gregor Potteiger
Michael J. Quility
Benjamin Quinto
Eric J. Reilly
John Peter Reig
John H. Reuter
Steven C. Rife
David Robillard

Gregor Robillard
Benjamin Salerno
Daniel Schebler
Timothy R. Schick
Matthew Scribler
Andrew L. Shaw
Edward Strasser
Brian E. Street
Mattew E. Suess
David E. Swenson
Bart A. Taylor
Thomas C. Trotter
Raymundo Villar
Bradley H. Vogt
Colleen M. Walker
David B. Walker
Andre Wannanmaker
James Waters III
Matthew Welborn
James C. West, Jr.
Michael Winland
James Wolters II
David L. Woodbury

Phi Alpha Theta

President: Anthony Eaton; Vice President: Mark Bible; Secretary/Treasurer: Mike McMahon

Phi Alpha Theta was the Naval Academy's history honor society. The Omega Kappa chapter encouraged its members to participate in regional conferences and to exchange ideas about their historical research. On a more informal level, Phi Alpha Theta members gathered periodically away from the Academy to share their views on contemporary issues. Qualifications for membership were completion of four history courses, a 3.0 CQPR, and a 3.1 CQPR in history.

Sigma Pi Sigma

President: Charles Bailley; Vice President: John Kropcho III; Treasurer/Secretary: Wesley Summers

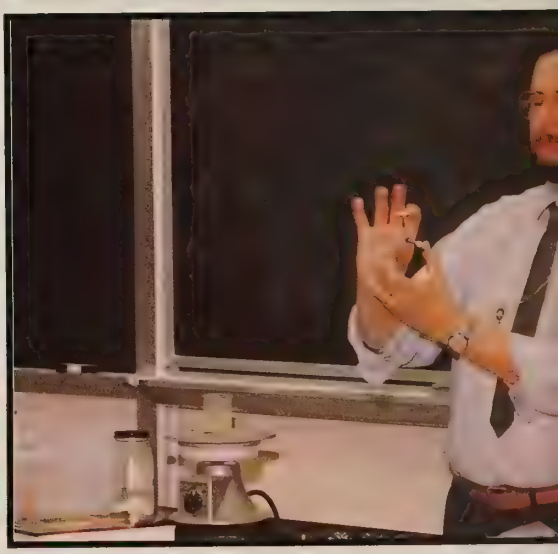
Sigma Pi Sigma, the physics honor society, was a growing organization. Activities included general lectures open to the public, luncheon meetings with guest speakers, and field trips to the Naval Research Laboratory and the Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C. Eligible midshipmen were Group I or II majors in the top third of their class who had taken at least three physics classes (including SP222) with at least a B average.

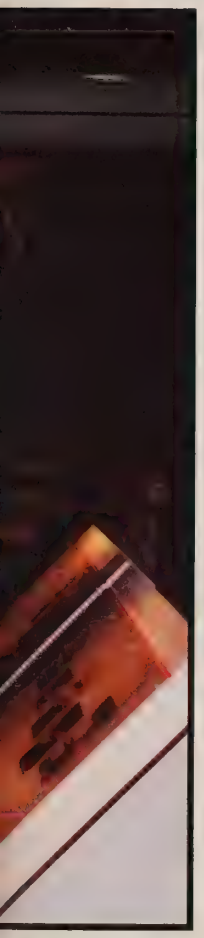
Tau Beta Pi

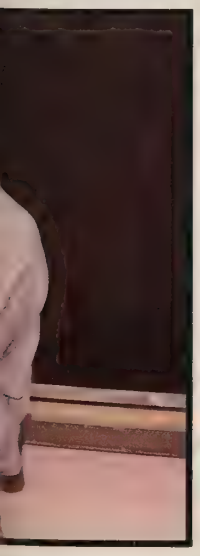
President: Brian Street; Vice President: Bob Bello; Secretary: Jim Sarfekt

Tau Beta Pi was the engineering honor society of the Naval Academy. It was a member of the Maryland Gamma Chapter of the national organization. To be a member of the organization, first class were required to be in the top fifth of all engineering majors at the Academy. Second class were required to be in the top eighth.

PROF. THOMAS E. BITTERWOLF
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
CENTER FOR ORGANOMETALLIC RESEARCH
F-2
CAUTION
GOGGLES
MUST BE WORN
AT ALL TIMES
DANGER
NO
SMOKING
LABORATORY
OFF
LIMITS
TOXIC HAZARD







ASME

American Society of Mechanical Engineers

President: David Gentile; Vice President: Gerry Schaefer; Secretary/Treasurer: Tung Pham

The Naval Academy chapter of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers was an active club dedicated to promoting the profession of mechanical engineering. Through guest speakers and field trips the society served all engineering students. This year the club enjoyed trips to the David Taylor Research Center and Martin Marietta's VLS manufacturing facility in Baltimore County. Several lectures were conducted on topics including satellite repair and gas turbine engines.

Chemistry Club

President: Ernie Kotsos; Vice President: George Palmer

The Chemistry Club was a buoyant organization of chem majors who wanted to share some of the pains and laughs from chem labs.

AIAA

American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics

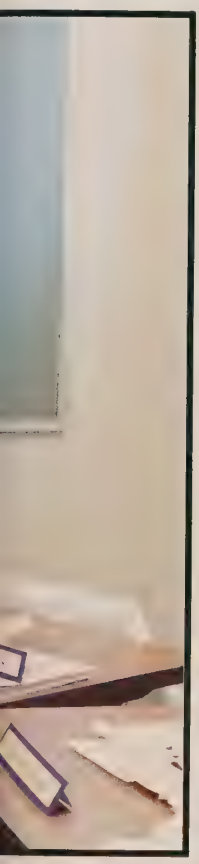
President: James Johnson; Vice President: James Walters; Treasurer: Neftali Pagan

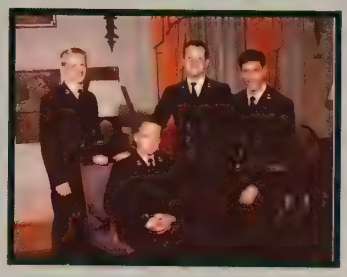
The American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics was a professional society which provided midshipmen with the opportunity to become familiar with the field of Aerospace Engineering. This club had numerous lectures, field trips, and competitions throughout the year. One of their field trips was a trip to the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C.

American Nuclear Society

President: Carl Peterson; Vice President: Mohamed El-Afandi; Secretary: Scott Valentine

The American Nuclear Society provided a forum for those midshipmen interested in current developments in the field of civilian nuclear engineering. Members studied the effects of new developments on the military. Many of the members will go to Nuclear Power School after graduation.





Churchill Society

President: Chad Dorr; Vice President: Michael Metzger; Secretary: Joseph Navratil; Treasurer: Ben Koenig

The Churchill Society presented midshipmen with the opportunity to gain a better appreciation of the liberal arts. The Churchill Society, with a large membership, brought in frequent guest lecturers, including noted scholars and authors such as Tom Clancy ("The Hunt for Red October").

Debate Team

President: Robert Thornhill, Jr.; Secretary: John McClure

The Debate Team is the Academy's forensic club. Members of this club competed against other colleges in the area of public speaking and debate. They competed from August to April for the national honors available.

History Club

President: Tristram Farmer; Vice President: Rick Marchese; Secretary: Matt McLuckie; Treasurer: Doug McCann; Film Officer: Rob Janssen

The History Club acquainted members of the Brigade with all elements of the historical profession and items of local history. They accomplished this by providing a "historical movie" every Sunday afternoon throughout the year. These movies ranged from "Raiders of the Lost Ark" to "Battle of the Bulge." They also sponsored lectures and various field trips, including movement orders to Washington, D.C.

Math Club

President: Dan Widdis; Vice President; Carl Nyberg; Secretary/Treasurer: Mark Dixon

The Math Club created an opening for the more mathematically gifted midshipmen to participate in various math competitions during the year. A one credit hour course was offered to midshipmen during the fall semester. This problem-solving course helped to prepare midshipmen for the three annual math competitions given during the year.

ACM

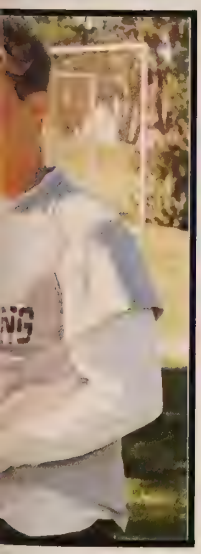
Association of Computing Machinery

President: Mark Minotty; Vice President: Robert Wyand; Secretary: Glenn Bleiler; Treasurer: Grace Stover

This year the former Computer Club gained their charter from the National Association of Computing Machinery. Members of the Academy's chapter of ACM paid dues to the national club, but the advantages that they received were well worth the small fee. In addition to receiving a club magazine, members were entitled to discounts at conferences, for subscriptions, and for other professional journals. The ACM hosted lectures and held informational meetings during the year.

NAVY

NAVY
NAVY



IEEE

Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers

President: John Freese; Vice President: Tom Gaffney; Treasurer: Mike Chesire

The Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers was created to acquaint midshipmen with electronic engineering application in both the Navy and in civilian industries. The group also offered help to those taking double "E" classes. They also played a role in making the fourth class aware of the advantages and disadvantages of majoring in Electrical Engineering.

SAE

Society of Automotive Engineers

Chairman: Gregory Sauter; Vice Chairman: Robert Saunders; Secretary: Craig Laws

The USNA Society of Automotive Engineers supplied members with information on all types of transportation devices. Many mechanical engineers were part of this society. The SAE had guest lecturers, and they owned a rotary engine.

SNAME

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers

President: Dennis McKelvey; Vice President: Perry McDowell; Treasurer: Thomas Zwolfer; Executive Assistant: Lindsay Kough

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers hosted evening lectures of interest to the Brigade. Topics included surface effect ships and hydrofoils. The Forrestal lecture concerning the rescue of the Titanic was sponsored by SNAME.

Society of Woman Engineers

President: Leslie Hill; Vice President: Charisse Mann; Secretary/Treasurer: Erin Martin

The Society of Woman Engineers provided informative support for the female engineers at the Naval Academy. This organization attended regional lectures given by the SWE. They also invited guest lecturers to speak at the Academy. The SWE attended and sponsored career seminars with other regional SWE groups.

MTS

Marine Technology Society

President: Bryan Burt; Vice President: Sandra Hill; Secretary: Mary Jackson; Treasurer: Jim Barber

The purpose of MTS was to provide midshipmen with the opportunity to learn about oceanography. The 144 members attended lectures by Captain Waters, Oceanography from Space, and Professor Williams, Oceanography in Europe. Activities included a crab feast, a football tailgater, a camping trip in Calvert Cliffs, a dining-in, a Severe Weather Conference, and a trip to the Washington Aquarium.

Chinese Club

President: Max Mejia; Secretary: Edward C. H. Chow; Treasurer: Kevin Reed

French Club *(left)*

President: Adriaen M. Morse, Jr.; Vice President: Wendi White; Secretary: Tim Trampenau; Treasurer: Steve Boyles

Spanish Club *(right)*

President: Bernardo Solis; Vice President: Druso Daubon

Russian Club *(left)*

President: Lori Sorokatch; Secretary: Kathleen Toomey

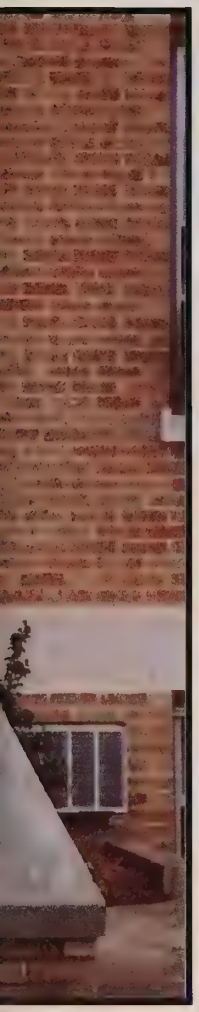
German Club *(right)*

President: Mark Lotze; Secretary/Treasurer: Norwin Fisher

International Ball Committee

President: Laura Stroman; Vice President: Ellen Gardner; Public Affairs Officer: Kerry Roming; Transportation Officer: Eric Busco; Entertainment Officer: Rob Kovalchik; Invitations: Kriten Roper

Members of the International Club planned and presented the 22nd annual Midshipmen's International Ball. The ball was greatly anticipated by the daughters of foreign diplomats and ambassadors, as well as by international students from area universities. The ball honored the Academy's foreign exchange officers in an impressive opening ceremony in the Rotunda. Festivities continued with an opening waltz in Memorial Hall, a top 40 band in Smoke Hall, and a night club in Steerage.



Protestant Chapel Choir

President: Keith Folkerts; Vice President: Tim Cherry; Secretary: Britton McNeill

Members of the Protestant Chapel Church provided musical leadership for Protestant Chapel services, but that was not its only undertaking. Starting off the school year with a trip to Virginia Beach, the Choir kept alive its annual tradition of singing at the Eastern Shore Chapel. In October the Choir traveled to the Reformed Church of Bronxville, New York, to share its music with members of that congregation. Over the Easter weekend the Choir traveled to Tampa, Florida, to sing in church services there.

Catholic Chapel Choir

President: Rob Grasse; Vice President: Rob Thornhill; Secretary: Loren Wisniewski

The Catholic Chapel Choir had a most impressive and successful year. The Choir's faithful membership led the USNA Chapel's Catholic congregation every Sunday morning. The Choir also supported the Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton Shire in Emmitsburg, Maryland. The Choir provided the hymns for the Mother Seton Guild's annual "Day for the Navy"; a service which the Navy's Chief of Chaplains attended. The group rounded out the year by singing for Sunday masses at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, and at Immaculate Conception Church in Dallas, Texas.

Protestant Midshipmen Club

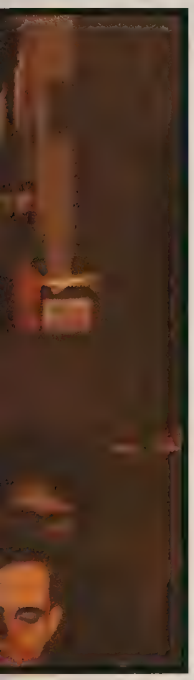
President: Jim Barber; Secretary: Robert Wyand; Treasurer: Jon Johnson

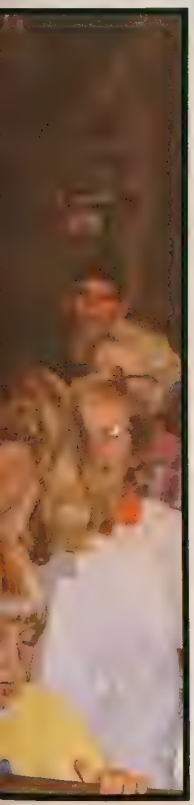
PMC existed to complement the missions of other Christian groups at USNA. It began as a multi-denominational organization stressing fellowship and service in cooperation with the Naval Academy Protestant Chapel Community. PMC organized a weekly children's church service and sent speakers to share their experiences with civilian parishes. Projects within the Brigade included lay worship training and peer counseling, which will both have direct application in the Fleet.

Catholic Midshipmen Club

President: Donna Murphy; Vice President: Gus Cata; Secretary: Joe Spegele; Treasurer: Joe Darlak; Publicity: Susan Seaman; Membership: Rob Miller; Spiritual Director: Michelle LaDuca; Brigade Representative: Andy Caufield; Assistant Spiritual Director: Dave Anselmi

The Catholic Midshipmen Club promoted and supported the Catholic community at the Naval Academy. They met at least once a week and held Mass. They also held Rosary services, retreats, and lectures. To promote unity, a retreat involving both the Catholic Midshipmen Club and the Protestant Midshipmen Club was held this year.





L'Chaim

President: Erik Fields; Secretary: Ken Golding

The religious home of 45 Jewish midshipmen was L'Chaim, which planned trips, parties, and interaction with other Jewish groups in the community. The Jewish mids also ran, with the assistance of Rabbi Norman Auerback, a weekly Friday night service in the Mitscher Hall All-Faiths chapel. Holidays such as Purim, Hanukkah, Yom Kippur, and Rosh Hashanah, were also celebrated with special services. The annual Passover seder was the biggest event of the year, with nearly 100 mids, parents, and guests in attendance. L'Chaim's monthly magazine, *The Wave,* is edited by Glenn Weinstein.

Baptist Student Union

President: Bruce Jobe; Vice President for Missions: W. Grant Mager; Vice President for Social: John York; Outreach Leader: T. Colin Brady

The Baptist Student Union was a religious ECA whose goal was to help Midshipmen at the Naval Academy grow in their relationship with God. BSU sponsored several activities throughout the year. During plebe summer, weekly Sunday morning worship services were held. When the academic year arrived, BSU held weekly meetings in Mitsher Hall. BSU made weekend retreats, and during leave periods, the BSU went on summer mission projects where they were able to minister to small churches and people in need. BSU alumni sponsored a BSU student center outside gate #3 as a place for mids to study, watch TV, and relax during their liberty.

Antiphonal Choir

President: Don Grady; Vice President: Pegeen O'Neil; Secretary: Mike Durst; Treasurer: Jamie Tang

The Antiphonal Choir took part in religious services at the Academy and provided music for the Protestant services in the chapel. The Antiphonal Choir's major event of the year is the performance of Handel's Messiah in December.

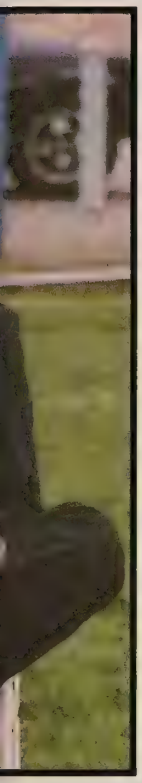
FCA

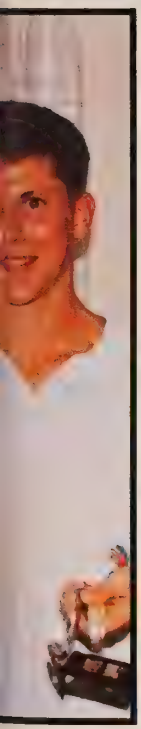
Fellowship of Christian Athletes

President: Rich Culp; Vice President: Paul Tiede; Treasurer: Neil Underwood; Secretary: Ruth Chasen

The Fellowship of Christian Athletes was a group which met weekly to provide an opportunity to worship God. FCA gave an opportunity for athletes to get together for a time of encouragement and singing. They brought guest speakers for mutual encouragement and instruction. The Fellowship of Christian Athletes was a group of dedicated Christians who loved the Lord, loved talking about Him, and loved to feel Him working in their various athletic events.

BIG DOGS





Navigators

President: Ted Peck; Vice President: Bill Plott; Secretary: Bob Sunderland

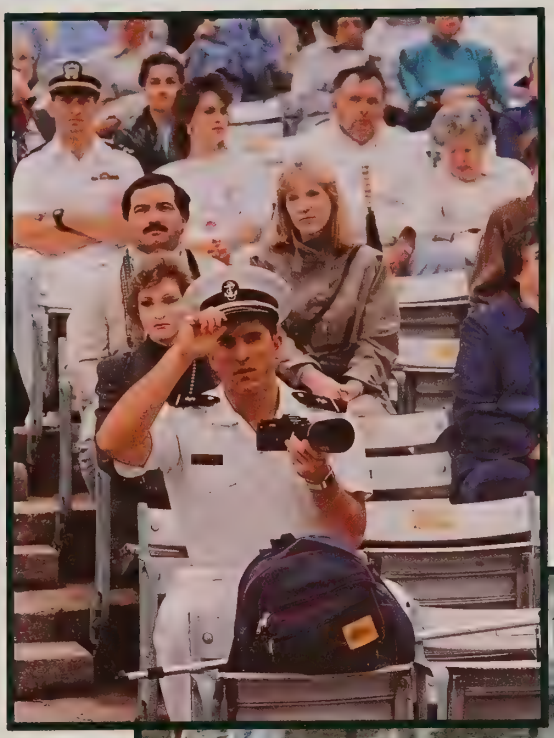
The Navigators was an interdenominational Christian organization whose purpose was to develop Christ-like character in Midshipmen. The emphasis was placed on the individual; study and training focused on Jesus Christ. In addition to time spent together studying the Bible or at Saturday night rallies, midshipmen went on weekend retreats, skied in Colorado with West Point cadets, and held a conference with the University of Maryland. The Navigators honored members of the Class of '88 with a graduation banquet.

Officer's Christian Fellowship

President: Donald R. Hensley, Jr.; Vice President: Thomas E. McKean; Treasurer: Keith E. Miller; Activities Coordinator: James A. Matthews; Assistant Activities Coordinator: Gary L. Formet, Jr.

Officer's Christian Fellowship is an active ECA dedicated to sharing the news of Jesus Christ with the Brigade. OCF strives to prepare its members to carry out this same mission in the Fleet upon Commissioning. Weekly activities ranged from Tuesday night meetings and Open House at Maranantha Mansion to early morning prayer groups. Annual events included weekend conferences over Labor Day and Martin Luther King's Holiday, Interaction '88, the Army-Navy OCF banquet, the Graduation banquet, and Rocky Mountain High.

NAVY



C9

Lucky Bag

Editor: Jane Collins; Associate Editor: Pat Liberaski; Business Manager: Duane Carr

Lucky Bag was the largest yearbook in the country, and the only one that was printed in 100% color. It was produced by a small staff of midshipmen whose only reward was to see the result of their hard work on the printed page. Deadlines came and went as these midshipmen balanced their academic, social, professional, and athletic activities around their yearbook responsibilities. As the year went by, staff members felt their sanity begin to slip as deadlines approached. In a final desperate attempt to save herself from mental destruction, newly commissioned Ensign Collins hired the help of local high school students and begged her last reserves of staff members to stop by during June and help finish the last 300 pages of the book. The staff exhausted itself to publish a book they felt worthy of The Institution as well as its students and staff. They only hoped that it was truly representative of the United States Naval Academy.

STRIBLING WALK

Perspective: Shades of Meaning

CLOSING

Perspective

. . .a subtle word. Its meaning can be widely interpreted.
According to Merriam-Webster's, quoted in the opening section,
perspective involves judging the "true relationship or
relative importance" of things.
But these words, written to clarify, are difficult in themselves.
Who is qualified to judge "relative importance"?

The View From Here

. . .an ideal theme. There cannot be a wrong perspective — only different views on the same subject.
Midshipmen see the Naval Academy from one side of the bleachers, from one corner of the stadium.
The rest of the world sees something else.

Looking Back

. . .another perspective in itself.
When the Academy is in our past, our perspectives change.
What we will remember best
may not be what we expected we would remember at all.

A Point of View

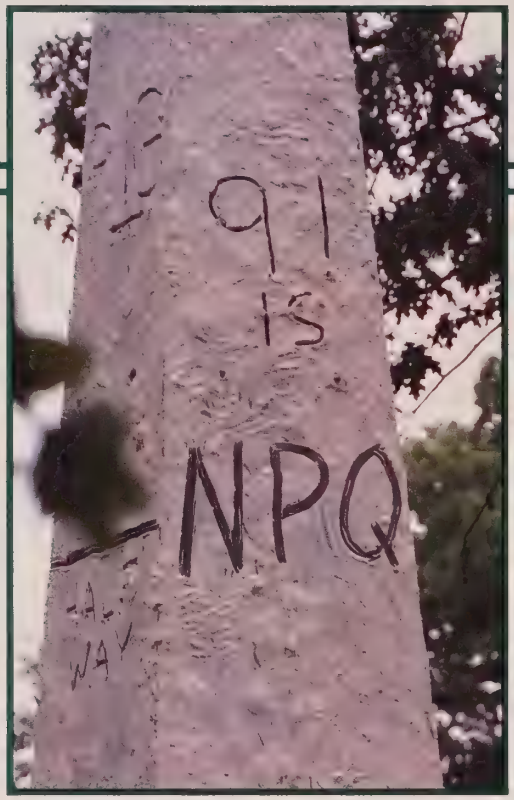
. . .the memory of USNA. But a single, lonely point of view is unbalanced.
Just as the **Lucky Bag** *staff did not attempt to produce one single perspective of the Academy,*
so we should strive always
to see things from as many different angles as possible.

Heightened Awareness

. . .a new perspective.
When the winter is too long, we think of spring.
It can't always be spring, but it never hurts to have a spring perspective.
The success of our leadership depends on our willingness to keep open hearts and minds.

A Final Perspective

. . .sunset. Another day ended at the Naval Academy,
but was it really the end?
Funny, how the lines
between beginnings and endings were blurred.



The names that follow are those of the Brigade of Midshipmen. First class are printed in bold type. While searching for familiar names, look at the faces, too. The people pictured here are some of the proud few who, for better or for worse, were and are and always will be a part of the 1988 *Lucky Bag.*

The Last Word

Twenty-three pages follow — but this really *is* the last word. The date is 1 September 1988, and Taylor Publishing Company has kindly requested that the editor add two pages to the *Lucky Bag*. The reason for this might be difficult to explain, but for those who are curious, an explanation will be attempted.

The addition of pages after the final copy deadline is the dream of all neurotic editors; they always can think of one last thing that they "forgot to say." In this case, the message that was left unsaid is for those who might criticize the *Lucky Bag's* slightly irreverent view of the Naval Academy. The message: However serious and professional we may be, we must never lose the ability to laugh at ourselves. Of course, after these last *last* pages are in, the editor will probably think of something else that should have been said . . .

In any case, the editor's main purpose now is to explain how these extra pages came to be. The story begins because of another common trait of neurotic editors: the desire for immorality. The problem: When a yearbook is 928 pages long and printed on 80 pound paper stock, it is too big and too heavy for its binding to last forever. The solution: On 22 July 1988, three weeks after the final copy deadline (the editor suffers from Delayed Reaction Syndrome), Taylor Publishing Company was politely asked to split the book into two volumes.

Can they still deliver the *Lucky Bag* on schedule? the publisher was asked. Certainly, they replied. Well, they never actually said that. To date, though, they have allowed the editor to believe that the book will indeed be printed by 1 October 1988. The editor understands that this is a tremendous challenge. Hence, the picture on the opposite page — of some of the people at Taylor Publishing who made the *1988 Lucky Bag* happen. If the book is printed by 1 October 1988, these wonderful individuals are heroes in the eyes of the editor. If the book is late, the publisher has agreed that horns and tails may be drawn on aforementioned wonderful individuals.

The editor will now attempt to explain the mechanics of the *Lucky Bag's* transition from one volume to two volumes. The purpose behind this explanation is to justify the editor's "creative pagination" and to show the necessity for two additional pages. The editor realizes that the only people who might be interested in said explanation are publishers, editors, and others who savvy the printer's world of flats and signatures. All normal people may drift off at this point.

In order to make the volumes similar lengths, and to avoid breaking up the 280-page senior section, the editor moved the advertisements to the end of the first volume. (Ads were originally submitted to fall between the closing section and the index.) Fortunately, the ads rounded out the first volume to allow it to end on a flat. The first volume is 456 pages long. By moving the advertisements, though, the pagination of the rest of the book was thrown off by 42 pages. The entire senior section, as well as the sports and organizations sections, had already been indexed, and if the page numbers would have been changed, the index would have been useless. Fortunately, the editor did not feel compelled to change all the page numbers.

Hence, "creative pagination" was used to eliminate the potential problem. The left page of the ad division spread was called 414, but the right page of the spread was not numbered (page 415 already existed, and couldn't be changed because of the index). The ads were numbered A-1 through A-40. Notice that odd-numbered ads were actually on even pages and vice versa — very "creative." The last page of the first volume, the old page 414, was originally submitted to be the last page of the first class division spread with 415, but 415 became the first page of the second volume. Thus, the book's "creative pagination" is actually quite logical. (Obviously.)

But there's more! The book's pages had already been pasted up and put onto flats. When the ad section was moved up, the publishers hoped to simply rearrange the order of the flats. However, the ad pages, including the division spread, numbered 42: five flats plus two pages. Because of those extra two pages, all the pages that followed had to be moved down (put into different positions on the flats).

The editor, after originating the inspired "creative pagination" solution, was drained and incapable of solving this new dilemma. Fortunately, Taylor Publishing Company employs decisive people. They said that unless the editor agreed to make the first page of the second volume a tip-in page, all pages past 414 would have to be restripped. All things considered, the editor realized that the tip-in page was a brilliant idea; consequently, the remaining flats did not require adjustment.

The ramifications: 1) The *Lucky Bag* became a 930-page book (58 signatures plus the tip-in), while maintaining its disguise as an 886-page book. 2) On 1 September 1988, the editor was informed that there were two blank pages between the closing section and the index. Note that the advertisements were originally here, and this is the point where the two extra pages had to appear.

What to do with the blank pages? Again, the editor was overwhelmed, but Taylor Publishing Company saved the day. Fill them, they suggested. And so the pages were filled, but not numbered — "creative pagination" has its limits, and the editor has run out of possible page numbers.

And today is 2 September 1988. And the clock ticks relentlessly toward that magic date, 29 days away . . .

Perspective: Familiar Names and Faces

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Christy Johns: Creator of the infamous Hokey Chart and the writer of these immortal words: "We feel that our faculty is an integral part of the United States Naval Academy and deserves a prominent part in the yearbook." Alfred, too.

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Michele Daley: Directory Editor during the year, housekeeper (boatkeeper?) during the summer. Friend (remarkably) to date. Sara thought she knew how impossible I could be, but she didn't have to put up with me forty-eight hours before The Final Deadline, did she?

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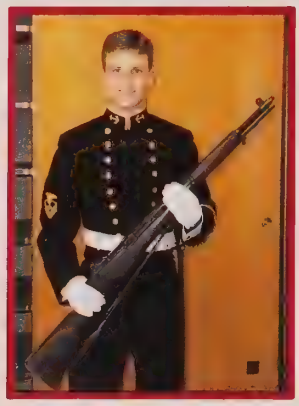

Duane Carr: A great business manager (except for the lamps), but he fell to the jinx and didn't even sell me his car. Before he stopped believing, he drilled for fun.

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Mitch Rios: Another photographer — how come more of my photographers were shot than anything else? And if they had to be shot, how come we didn't use bullets instead of film? Just kidding, Mitch — have a beer.

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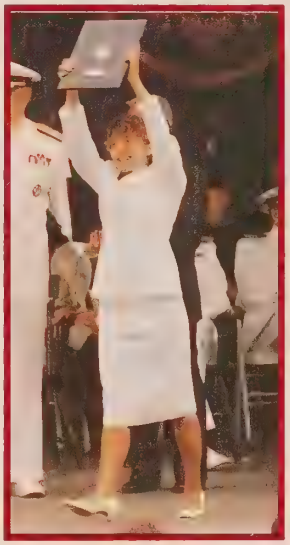

Sara Salas: Roommate. Sara answered my phone (occasionally), put up with frequently rude visitors, proofed first class bios, and handled my non-study habits and otherwise obnoxious and unprofessional behavior with patience and understanding. Thanks, friend.

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Jim Miller: Anyone who has seen him in action will remember him this way. You devil. But I really think Lee was too young (not to mention too smart).

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John Clawson: Plebe Music Worshipper. He came because he found out about the stereo; he stayed because we let him play his tapes.

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Edward Potskowski: AKA Potts. The photographer to turn to in all emergency situations — from copy-negs to wave tanks and planes. (What's a Cessna?)

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Jeff Lucas: The brains of the outfit — he carried pizza sideways. The editor tended to hover — d. pepsi in hand to settle the nerves — when he was working.

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The Broadneck High Saviors of My Sanity: Because of these wonderful people, the 1988 Lucky Bag was delivered in 1988. What a concept! Somebody get me a diet Pepsi.

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Tris Farmer: Editor of first class bios, connoisseur of fine wines — he worked hard, but when the American Express card was whipped out, he agreed to drink heavily.

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Jen Taitt: Primary victim of the Jewish Mother Act, towards the end . . . she slaved and put up with me longer than she should have. Escape the jinx, babes.

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George Rosa: How 'bout that watch! The ONE who, regardless of what he really believed, always at least pretended he believed that I could deliver the book in October. (1988.)

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Colophon

The *1988 Lucky Bag* was printed by Taylor Publishing Company of Dallas, Texas, using off-set lithography. The trim size of the *Lucky Bag* was 9 X 12, and it contained a total of 930 pages in two volumes. See note regarding pagination after page 863. Pages were printed on 80 lb. enamel stock, except for the opening signature, which was printed in 100 lb. Ikonolux. Cover design was original artwork created to the Editor's specifications. Cover material was white #088 fabrikoid with the background ironed out. Cover artwork was blind embossed with a gray ink spot overtone rub. Cover scorelines and lettering were embossed and overlaid with gold mylar foil. Endsheets were white stock with gold foil stamping. Basic typestyle was Times Roman, except for the opening section, where Optima was used, and the closing section, where Korinna Italic was used. Headlines were Times Roman except for the following — opening: Formatt's Mistral; division pages: Formatt's Mistral and Impact; chain-of-command: Helvetica Extra Bold; brigade and first class: company numbers, Windsor; closing: Korinna Italic; index letters: Windsor. Spot color was used as follows — opening: gold #80 and dove gray #86; year: marine blue #12; chain-of-command: brilliant yellow #51; sports: midnight blue #18; organizations: deep green #23; index: maroon #34. Midshipmen portraits were taken by Yearbook Associates of Millers Falls, Massachusetts. All photos were processed and printed by Yearbook Associates. The *Lucky Bag* was scheduled for fall delivery, with a press run of 6,700. The content of the book was the responsibility of the Editor, and was not intended to be representative of the official policies of the Brigade of Midshipmen, the United States Naval Academy, or the United States Navy. No part of this publication may be copied, photocopied, or in any other means reproduced without written permission from the Editor. All inquiries should be addressed to *Lucky Bag* Yearbook, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, MD 21412

Editor's Perspective

Thank God it's nearly over. July 1, 1988: It's D-Day for the 1988 *Lucky Bag*, and finally time for me to thank the many people who have contributed. Most are listed on the opposite page. A few cannot escape without special mention.

CDR Craighill was willing to use all those big stripes to make sure bios and informals were taken and turned in. He spent many hours of his valuable time telling determined firsties why they could not put pictures of their girlfriends in the book. (Don't ask *me*!)

Pat Liberaski: Seriously, though. Pat helped me get through this year "with a smile." Or whatever Amberly said. And he even supplied trash bags.

Duane Carr: You know how I feel about the whole mess, right? Thanks for being a great business manager. Do good, Duane.

Christy Johns: She played a mean game of Jeopardy and wrote more copy than both my copy editors combined (no big feat, admittedly). Remember that Klein and Kime do not rhyme.

James Young and Charlie Simpson: Of course I trusted you Charlie! James, your faculty pictures kept us entertained in the final days. They were much more useful than those last three pieces of copy that you should have written.

The "Editorial Assistants": This was the most important title I could think of for the plebes on whom I depended — John Max., The OOW Magnet; Jen, the "eloquent dribbler" . . .

Tris Farmer: Tireless editor of first class biographies — he supplied intelligence and humor when both were in short supply.

Sara Salas: Friend and roommate for two years; she couldn't help but be sucked in at the end.

Grace Stover, 1989 Lucky Bag Editor: I wish you Good Luck. Why are both words capitalized? I don't know, but that's how you will find them in at least 500 first class biographies next year. Have fun.

Amy Haywood: Proofed pages for me and coined a new phrase when she labeled the first class bios "mid dribble." I have never heard a more apt description. Best of luck to you and Chad.

Potts, Myrna, and the rest of the YBA Bowie folks: You provided miracles when they were needed — Potts, the weightlifter . . . that was incredible.

All my "connections" at Taylor Publishing — Terri Pierce, Flo Walton, George Olson, Pat Mahoney, Delores Landin, Herb Mello — thanks for helping me to "understand," and for bearing with my obsessions.

George Rosa, Yearbook Associates: Well, George, I don't even know what to say — except that I just wouldn't have made it without you. Thanks.

The Broadneck High Emergency Crew: I taught you how to deal with uncooperative section editors. You learned never to believe an editor who says she's going to throw herself out of a window until she's actually on the ledge. In return, you saved me from a mental breakdown and even made me laugh (once in a while). Amberly kept me in poetry, and I would lay a wager that I have the most accurate index that's ever been printed in a college yearbook. And I promise, I'll never tell who actually did the you-know-what section for you-know-who. Don't worry, Carrie.

Michele Daley: Besides editing the Directory, she put up with me when no one else would have. We'll look back and laugh, Michele.

When I finally saw the light at the end of the tunnel, I said, "Michele, my entire existence has been centered

around *Lucky Bag* for over a year now. This damn book has been my whole life! What am I going to do after it's printed?" Michele spent a moment considering. Then she replied, "Well, Jane, I guess you're going to have to get a new life." She's right and now I'm ready for a new perspective — and an old one . . . three hundred and sixty degrees of horizon . . .

With thanks to special people who were "a good influence" on me: Professor John Huston, CDR El Halley . . .

All my love to Mom, Dad, and family, Ev and Hal — thanks for seeing me through.

To the Class of 1988 — the best of everything . . .

This beautiful drawing is how one artist envisioned the cover of the *1988 Lucky Bag.* But it was not what I had mind. I couldn't figure out why it wasn't "right" until I thought about the theme of the book: perspectives.

This depiction of Bancroft Hall is perfect — better than a photographer, but do we need such detail to remember? Bancroft Hall was the center of our lives, for better or for worse, for four years. We each have very personal memories here, as well as memories that we all share. The rendition of Bancroft Hall that was finally chosen for the cover is rough, and it leaves a lot to the imagination. It has been left up to us to fill in the details.

The bottom line is, we cannot expect that some established version of "reality" will be laid at our feet. Instead, we must create our own versions . . . our own, personal perspectives.